

April 28, 1965

Registered in Australia for transmission by post as a newspaper.

*The Australian*

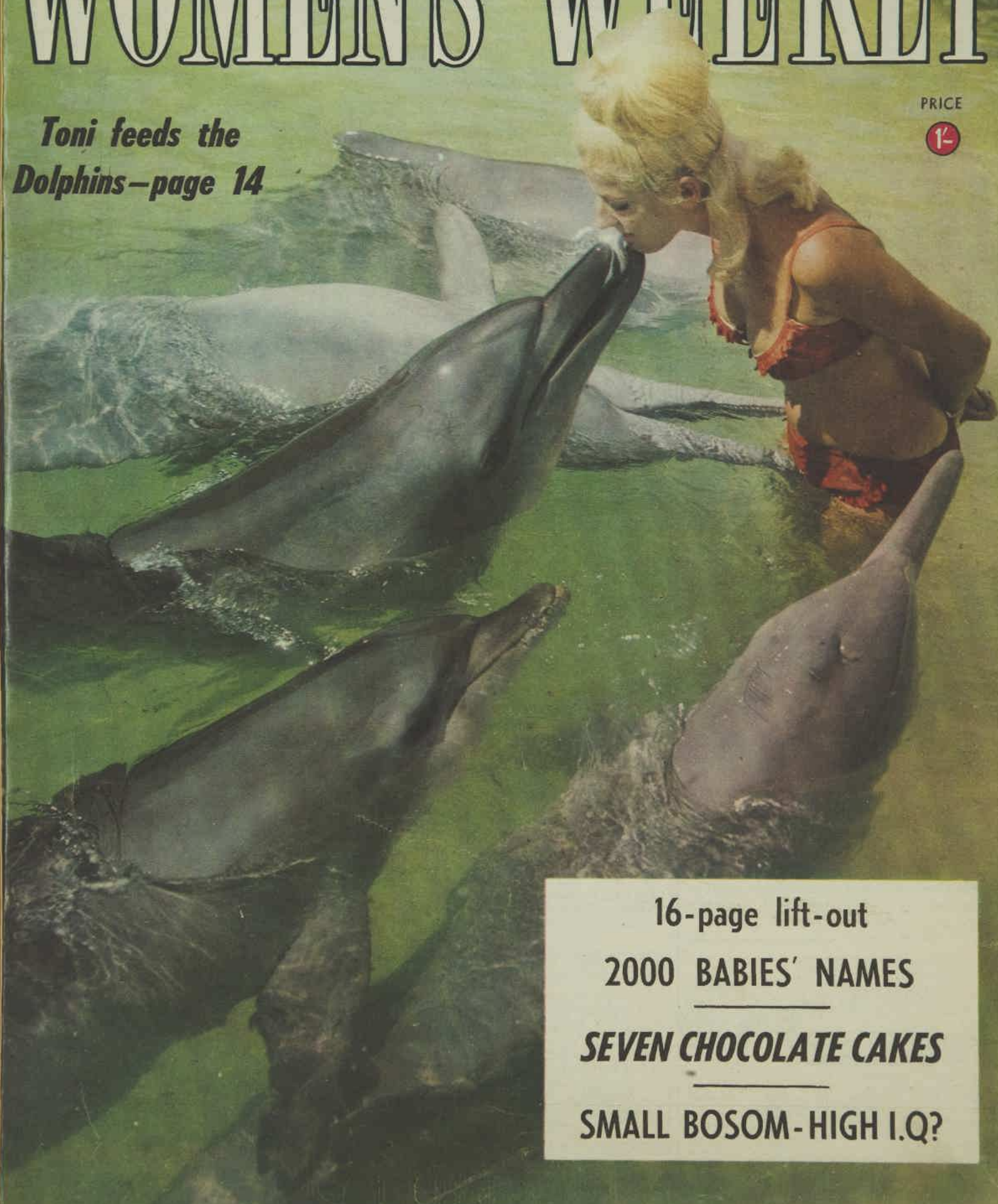
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# WOMEN'S WEEKLY

***Toni feeds the  
Dolphins—page 14***

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16-page lift-out

2000 BABIES' NAMES

***SEVEN CHOCOLATE CAKES***

SMALL BOSOM-HIGH I.Q?



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# The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Head Office: 168 Castlereagh St., Sydney. Letters: Box 4088WW, G.P.O.  
Melbourne: Newspaper House, 347 Collins St., Melbourne. Letters: Box 128C, G.P.O.  
Brisbane: 81 Elizabeth St., Brisbane. Letters: Box 460P, G.P.O.  
Adelaide: 24-26 Halifax St., Adelaide. Letters: Box 388A, G.P.O.  
Perth: C/o Newspaper House, 125 St. George's Terrace, Perth. Letters: Box 461G, G.P.O.  
Tasmania: Letters to Sydney address.

APRIL 28, 1965

Vol. 32, No. 48

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## WORTH REPORTING

WE were delighted to hear that Mr. and Mrs. George Booth, of Nowra, N.S.W., will be celebrating their diamond wedding anniversary on May 10.

Mr. and Mrs. Booth featured in our issue of July 13, 1955. They were one of five couples in the Nowra district who were celebrating



● Mr. and Mrs. George Booth, of Nowra, N.S.W. . . . diamond wedding.

their golden or diamond wedding anniversaries within a month of each other.

"And now, ten years after their golden wedding anniversary, Mum and Dad, both aged 84, are still very active," said one of the Booths' daughters, Mrs. Elsie Gorrell, of Beverly Hills, N.S.W.

"In fact, at present they're very excited about coming to Sydney for the anniversary party we're planning for them," she said. "Among the 60 guests will be their six children, 15 grand-

### OUR COVER

● Toni Evans, 19, offers a fishy treat to one of the friendly bottle-nosed dolphins—locally called porpoises—at the aquarium at Tweed Heads, N.S.W. (see page 14). Picture by Bob Anthony.

children, and five great-grandchildren, so it'll be a lovely reunion.

"All the young relatives have been practising their ballet steps and piano-playing for months so they can put on a little concert for Mum and Dad."

It is hoped that Mr. and Mrs. Booth will receive congratulatory messages from the Queen, the Governor-General, the Prime Minister, and the Premier.

"We've all got our fingers crossed that they'll both be well enough to make the long trip when the day comes," said Mrs. Gorrell. "But if they're not—we'll all go down to Nowra and have the party there."

### Gem-hunters give help

PERHAPS one of the most valuable coronets used anywhere in a contest, the headpiece which crowned Miss Cairns in the 1964 "Fun in the Sun" Festival, is made from Queensland metals and stones and is valued at £350.

Twenty-nine beautifully matched agates encircle the



● Coronet for Miss Cairns

crown, arranged between 25 topazes and three fiery opals in a sterling-silver setting. The stones were given by collectors in the district, and the craftsman was Mr. Tom McDonald, a Cairns jeweller, who also gave the topazes.

Miss Barbara Atkins, of the Cairns and District Travel League, which organises the festival and the contest every October, suggested the design. "I'm a 'rock hound' myself," she said.

She was speaking on her way back with Miss Cairns (Kay McMahon) from the prizewinning trip to New Zealand.

North Queensland is so rich in gemstones that many locals and tourists are giving away the lazy hours spent on the beach under a coconut palm for a less comfortable camping holiday in the popular mining areas.

"Some of the ten million gem-hunters in America are finding their way up there, too," Miss Atkins said, "so we're hoping this year to send Miss Cairns to Honolulu as her prize trip. We want to let more Americans know about the beauties of the district."

# legs

HOW TO GIVE THEM A SATINY-SMOOTH COMPLEXION

Your legs should be as soft and silky as your face. They can be . . . and very simply, too . . .

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HAIR that is as soft as a whisper, more youthful, cleaner and radiant with rich glowing highlights comes from the modern "Peek-In" Glow Shampoo by Delph.

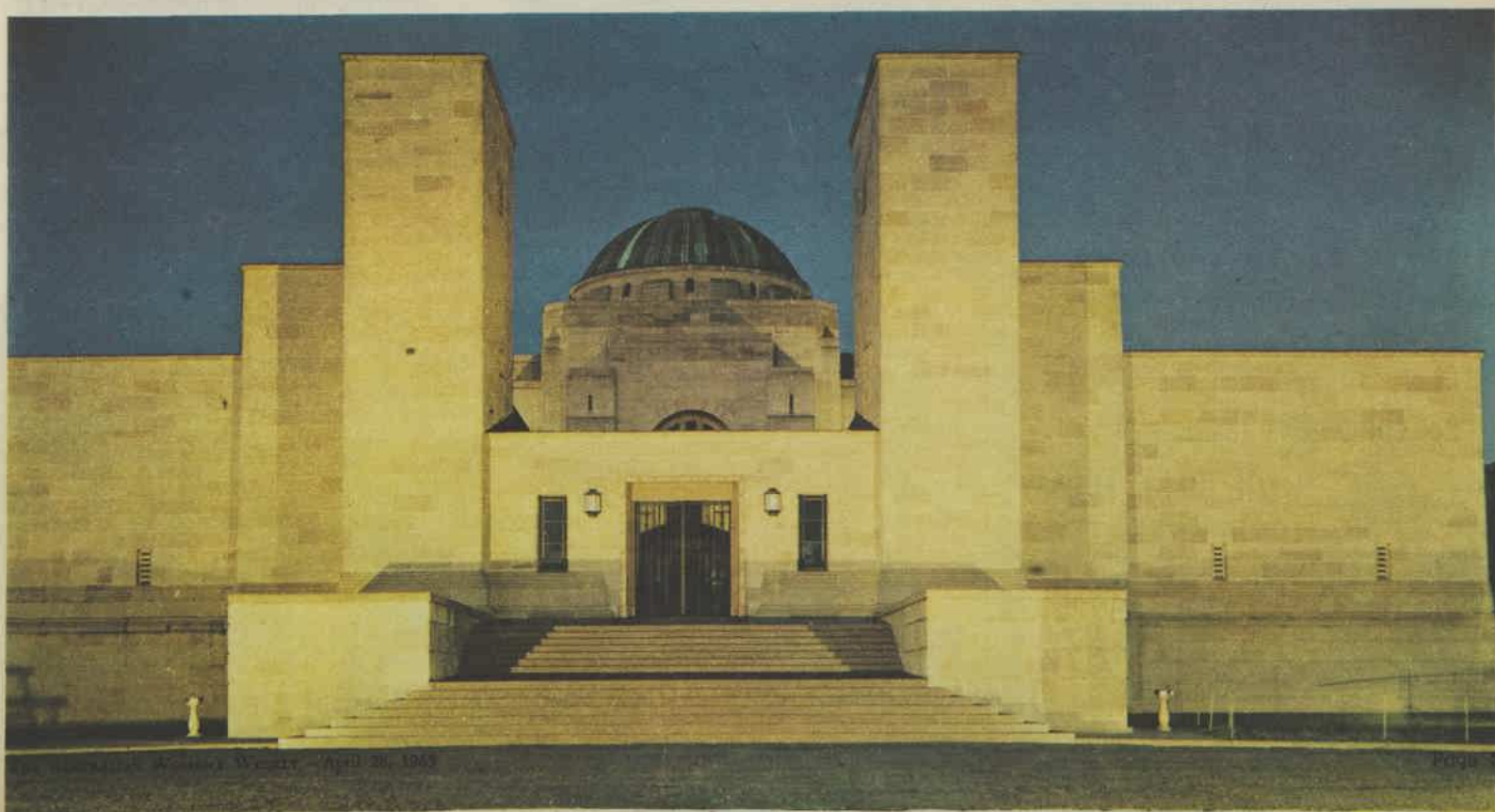
# At the going down of the sun . . .



They shall grow not old, as we that are left grow old:  
Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn.  
At the going down of the sun and in the morning  
We shall remember them.

— From Laurence Binyon's "For the Fallen"

● On Sunday, April 25, the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester will attend the commemorative ceremony at the Australian War Memorial, Canberra, on the 50th anniversary of the Anzacs' landing at Gallipoli. The picture above was taken at sunset, and the one below immediately after the evening floodlighting was turned on. Pictures by Peter Hardacre.



## NEXT WEEK:

### TWO SPECIAL LIFT-OUT BOOKS

#### ★ WINTER WEATHER COOKBOOK

Here's a bright and colorful cookbook designed for wintry weather — 16 pages of recipes that are delicious AND easy to prepare; from the main course to snacks, and more!

Etiquette expert Gilda Lund provides 16 pages of good advice for everyone who wants to acquire charm, and to learn how to put other people at their ease in

#### MANNERS FOR MODERNS



#### THE NEW LIFE OF PRINCESS ALEXANDRA



When a princess marries a commoner, she acquires a cookbook, a burglar alarm, and a cloak of invisibility — in that order. Why? In a long and fascinating story well-known royal biographer Helen Cathcart talks about Princess Alex's two years of happy adjustment to marriage.



PLUS . . . a revealing interview with the "wild man of destiny" —  
**PETER O'TOOLE**

hailed by critics and audiences as the latest movie sensation.



For winter fashion, it's . . .



#### THE BLUE LOOK

"Blue is in a color boom," says fashion editor Betty Keep — and shows you the prettiest blue looks from the Paris fashion houses.



SKATING lesson for Lisa. The instructor is a young English friend of the Burtons. Lisa was very keen.



MARIA, 4, crippled girl Liz adopted when Mrs. Eddie Fisher.

## The place: Liz's luxury chalet at exclusive Gstaad, Switzerland SNOW HOLIDAY



MIKE, Liz's oldest child, has a battle royal with snowballs against a photographer, seen here safely sidestepping.

● Liz Taylor, husband Richard Burton, and all the children enjoyed a cosy family break at "Ariel," Liz's chalet at Gstaad, the famous winter resort in Switzerland. Daughter Lisa (whose father was Mike Todd) had her first try at skating, and son Mike (the oldest of Liz's children, whose father was Michael Wilding) had a snowball fight with a photographer.

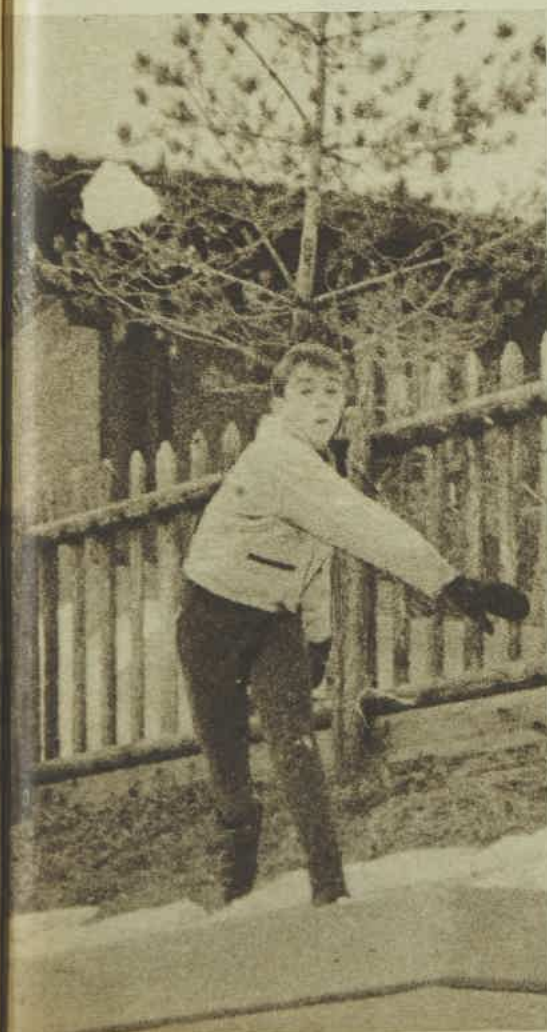


ON ICE: Mike goes skating for a morning's fun. In the background are glimpses of typical slopes and some of the snow resort buildings.



**SNOWFIELD STROLL** for the family. From left, Christopher, 10, Lisa, 7, Richard Burton, Liz, Mike, 12. An unidentified friend is at right. Mike and Christopher are the sons of Michael Wilding, a former husband of Liz's, and Lisa the daughter of her marriage to Mike Todd.

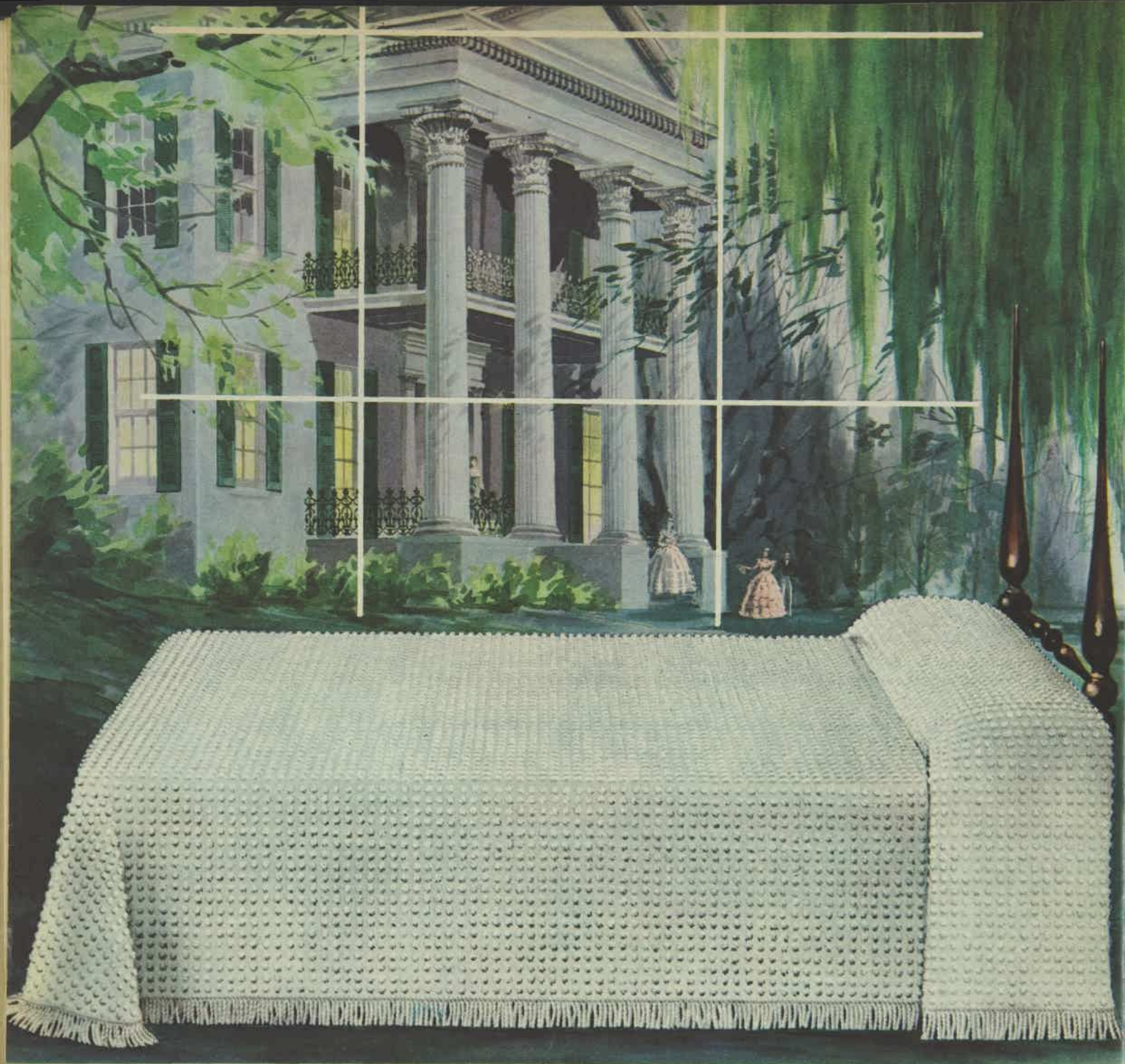
## FOR THE BURTON CLAN



**CHRISTOPHER** pitches a snowball with all his might during a snowfight. Both Liz's sons like Burton — no slouch himself when it comes to aiming a snowball straight at an "enemy" and scoring.



**BURTON** and **LIZ** had taken the break after finishing filming *The Sandpiper*, simply to have some fun with the children. From left, Burton, Mike, Christopher in front of Liz, Lisa, and an unidentified friend. Liz isn't exactly the world's most enthusiastic walker, but Burton and the children enjoy it.



## *All the authentic charm of an Early American Original!*

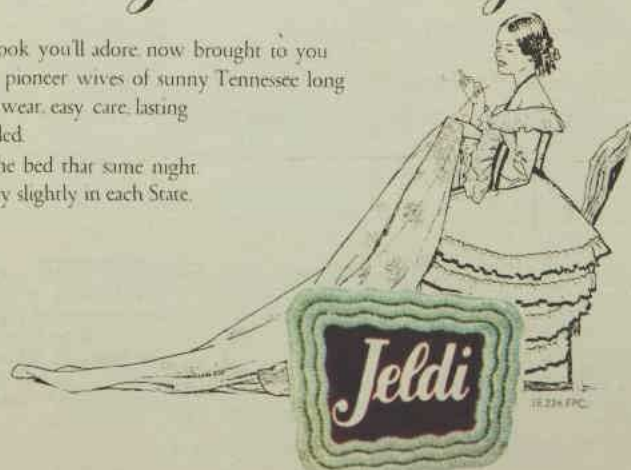
All the simplicity and Colonial charm of Early America, an authentic heirloom look you'll adore, now brought to you in "Southern Heritage" by Jeldi. Tuftly-soft fabric, lovely as that hand-loomed by the pioneer wives of sunny Tennessee long before the Civil War. But so much more practical, 100% viscose candletuft for long wear, easy care, lasting beauty—and it's so light to handle, you can spread, fold, wash and store it single-handed.

It's lint-free and will not shed; machine-washable too, and dries so fast it's back on the bed that same night. Single bed size, 59/11; double bed size, 75/-. At all leading stores right now. Prices vary slightly in each State. Matching curtains and comforter-quilts also available.

Choose from glorious new decorator colours: daffodil, champagne, aqua, pastel gold, pastel pink, brass gold, turquoise or snowy white.

*Illustrated:*

"Southern Heritage" by **JELDI**... just 59/11



# A VISIT TO GALLIPOLI

By BETTY ROLAND

● "I'll leave you here. Perhaps you'd like to be alone," said Capt.

Hector McMann, ex-Black Watch and Gordon Highlanders, now officer-in-charge of war graves on Gallipoli. The place was Lone Pine. The date, Anzac Day, April 25, 1961.

I HAD come by a long and devious route through Turkey, and there had been discomforts, difficulties, even minor dangers.

But what of it? I had reached my goal and was on the threshold of one of the most deeply moving experiences of my life.

We had crossed the Dardanelles in the early light of morning, Captain McMann, his interpreter John, and myself.

No one else was there. I was the sole representative of my country and the consciousness of this weighed heavily upon me, particularly as I walked through the low wooden gate that led me to the place where some of Australia's most illustrious dead lay.

There was a strange hush over everything and even my slow footfalls sounded unduly loud as I passed between the rows of granite headstones, each engraved with the number, name, and rank of those who fought and died there fifty years ago.

How young they were. Scarcely one of them more than 25.

After one has got over the first surge of emotion and the feeling of being near to tears, the brooding peace that lies like a benediction over all the dozen or so little cemeteries on Gallipoli begins to manifest itself.

There is an air of timelessness.

The quiet cycle of the seasons passes — the roses, pansies, and petunias that grow between the headstones fade and die; the blistering sun of summer gives place to winter; and the birds that nest in the groves of pine and sycamore take flight to the kindlier south.

## Expedition

And the team of Turkish gardeners, whose task it is to tend the cemeteries, sow the seeds and guard the young trees growing in a nursery down by the sea, where the cliffs of Anzac shield them from the wind.

They will be working overtime this year and a lovely sight will meet the eyes of the 86 original Anzacs fortunate enough to be in the expedition visiting Gallipoli this year for the 50th anniversary of the first Anzac Day.



THE AUTHOR

But none of them will have quite the same overwhelming experience that I did.

It was a rare thing to be there alone, to walk among those quiet graves, to sense the melancholy and the strange, mystical atmosphere that broods in the silence and seems to touch the soul.

I trod softly and was grateful to the little Scottish captain for leaving me alone.

At Quinn's and Courtney's Posts, hard by Lone Pine, time has indeed stood still.

Among the prickly oak and straggling scrub can be

seen the Turkish and Australian trenches, not more than a few feet apart, partly obscured by sand, but plainly visible, and recollections of tales of hand-grenades tossed from the enemy line and caught and returned before they had time to explode become a reality.

Other relics remain.

Wandering through the bushy undergrowth, it is by no means rare to come on a rusted water canteen, a trenching tool, or even an unexploded shell.

Nobody lives on Gallipoli, apart from the Turkish gardeners and a few struggling farmers on the eastern shore.

The land is so poor no one wants to cultivate it, and, besides, it is still a vital strategic area, commanding access to the Black Sea, and under constant guard.

Nobody can go there without a permit. Even Captain McMann had to produce his slip of paper bearing the official stamp each time he crossed The Narrows from Chanakale, the little seaport on the Turkish mainland where he lived.

At sunset he had to return,

Continued on page 9



ANZAC COVE, pictured on April 25, 1961. An old water condenser lies rusting on the deserted, silent beach.



GRAVES of fallen Anzacs in the cemetery at Lone Pine, on Gallipoli.



SUVLA BAY, as it is now. A second landing was made there in August, 1915. (At left.)



Kent makes the work more fun.

Kent combines the exclusive MICRONITE filter with the world's finest 'Flavour-blended' tobaccos to deliver the taste you want in a cigarette today. That's why smokers in 152 countries around the world agree that...



# KENT HAS EVERYTHING

## A VISIT TO GALLIPOLI

Continued from page 7



**DEMIROFF FAMILY:** Momma, Papa, and John at back. Hector McMann in front. Peter (Papa) Demiroff is the head gardener.

for no alien is permitted to stay overnight.

North-east of Quinn's and Courtney's Posts stands the peak of Chunuk Bair. Chunuk Bair has the same deep significance to the people of New Zealand that Lone Pine has to Australians, for here the New Zealand Anzacs fought, and paid the same bitter price.

It was the spearhead of the thrust made into the Turkish lines, and had they been able to hold it the story of Gallipoli might have been a happier one, as whoever held Chunuk Bair commanded the entire position.

From here they could see the Dardanelles, the narrow strip of water not more than 1600 yards across, for which the whole campaign was fought.

It was their one and only glimpse of it. Reinforcements failed to arrive, the Turks attacked in strength and scarcely a man survived.

A tall obelisk stands on Chunuk Bair today. It was placed there by the people of New Zealand.

From here one looks down on the whole panorama of Gallipoli.

Far to the south is Cape Helles, where the British made their landing on that same fateful April morning of 1915 and met with the same withering fire as the Anzacs did; with the aid of a pair of fieldglasses, it is possible to see Kum Kale, where the French soldiers landed, creating a diversion from the main assault, almost at the exact spot where Agamemnon landed to begin the siege of Troy.

The Turkish commander, Mustapha Kemal, established an outpost on the crest of Chunuk Bair and his dugout is still there.

From this vantage point he could look down on Suvla Bay, where a second landing was made in Aug-

ust — it was scarcely less disastrous than the first.

He could watch every movement that the Allied soldiers made, even see them light their fires and boil the water for their tea.

No assault was ever able to dislodge him.

John, the interpreter, was the son of the head gardener and he took us to his parents' place for lunch.

Here was a surprise. The big blond man who greeted me and his smiling wife were Russians.

They had escaped from Odessa at the time of the 1917 Revolution; somehow they had reached Chanakale, and in 1919 were given work by the Imperial War Graves Commission, which had arrived to begin the mammoth task of identifying and reintering the men who had died on Gallipoli.

Peter Demiroff is now head gardener, and the meticulous care bestowed on the cemeteries is proof of his devotion to the task.

### Red mullet

He and his wife live in a neat house which is part of the village built for the gardeners and their families close to Anzac Cove.

High above them tower the precipitous cliffs where the men made dugouts, transforming them into a kind of human rabbit warren.

In front is the Aegean, where so much of the world's history has been made. The gardeners fish there in their free time, and the day of my visit we ate the rare red mullet which is the choicest fish in the sea.

Lone Pine, Chunuk Bair, and Anzac Cove are the three most moving places on Gallipoli, and of these perhaps Anzac Cove stands foremost.

Standing on that narrow

crested of sand, it seems impossible to believe that on that first chaotic day 15,000 men with their mules and horses, stores and ammunition had somehow managed to scramble ashore.

There must have been scarcely room to stand.

Rising abruptly beyond the beach are the historic hills, rugged and forbidding.

No more terrible terrain ever confronted an army of young untested men. Their bravery has made history.

Everything is very peaceful now. Wildflowers grow among the sand dunes, somnolent tortoises drowse in the sun, and all that remains of the holocaust of 1915 is a rusty water condenser lying on the beach like some derelict sea monster washed up by the tide.

I gathered an armful of flowers — flag lilies, poppies, small white daisies, and some yellow broom — and laid them on the Stone of Remembrance in one of the cemeteries.

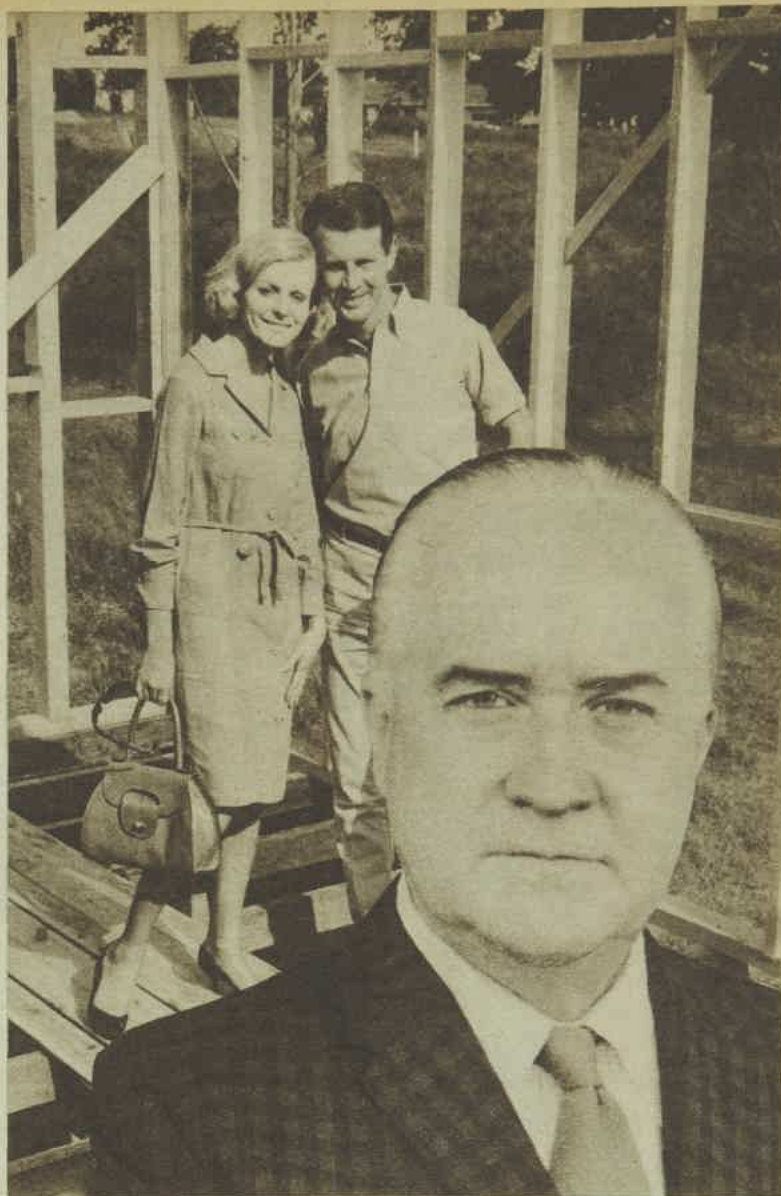
It was close to the sea, and here, so I learnt later, is where the "Man with the Donkey," Pte. Simpson, lies buried.

I wish I had known at the time, for I would have laid some flowers on his grave in tribute to the man who went out at night with his patient little donkey and brought the wounded down to the dressing-station on the beach.

On May 15, 1915, he was killed at the age of 22, yet in those few weeks he won a place in history and in the hearts of men.

The sun was sinking into the Aegean as I stood in the silent cemetery. A Turkish general (on a tour of inspection), the Scottish captain, and John, the gardener's son, were with me standing to attention.

I felt that, however long I lived, no greater nor more moving moment could befall me.



## Housing? Bob Askin is determined to make it easier for you.

Bob Askin, the N.S.W. Liberal leader, will make more cheap land available for home building and he is determined to increase the lending limit and close the finance gap.

He knows you are fed up with the chronic housing shortage in N.S.W. In Victoria and South Australia, sales prices and rents are cheaper than in N.S.W. Bob Askin is determined to put an end to this scandalous lag.

He has modern plans for housing, shopping, education, transport, health, the police force and all of the many other things that affect your life and your family's. That's why this time, in the city and in the country, the swing is to the Liberals.



**WITH ASKIN  
YOU'LL GET  
ACTION!**

Vote ☒ Liberal for your future.

Authorised by J. L. Carrick, Liberal Party of Australia.

JLC:WW4:HP

Page 9

## TROUSSEAU, TOO

**GOING-AWAY ENSEMBLE** of wool crepe in Raelene's favorite color, white. The wide swing coat has a luxurious Arctic-fox collar, which can be removed for a plainer look. Shoes are wool covered.



On her own great day, well-known model Raelene Orr shows how effectively this can be achieved

# ALL-WOOL WEDDING

● The bridal dressing was all-wool when 22-year-old Sydney model Raelene Orr recently married Melbourne businessman John Wood at St. Mary's Church, Windsor, Vic.

The bride's and attendants' dresses were of wool crepe, and all wore wool-covered shoes. Her trousseau is all-wool, too.

Wool was not an unexpected choice. Raelene has been a Wool Board model for four years and has done a lot of work for them, particularly in country areas.

"As John and I are making our home in Melbourne, I thought wool would be practical, as well as pretty and different," she said. "Maybe I'm just pessimistic about Melbourne weather!"

Raelene was chosen N.S.W. Mannequin of the Year in 1962. She is the only daughter of Mrs. Allan Orr, of Maroubra, N.S.W., and the late Mr. Orr. John is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. G. Wood, of South Yarra, Vic.

The couple are spending their honeymoon at Surfers' Paradise, so Raelene's trousseau includes a swimsuit—woollen, of course.



**SIMPLE SHIFT** of red wool features striking black-and-gold-embroidered motifs — Raelene's answer for dinner parties in their South Yarra flat.



**BELL-BOTTOMS** are a controversial item. "I adore them, but John hates them," she said. "Somehow I think they'll be living in the cupboard."



**EVENING ENSEMBLE** in the newest Chanel tradition — a classic jacket and long skirt of pale wool brocade — is her favorite. It is double-breasted, edged with gold braid.

Page 10



**WHITE WOOL SWIMSUIT**, combining a one-piece and a bikini look. "But I'm thinking the suntan might be rather odd," said Raelene.



**DEMURE COCKTAIL** frock with straight silhouette, small set-in sleeves, and a gently cowl neckline features elaborate loop beading.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — April 28, 1965



**AFTER THE WEDDING.** Mr. and Mrs. John Wood pictured with their attendants, from left, Miss Maureen Bissett, Miss Jeanette Mainon, Miss Diane Parkinson, Miss Coral Triplett, and flowergirl Michelle Watson. The bride's gown of white wool crepe was beaded in pearls and crystals. Her attendants' shifts were also wool crepe.

**AT LEFT:** Walking down the aisle of St. Mary's, Windsor, Vic., after their marriage. The bride wore an up-swept hairstyle with her headpiece, which repeated the pearl-and-crystal beading of her gown.

**NEW! NEW!**



## HERCO OLIVOL SKIN LOTION Now In New 4 oz. PLASTIC CONTAINER

Only HERCO successfully combines pure Olive Oil and Lanolin into one superb skin lotion, which feeds these vital nutrients right to where they're needed . . . deep down in the under-tissues of the skin.

Hands especially benefit from this wonderful lotion. There's no other part of your skin which suffers so much from harsh work — and from such constant washing, which dries out the skin. But, with regular HERCO care, you can keep your hands smooth, soft and young-looking.

Start using HERCO today . . . buy it in the smart new plastic pack — only 6/- for 4 oz. This pack costs no more but it's slim and trim — looks smart and cannot break. (Regular 3-oz. glass bottle — 4/6.)

If you prefer a cream, ask for HERCO OLIVOL SKIN CREAM . . . it's the same in its composition and effect as HERCO Olivol Lotion. 4/9 per Tube.

## Your skin needs HERCO OLIVOL SKIN LOTION CONTAINING OLIVE OIL AND LANOLIN

— and these other fine HERCO products, too . . .

**HERCO FACE LOTION with TURTLE OIL.** When age lines begin to show on your face . . . that's when you need this unique Face Lotion containing Turtle Oil. In less than 2 weeks it will remove the obvious signs of your biological age. Available in 2 sizes — 3-oz. bottle 11/9 or beautifully designed 4-oz. plastic pack 15/6.

**HERCO OLIVOL SHAMPOO.** Still the finest shampoo that money can buy but now in a new, plastic, salon-style pack . . . doesn't matter if you drop it in the shower — it won't break! HERCO OLIVOL SHAMPOO lathers luxuriously, leaving your hair soft, silky and easy-to-manage. 6-oz. plastic pack — 7/6.

**HANDS.** Finest barrier cream ever made — prevents dirt, grime, grease, etc. entering the pores of the skin because it's Siliconised! Leaves hands soft and smooth. 5/6 per Tube.

# SOCIAL ROUNDABOUT

By  
*Mollie Lyons*

**SMALL.** but frantically busy group, just at present, is the nineteen-strong ladies' committee of the 38th Annual General Scientific Meeting of the Royal Australasian College of Surgeons.

The group — made up of wives of council members and State committee members — has the gigantic task of arranging a social program for the 250 wives of delegates who'll be in Sydney for the meeting from May 17-21.

Headed by Mrs. K. W. Starr, whose husband is chairman of the Federal Council, and Mrs. Robert Melville, whose husband is chairman of the State Committee, they have planned a harbor cruise and luncheon, an art show, a visit to the lunchtime theatre, and a dinner party and visit to the theatre.

Many of the visitors, who'll come from all States and New Zealand, will stay with friends while they are here.

Among Sydney people who'll entertain at private parties are Dr. and Mrs. Hugh Barry, Dr. and Mrs. E. J. Gibson, Dr. and Mrs. R. Hodgkinson, Dr. and Mrs. Alan Sharpe, and Dr. and Mrs. Frank Mills.

"SO relaxing" is the way Lady Vernon described the short holiday she spent in Melbourne with her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Nigel Gray, and their six-month-old son, Stephen. The Grays live in a charming terrace house in Parkville (Melbourne's Paddington), which they recently renovated. Lady Vernon was especially delighted with the herb garden which her daughter has made at the back of the house.

LOOKING forward to her daughter's Sydney stopover is Lady Berryman, who tells me that her daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Wills, of Adelaide, will stay with them for a few days before leaving on a four-and-a-half-month overseas trip. The Willses are planning to spend some time with friends in the south of Spain before returning home.

ALTHOUGH they haven't yet set a date for the christening of their new baby son, who is to be called Alexander Alan Hercules, Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm Broun have asked Mr. H. C. McIntyre, the baby's great-uncle, Mr. Timothy Johnstone, of Canberra, and Mrs. Neill Hall to act as godparents. The Brouns have a baby daughter, Charlotte, who is sixteen months old.

MOST stunning gown of the week was worn by tall, youthful Pip Colman, whose long, slim, white crepe sheath, heavily beaded at the neck and at each side of the neck-to-waist back opening, drew all eyes when she danced in The Shake competition at a charity ball.

I'M told there'll be dozens of busy fingers at work on April 23 at the home of Mrs. Frank Helmore, president of the ladies' central auxiliary of the Dental Health and Education Research Foundation, when members meet for the morning to make paper flowers for the dinner dance to be held at the Union Refectory at the University of Sydney on May 1. The blooms are to be in purple and cream, the colors of the dental faculty.

OFF on a three-month "walkabout" to New Guinea is Mrs. Elsa Chauvel, who leaves with her friend, Mrs. Winifred Brown, in the Bulolo on May 18. They'll make Rabaul their headquarters and will stay on various plantations, including "Mackiwi," on Bougainville, with Mrs. Nancy McKinley. Highlight of their stay there will be a trip aboard a small riverboat to visit surrounding properties. Farewell parties for Mrs. Chauvel have been arranged by Mrs. Brian Conolly, Mrs. Alan Williams, and Mrs. S. Wright.

DATE for your diary . . . the Elizabethan Ball at Menzies Hotel on April 30, which promises to be quite spectacular this year. There's to be an Asian theme, and, as well as joss sticks burning on the tables and a Ceylonese dancer, many of the guests will wear saris.

NEW faces we'll see soon on the Sydney scene are those of Sir Ellerton and Lady Becker, of Springfield, Adelaide, who move into a penthouse at Darling Point — with a magnificent view of the harbor — early in May. Main reason for their move is to put them in a more central position for visiting their cattle and sheep stud properties in South Australia, New South Wales, and Herefordshire, England.

A FULL-LENGTH evening dress in royal blue Thai silk with a matching coat, which her mother brought back from a recent trip to Hong Kong, will be worn by Jan Lott at the 21st birthday party her stepfather and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Stan Hughan, are giving for her on April 21 at Caprice. Jan's gift from her mother is a diamond and sapphire dress ring.

GUESTS of honor at lots of pre-wedding parties are Anne McGrath and Peter Tyas, who marry on April 24 at historic St. Luke's Church, Liverpool. After the wedding Anne's parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. C. McGrath, will entertain 180 guests at a reception to be held in a marquee set up in the grounds of their home at Ingleburn.

AMERICAN visitor Justine Cushing, who has been staying with Mrs. Nancy Walton, leaves on April 23 for her trip home, which will take ten months. The time will be spent on a tour of the East and Europe en route to her home, which is in Squaw Valley, the famous ski resort, where her family has large interests.

MRS. JOHN SULLIVAN will be hostess at a bon-voyage luncheon at her home at Vaucluse on May 4 for Mrs. Adrian Roche, of "Karlun," Berremangra, who leaves on May 6 with her husband for a nine months' trip around the world.



AT RIGHT: Guests at the Town and Country Ball at Menzies Hotel in Show Week included Miss Margaret Lynch and Mr. David Lynch, pictured with a model horse, which was at the edge of the dance floor.

AT LEFT: Other guests at the Town and Country Ball were, from left, Mr. and Mrs. Len Hinds and Mr. and Mrs. Bill MacRae. The president of the committee, Mrs. Clinton Ayers, greeted 250 people. Proceeds from the evening will go toward The Smith Family.



AT SHOW: Miss Caroline Adams (left), Mr. Richard Lawson, of "Padthaway," Naracoorte, South Australia, and Miss Susie Adams in the grounds of the Members' Stand at the Royal Easter Show. They were among the many hundreds of country and city people who watched the main highlight of the Easter Show — the Grand Parade.

AT RIGHT: The Duke of Gloucester declaring open the 1965 Royal Easter Show. The official party included (left to right) Mrs. Pat Hills, wife of the Deputy Premier, Mrs. Strath Playfair, wife of the President of the Royal Agricultural Society, the Duke, Mr. Playfair, the Duchess of Gloucester, and Mr. Hills. After the opening the official party watched the Grand Parade from the R.A.S. Council stand.



## Royal Show Week

ABOVE: The chairman of the Women's Auxiliary of the Royal Commonwealth Society, Mrs. George Colvin, the Duke of Gloucester, the President of the Royal Commonwealth Society, N.S.W. branch, Lieut-Colonel George Colvin, the Duchess of Gloucester, and Sir John Northcott (l. to r.) at lunch given by the council of the Royal Commonwealth Society.

BELOW: Mrs. A. Landa, wife of the Minister for Housing, curtsies to the Duchess of Gloucester in the annexe to the Great Hall at the University of Sydney prior to the State reception. Behind her the Premier, Mr. J. B. Renshaw, presents Mr. J. J. Maloney, Minister for Labor and Industry, to the Duke. The royal visitors met 450 leading citizens and mingled informally with them at the reception in the Great Hall.



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LETONA and WESTINGHOUSE have deposited with the Rural Bank of N.S.W. a "scrambled letter" combination by famous Olympic Athlete — Betty Cuthbert. The neatest and best entry matching Betty Cuthbert's 'scramble' will win the 1st Prize of £600 worth of Westinghouse Appliances. The contest closes with the last mail on June 5th, 1965, and the winner will be announced in Women's Weekly issue of July 7, 1965.



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Judges' decision will be final and no correspondence will be entered into. Employees and their relatives of Letona Cannery and their advertising agents may not enter the contest.

# Girl with a dolphin

● People from all over the world come to see the performing dolphins at the aquarium at Tweed Heads, N.S.W.

"ALL our porpoises are gentle and friendly, but Bo-Bo especially is just like a faithful puppy," said Toni Evans.

"She lets me polish her tail and tickle her tummy."

Toni, 19, helps her father, Mr. Jack Evans, run his Pet Porpoise Pool at Tweed Heads.

Although called porpoises locally, these mammals are actually bottle-nosed dolphins, captured by Mr. Evans in river estuaries around the Queensland border.

Toni welcomes visitors to the pool, umpires and gives a commentary on water-polo matches between three white and three black dolphins, and calls for girl volunteers from the audience to help feed them with fish.

"We have two shows every day," said Toni. "Thousands of interstate and overseas visitors come each year."

The idea of the show came to Mr. Evans about ten years ago when he put two dolphins in a small aquarium at his swimming-baths at Snapper Rocks, Tweed Heads.

He realised they could learn tricks and decided to train them. He went to America to study methods there.

Toni Evans used to do her swimming training in the same pool with the dolphins.

"They're quite harmless and will only bite or nip you when they're jealous or you touch their young," she said.



**LU-LU leaps magnificently to take a fish from Toni Evans. The 300lb. dolphins surge from the water in a graceful arc and accurately detach titbits from the feeding stick.**

When Toni left school four years ago, her father opened his new aquarium pool at Tweed Heads, and Toni got the job of helping.

Now the dolphins are her pets.

The common "porpoise" is small and chunky, rarely over 5ft. long, has a rounded snout, and a small, low fin on its back.

Mr. Evans has spotters on the lookout for baby dolphins, and when he hears of one he sets out in a boat with big nets to try to catch it.

As well as the ones for his pool, he has caught others

raises herself from the water and does the Twist.

"In the water - polo matches they often get really mad at each other and brawl."

Once Toni had to make a sun-bonnet for Bo-Bo — a sheet of plastic tied under her "chin" — because she slept on top of the water for a couple of hours one hot day and got sunburnt on top of her head.

"Then there was the day a girl feeding the porpoises from the high diving-board fainted and fell into the pool when one of them jumped into the air to grab the fish," Toni said.

"We pulled the girl out quickly and she was all right, but a woman in the audience fainted."

Toni helped train Sammy, an Australian seal which does tricks and lets children feed him.

Sammy, who has his own special pool, goes shopping on a lead with Toni.

### Man-eaters

She even taught him to bowl a ball for the opening of a new bowling alley in Surfers' Paradise last year.

Toni helps to feed the fish and sharks in an adjoining aquarium and has been in the shark pool to help clean it.

"I'm not scared of them, even though some are man-eaters," she said. "They're well fed and are more scared of us than we are of them."

"But we keep an eye on the sharks."

Recently Toni opened her own souvenir shop at the pool and is planning a trip to Japan in June to buy unusual gifts for it.

In her spare time she rides her surfboard at one of the local beaches. She is a champion-class surfer.

By  
**KERRY YATES**

for aquariums in other parts of the world.

"It's recognised that these are the most intelligent mammals after man," Toni said, "and this is proved with the variety of tricks they perform."

"They're natural show-offs."

"They have their own personalities and ways of getting attention."

"Bo-Bo squeals the loudest, Splasher splashes the water, nearly drowning the audience with him, Ringo squawks non-stop, and Lu-Lu



**SAMMY SEAL swims with Toni. In the afternoons, children line up to feed him fish. Sammy is so gentle even babies can feed him.**



Sir James Pitman  
believes children  
should be taught that

# K-A-T spells cat

By SHEILA SIBLEY

● You feel they should be Quakers, so gentle, benign, and dedicated are they. Sir James and Lady Pitman have, despite the urgent and insistent demands on them, an air of infinite tranquillity.



BRITISH CHILDREN learning to read the I.T.A. way. One teacher in Lancashire reported that a four-year-old read more than 200 books in his first year. At present, out of 21,500 infant schools in Britain, nearly 1800 are teaching pupils by the I.T.A. method.

SIR JAMES is visiting Australia to promote the use of the Initial Teaching Alphabet in schools.

He is the grandson of Sir Isaac Pitman (the inventor of Pitman Shorthand), whom he strongly resembles in looks and, it would appear, in character.

Of Isaac Pitman it was written: "He has no love for money, save for its use in promoting his phonetic shorthand. His personal wants are few and simple, and every penny beyond what is required for them is devoted to phonetic propaganda."

He himself wrote: "I was twice assessed for the income tax. I appealed and proved my income was under £100. The commissioners appeared surprised that I should carry on an extensive business for the benefit of posterity."

When Isaac Pitman was a country schoolmaster there were existing shorthands, but the average textbook cost £10 (a terrifying sum in those days — Isaac's salary was only £5 a year).

He tried to adapt the existing shorthand and have it published cheaply, but the publisher warned him that, if he wished to avoid litigation, he would be wiser to invent his own.

Isaac reduced the English language to 40 sounds and published in 1837 his *Stenographic Sound Hand*. He was then 24 years old and embarking on a crusade that lasted till his death 60 years later.

In 1844 he designed and obtained type for a phonetic alphabet (which he called "phonotypy") which was widely used in schools, workhouses, and jails to teach adults and children to read.

Overseas it was used by missionaries in Africa, China, India — and Nova Scotia, where it formed the

basis for a hitherto unwritten American Indian language.

"Phonotypy" is the ancestor of "A.R.", the Augmented Roman Alphabet, otherwise known as I.T.A. (Initial Teaching Alphabet).

I.T.A. was designed by Sir James Pitman (who has inherited his grandfather's — and father's — intense interest in phonetics), with the assistance of English calligrapher Alfred Fairbank, in 1957.

## Family firm

Sir James is chairman of the family firm, Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons, which publishes technical, commercial, and educational books and teaches the whole world shorthand.

Not only the firm but he, personally, has contributed lavishly to funds designed to speed international acceptance of I.T.A.

At the age of 12 he was writing home from boarding-school in a fast, accurate shorthand.

"Although it rather took the heart out of me," he said with a twinkle in his mild blue eyes, "when I discovered my father was sending my private letters to the Pitman College for the pupils to decipher."

He still writes to his family — three sons and a daughter — in shorthand (speed, 120 words a minute). Recently, his daughter, Margaret, wrote, on a note of surprise: "Had a letter in longhand — you must be having a very relaxed time."

Sir James' alphabet has not been copyrighted — it belongs to the world. He hopes that it will advance the progress of English as a universal language by 200 years.

He doesn't see I.T.A.

as a "reformed spelling" alphabet — which was his grandfather's purpose with phonotypy — but as a tool for teaching reading. "To be left behind and forgotten," he said, "when it has achieved its purpose."

It has been calculated that the English child takes a year longer than a French or Italian child to spell his mother tongue.

The simplest words are traps. "Cat" should be "k-a-t" if there were any justice.

A five-year-old, on being told that "See-Ay-Tee" spells "cat," is tempted to shut up shop and go straight home to mother.

Some do. Some sit in class, year after year, unable to make sense of the twisted symbols on the paper in front of them. They see the world as hostile, incomprehensible. To write or to read is torture — it takes so much time. Even to try is to make a public admission of their stupidity. So they fail in subject after subject, year after year.

## Cause of crime

These are the harvest that the prisons reap. Sir James Pitman says:

"Ninety percent of the men in Her Majesty's prisons are completely non-readers, or read so badly they don't consider it worth while trying."

"When I was talking to the prison people in Washington, U.S.A., they told me that 80 percent of their intake are fundamentally illiterate — school drop-outs who could neither read nor write."

It has been established in Britain that, almost without exception, delinquents who had been arrested by the police are those who had been unable to pass the final primary-school exam.

"Every human being needs

to excel at something," Sir James said.

"If a child can't read and understand a language he won't have the usual outlet for excellence. He will try to excel by force — he'll join a pack and they'll give each other what I call 'immoral support'."

The child who cannot read has no key to the future — consequently, no future.

The Initial Teaching Alphabet introduces the child to reading by giving it letters that correspond with the appropriate sounds. He will not be asked to spell "kettle" as "k-e-t-t-l-e" but "k-e-t-t-l." "Pencil" is "pen-sil" and "once" is "wuns."

Twenty-four of the letters in the alphabet are used (excluding "q" and "x") plus 20 new ones, invented to clear up the confusion that currently reigns in British spelling ("tough," "bough," "through" are a few ripe examples, guaranteed to discourage the young scholar).

The purpose of this simplification is to give the child confidence — and the grounding commensurate with his age — to tackle the problems of English spelling later.

There are 600 to 1000 schools in Britain and about 500 in the United States that use I.T.A.

Victoria has 20 schools in which it is in use, and there are several in Western Australia.

Though it is not used in N.S.W. State schools, there is at least one private school — the Convent of the Good Samaritan, in Newtown, where it has achieved heartening results.

The headmistress of one of the experimental schools in Britain — an infants' school at Southend — found, after teaching I.T.A. for two years, that the brightest children were 12 months ahead of comparable children taught by the old

system, and that the average child saved from eight to ten months.

For the first time in her experience all her seven-year-olds have learnt to read — there were no non-starters.

It is not only infants who learn to read by the new system. Sixteen percent of the recruits in the British Army are illiterate or semi-literate, and military authorities are now calling on I.T.A. for help.

## Army fairytales

Lady Pitman said: "I've seen young soldiers reading fairy stories in I.T.A. and thinking they're smashing — they're so thankful to be able to understand print after so long."

"I've even heard them reading telephone books to each other!"

The transition from I.T.A. to telephone books — or any other form of traditional printing — is usually painless. Once a child gains confidence, once the initial frustration disappears, they pick up the technique of reading ordinary print very quickly.

This is the second time Sir James and Lady Pitman have come to Australia. They were here in 1949 — "It was the anniversary of our wedding-day," he said with an affectionate smile at his wife.

You sense, in their obvious devotion to each other, that every day is an anniversary of that wedding-day.

"I don't get around as well as I used to," he says (he has a pronounced limp) "so Margaret sees to it that I don't do too much."

"I control his appointments and see he isn't too harassed," said Lady Pitman. "I'm his dragon."

She succeeded in looking about as fierce as a blue-bell.

"My DEAR dragon," said Sir James.



SIR JAMES AND LADY PITMAN, his devoted "dragon," formerly the Hon. Margaret Beaufort Lawson-Johnston, daughter of Lord Luke of Pavenham. Their eldest son, Peter, is now in the London office of Pitman's, married Jenny Holmes, of Hawthorn, Vic.

# Bob Askin is determined to make life easier for you and your family.



The Leader of the N.S.W. Liberal Party, Mr. Bob Askin, with his wife, Mollie, outside their home in Manly.

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Bob Askin, the Liberal leader, has *modern* plans for education, housing, transport, shopping—all the things that affect you and your family in your daily life.

He knows that standards have dropped in N.S.W. in the 24 years of Labor rule and that you want something done about it.

This time, all over N.S.W., the swing is to Liberal. This time people know that when you vote Liberal you vote for your future and your children's.

In your own interests, vote Liberal at the N.S.W. State elections on May 1.

Authorised by J. L. Carrick, Liberal Party of Australia.

JLC: WW3: FFC

# INVESTMENT GUIDE

THIS WEEK: Points to look for

By MARY BROKER

● I felt today that, with such excellent buying opportunities around, it might be a good idea to discuss different investment aims.

My own aim in recommending stocks to you for further consideration has been to bring to your notice first-class companies which should grow with Australia, although from time to time I have pointed out to you secure stocks with a high income yield.

That is, for the most part, I have been recommending shares for longer-term investors in growth companies.

Although most of you will have realised simply from descriptions of such companies what the term "growth" means, I felt that it might be worth while to give you a simple definition of the term.

AS with most of our local investment thinking, the term originated in America to describe the then reasonably new industries of petrochemicals, aviation, automation, electronics, and so on.

However, as time wore on and these industries became old-hat, investment analysts began to apply the prefix "growth" to any company which appeared to be under sound, capable, and wide-awake management, which was constantly coming up with new ideas and new products, which was earning increasingly higher returns on capital, and from which, therefore, shareholders could expect to receive increasingly higher returns themselves, both in the way of higher dividends and of new and bonus issues.

Shareholders will also, of course, benefit from rising market status of the stock and subsequent market appreciation in the share prices.

I must also point out to you that management can change, and that, therefore, you should carefully read your annual reports from the companies, follow comments in newspapers, and keep in regular touch with your broker, who will be able to inform you of any adverse happening connected with your shareholdings and advise you whether or not to switch to some other stock.

## For maximum security

That is, there is always an element of risk in investing in such stocks, and for that very reason some investors must avoid them almost entirely. There are those people who require, above all, complete security and a good income from their savings, for example, a person approaching retirement.

He may, of course, prefer to put his money into one of the several expertly managed unit trusts, whose express purpose is to provide a high return on funds invested.

However, if a more personal interest is to be taken in the disposal of one's savings, your broker will be able to draw up an investment scheme by which you will obtain maximum safety and return.

This will probably be invested approximately half in first-class debenture stock, and half in sound companies which return a good yield. Who knows, you may even achieve some degree of capital appreciation!

## Regular contact with broker

Whichever may be your investment policy, I cannot stress too strongly the necessity of keeping a close watch on your portfolio, and of keeping in regular contact with your broker.

I do not, of course, advise panic selling in the case of a market decline such as we have just seen. This would only result in ever continuing losses, and would benefit only the person who bought from you.

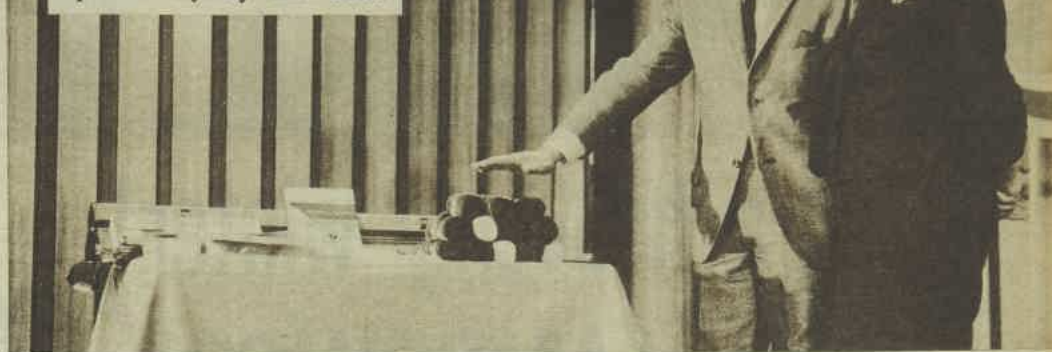
And just a few more words of warning:

(1) Never invest on tips, rumors, or so-called "inside information." You may be lucky enough to make a quick profit, but the odds are against you.

(2) Don't invest in more companies than you will have time to keep a close watch on.

(3) On the other hand, don't confine yourself to just one industry — unless you happen to be an expert on it. It will be better in the long term if you balance out your holdings in various industries, and will be much more interesting for you as an investor.

TOMMY HANLON JR. shows Mrs. Alma Primmer, of Kings Cross, a knitting machine she won when *It Could Be You* was taped in Sydney last week.



# The TV show that rivals the Beatles

By SHEILA SIBLEY

● *It Could Be You*, starring Tommy Hanlon Jr. (TCN9, 2 p.m., Monday to Friday), is televised 48 weeks of the year and shown in six States

IN case there is anyone present (though I doubt it!) who has never heard of *It Could Be You* — it is an extremely popular give-away show in which Tommy Hanlon plays Santa Claus, and, in front of an ecstatic studio audience, gives away the sponsors' valuable goodies to the unfortunate, the needy, the deserving — or anyone whose real life story can bring the viewers to laughter or tears.

If you think that you, too, are deserving of a large new refrigerator: Could it be you?

No. You don't nominate yourself. This is done by a neighbor, a friend, or a relation. When you step out in front of that audience it's got to come as an overwhelming surprise to you.

I asked Jill Warwick, *It Could Be You*'s research writer, if the surprise has ever backfired.

"No. By the time we put anyone on the show we know enough about them to be sure they won't mind," she said.

They also know enough to be sure their hard-luck story is genuine. When compere Hanlon spreads sunshine, it is into lives in which too much rain has fallen.

MUCH too much rain, no. *It Could Be You* never televises a case that's beyond help, though they get many tragic letters.

Nor will producer Myke Dyer have candidates whose hard-luck is their own fault — hire purchase problems, and the like. Misfortune must have come through circumstances beyond their control.

How do the ICBY staff

know that the happy victim in front of the cameras is genuine?

"When anyone writes in with a suitable story," Jill Warwick said, "we ask for documentary evidence. Are they prepared to sign an affidavit, swearing the facts are true? We lose a lot of candidates at this point!"

"Those that survive, we check and double-check as unobtrusively as we can. We don't act as private detec-

## Television

tives, but we owe the truth to our audiences."

"How can you check," I asked, "without prying into people's private lives?"

"There are ways. If someone writes to us about a deserted wife who's struggling to feed her children, we check if she's lodged an application with the Clerk of Courts for maintenance. A genuine deserted wife usually does."

Deserted wives make up the majority of the hard luck stories.

*It Could Be You*, by exposing people's personal

problems on TV without their previous consent, runs more risk of legal complications than any show on your screen. It has, however, a safety net in Jill Warwick, whose own life story is a sifter for the show.

Jill's experiences include working as an actress at the age of nine, contracting TB in London, recovering, and reading law (more or less in her spare time) for five and a half years at Melbourne University. At that point she had to give it up because she couldn't afford to finish the course and eat, too. However, she has had legal training — and can recognise potential trouble long before the layman.

I asked Jill: "Is Tommy Hanlon really sincere? Does he react genuinely to these people?"

"Tommy is sincerely concerned," she replied. "He's genuine. Look, we couldn't maintain this show as long as we have — it's in its fifth year now — if there was anything phony about it."

"Has Tommy ever helped people with his own money?"

"I know personally that he's written the odd cheque. But I think it was important that we discouraged him in

this — after all, where would you draw the line?"

"Are you genuinely concerned with the people whose problems you air?"

"We are honestly concerned with every story we do. But, obviously, we put it out of our minds when we finish — or we'd go out of our minds."

"We give three-quarters of our lives to it as it is, you know. Putting on anything five days a week takes nearly all there is of you."

"Has personal contact with so much tragedy and so much courage made any difference to the people with *It Could Be You*?" I asked.

"It's changed us all."

For the Sydney taping of *It Could Be You* some 60,000 people wrote in for the thousand available tickets — the biggest response since the Beatles.

Anything that fulfils a need for so many is surely entitled to its own glittering, tear-spangled place in the sun.

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## TOMMY HANLON'S Thought for the Week

Mamma once said, "I think women must have a built-in safety valve. They put up with phones ringing, children screaming, dinners burning, junior falling over, husband's temper, and daughter making a doll's dress out of the best lace tablecloth."

Mamma's moral: Many a mother is saved from a nervous breakdown by the school bell.

READ TV TIMES FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMS



# For a heavenly winter! REAL LAMBSWOOL *Fluffies*

Your feet will never know it's winter in "Fluffies" . . . our name for the softest, cosiest, comfiest slippers ever to toast a toe and warm a pretty ankle. Wonderful colours . . . genuine Australian lambswool . . . and the St. Mark label is your guarantee of Australia's finest value. Small, Medium and Large.

*P.S. . . . Fluffies make a superb Mother's Day gift.*



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## LETTER BOX

• We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

### Flowers for the living?

MRS. McASKILL'S (S.A.) "flowers for the living" can also apply to Anzac Day. Some years ago, as a club secretary, I purchased two books, suitably inscribed them, wrapped them in transparent paper tied with our club colors, added a spray of flowers, and placed them on the memorial instead of a wreath. Later the books were added to the school library. Our club has continued this practice, and it has been taken up by several other organisations in the district.

£1/1/- to Mrs. N. Bates, Gloucester, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★  
WHEN our family of eight grew up and were able to care for themselves and their families, Mum decided to work for a charity in which she had always been interested. Until she died in her 90th year, her dear old hands were never idle in its cause. Rather than flowers for her grave, on her anniversary I give a donation to the charity for her sweet sake.

£1/1/- to Mrs. Ella Dodwell, Tumbalong, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★  
I BELIEVE in flowers for the living, and think a better idea than sending expensive flowers to the funeral would be to take, say, a 3/- bunch of carnations to the bereaved one weekly during the first few harrowing weeks. When my husband died a thoughtful relative gave me a lovely camellia bush. It stirred me into thinking where I would plant it and what color it would be, and helped me to act and think less like a zombie. I did appreciate it.

£1/1/- to "Muc" (name supplied), Doubleview, W.A.

★ ★ ★  
ANOTHER way to comfort a bereaved friend is to delay your visit until a week after the funeral, when there is less company and a visit is likely to be really appreciated. People have a way of coming for a few days, but after that comes the lonely time.

£1/1/- to "Madeline" (name supplied), Seaholme, Vic.

★ ★ ★  
IF flowers are sent to the funeral, much nicer than the usual "From the Joneses" is a message to the dead person. Despite my three-score-and-nearly-ten years, I had never known of this pretty custom until recently when brushing up in an old "good manners" book. An elderly friend wrote for one wreath, "Mary, may your eternal life be as sweet as the perfume of flowers," and for another, "May your soul be wafted to Heaven on the perfume of my little worldly bouquet." I hope lots of readers will follow this lead.

£1/1/- to "Gran" (name supplied), Roelands, W.A.

### Sickbed surprise

WHEN visiting a child in hospital, always have a surprise packet to give them when it's time to go. The thrill of opening it will counteract the child's sadness at being left.

£1/1/- to Mrs. M. Ferris, Calliope, Qld.

### Poor little birdies

AS a bird watcher of long standing it saddens me to see budgies in tiny unshaded cages hung out in the hot sunshine. Their natural habit is to feed in the morning and late afternoon, and they very seldom leave the shelter of the trees during the hotter hours of the day. Cage birds like plenty of fresh, clean water. So, budgie owners, think of your little bird's requirements.

£1/1/- to Mrs. Vida Lyons, Burwood, N.S.W.

### The silent reminder

WHAT methods do other readers use to remind them to do something? I stand a jar upside-down on the kitchen bench, and it's never put away until the job is done. Its appearance invariably brings a cry of, "What do you have to remember?" from my family.

£1/1/- to "Ron-ton" (name supplied), Ringwood East, Vic.

### Discordant notes

ECHOING "Amused's" letter about careless novelists in a recent issue, what about the following quote from "The Last Hero," by B. McKinley? "Belle sat at the piano picking out chords with one finger." And another impossibility—"On entering, he noticed that the room was wider than it was long."

£1/1/- to "Not Possible" (name supplied), Nowra, N.S.W.

### Lily-pond cake

ANOTHER successful way to use a cake which has sunk in the middle (we read about the "cake from outer space" a few weeks ago), is to ice, fill the "crater" with lime jelly, and add artificial reeds and water-lilies and a chocolate frog. You then have a "Lily-pond Cake."

£1/1/- to Miss H. Kearney, South Geelong, Vic.

### Thoughts on losing a pet cat

IN spite of loving care, our dear old pet pussy died. Though we were all very sad, and missed her, we got a new kitten to bring back some joy to the family. I find it hard to understand people who, having lost a pet, insist they couldn't have another one. Taking a new pet to care for doesn't dim the memory of the old.

£1/1/- to "Animal Lover" (name supplied), Manly Vale, N.S.W.

## Ross Campbell writes...

### DINNER had been a fairly noisy meal.

There were several arguments. "Stop kicking me under the table!" "I wasn't kicking, I was just moving my foot..." "I don't know why you always give me so many beans."

"You said last week you liked beans..."

Isn't that a fabulous dress Cilla Black's wearing in the paper!

"No, I think it's mad."

Baby Pip sang her new song, Incy Wincy Spider. A glass of water was spilled on the tablecloth. The radio station was changed three times.

Then suddenly everything was quiet. Everybody had gone away. My wife and I were left alone, looking at each other.

"It's the old story," she said. "They shoot through as soon as the dishes have to be done."

Her complaint was justified. The moment dinner is over,

I feel like one who treads alone

Some banquet-hall deserted.

### EVERYBODY OUT

"Well, it's not good enough," I said. "I'm going to chase them up."

I looked for the members of the family in order of seniority.

My eldest daughter was in the bathroom. She had just got under the shower.

I called through the door: "Why are you having a shower at this time? You should be giving a hand with the dishes."

She replied: "I've got to wash my hair and it takes hours to dry. Anyway, I did the dishes last night."

"You never stop washing your hair," I grumbled.

"Oh, Dad, grow up!"

My son was watching television. "Come and help with the dishes," I said.

He gave me a look of horror.

"But, Dad, The Addams Family is on!" he said.



## FURNITURE IS FUN!

• A young American furniture designer makes what he calls "fantasy furniture," including large animal shapes for the middle of rooms. He and other young men are said to laugh at the dedication of the older designers to functional forms.

*It's dull of us, it's square of us, we use our chairs to sit on. We like them of a shape and size designed for us to fit on.*

*We tend to favor table tops for eating and for writing, And whether we can see or not is how we judge our lighting.*

*We hang our clothes in cupboards, have shelves to keep our books on, And quaintly in the kitchen like the sort of stove one cooks on.*

*We do not want a lion or a tiger in the parlor, And are unenthusiastic at the thought of a koala, Which makes us far from avant garde and strictly unamusing, But fantasy in furniture we frankly find confusing.*

— Dorothy Drain

### Brother's comeback

AS it was after tea and getting rather late, my mother was dubious about letting my younger brother return to a friend's to watch a TV show. "Have you been invited?" she asked. "Oh, yes," my brother replied, "I asked his mother if I could come back before I came home."

£1/1/- to Jane Vernon, Claremont, W.A.

### It can't happen now

ALL last winter it happened, and it's not going to happen this winter—the eiderdown on the floor instead of on the bed keeping me warm. I lay scheming it out, and I've come up with a solution. Tie a 1ft. length of tape to the two bottom bedposts, and one to the top post on the opposite side to where you get in. Now stitch a 2in. loop of tape at three corners of the eiderdown. Tie the bedpost tape through the loops, and it's FIXED.

£1/1/- to Mrs. Lois Penn, Manly, N.S.W.



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# MOD FASHIONS

## made in Australia



"GWEN" (left), a way-out evening dress designed by Mary Quant. The dress is in yellow wool with a white rick-rack braid trim. Design also available in blue, brown, and pink. XXSSW to SW. About £14/17/6.



"JULIE" (above), a little-girl dress, designed by Noeleen King, made in yellow wool. The smock trim is a Mod touch. Design also available in citrus, pink, ice-blue. XXSSW to SW. About £12/8/6.

Pictures by Bruce Anderson

● Here is a roundup of half a dozen Australian-made "with it" fashions. Three of the designs are by Mary Quant and three are styled by clever local designer Noeleen King. The fashions all have way-out skinny young shapes. They are mainly in wool and in lively colors. Crochet, braid, and smocking are newest trims.

● These clothes will be available at Farmer and Co., Curzons and Mark Foy's Ltd., Sydney; Myer (Melbourne) Ltd. and Georges, Melbourne; Myers, Adelaide; Fitzgerald's, Hobart; Corot, Perth; Chatterton's, Canberra.

"BEARDSLEY," a swallow-tail Mod suit (right) designed by Mary Quant, worn with a cyclamen-pink satin blouse and matching over-the-knee socks. Design also available in blue, pink, and citrus. Sizes XXSW to SW. About £18/12/6.

"CAMILLE" (above), a "with it" evening dress designed by Mary Quant. The dress is made in golden-syrup colored velvet with brown crochet sleeves. Design is also available in black and mole. XXSW to SW. About £20/5/6.



"FIVIENNE" (above), a slick young wool suit by Noeleen King. Brown braid motif on the jacket is matched to the blouse. Design is also available in brown, pink, citrus, and ice-blue. Sizes XXSW to SW. About £11/7/6.



"MIRANDA" (right), a straight-cut wool dress by Noeleen King, has a navy braid trim. Design is also available in brown, pink, and ice-blue. Sizes XXSW to SW. About £11/7/6.





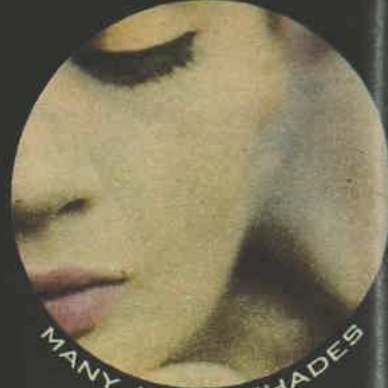
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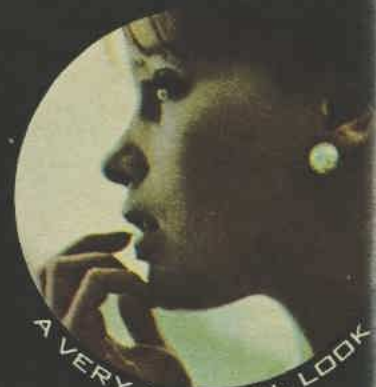


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MOISTURISED PROTECTION



MEDICATED FOUNDATION FOR OILY SKINS

# THE GIRL WHO WENT ONE BETTER

By **MOLLIE  
CHAPPELL**

ILLUSTRATED BY MURPHY.

**L**OTS of us have met her, the girl who goes one better . . . I made up a verse or two like that about Cara. We were at school then, and she loved it and made me write it in her autograph book.

In school, Cara was the bright star of the dramatic society. When she left school she went to London and got an interesting job and met interesting men. She wore, with panache, clothes that made you stare, maybe gasp, before you began to envy.

If you were small-minded enough, I suppose she could drive you raving mad.

I don't think my mind is larger than most, but Cara never drove me mad. We were good, firm friends. I could laugh at her antics, which annoyed mutual friends so that they could only splutter the threadbare: "Who does she think she is?"

I knew the kind of girl she really was. One who would come running if you were in any kind of trouble. Just as important, she would rejoice with you with all her heart.

We might, to an observer, even have had the right names . . . the exotic Cara, and mine the more simple Jane. If we were foils for one another, I know it wasn't in the way Johnny later pointed out to me.

We had birthdays very near, Cara and I. And I still remember—and I am not the only one who does—the party she gave me before she left for London. My party was first and was conventionally successful.

Cara had a friend (and it was amazing the friends she had, old and young, hard-up and well-off) who owned a string of boats he hired out in summer. Cara's birthday was in summer. If anyone else had planned what she did, it might have rained.

To page 35

*Cara's radiant beauty won  
admiration from everyone.*





# WATCHFUL EYES

**S**HE couldn't even sweep her own path in privacy! Myra glanced at the house next door with irritation. As usual, Mrs. Davis was sitting in her rocking-chair by one window, Mr. Davis at the other — as usual, keeping track of everything Myra and her family did!

It was horrible to live with someone's watchful eyes constantly

upon you. Month after month, day after day, Mrs. Davis rocked there by the window—or in summertime on her porch—checking on the Andersons' activities.

Right now she probably was trying to find out why Myra rather than her husband was doing the yard-work.

Myra flung down the broom, burst into tears, and rushed into the house to escape surveillance.

It was silly to let Mrs. Davis get under her skin. But with Vera sick, John off on a business trip, and Betsy her naughtiest, Myra felt pressed and strained. She knew she shouldn't be so highly strung. When John was home, he joked her out of it. But Mrs. Davis was enough to drive anyone crazy!

Myra attacked the piled-up dishes in the kitchen viciously. She told herself she wished they'd bought a house in a development. She'd been so delighted when they found this lovely old house in an old-fashioned neighborhood. It had a wood shingled roof, large rooms, four fireplaces—and it was within walking distance of the stores.

She never dreamed an old retired couple lived next door—with nothing better to do than watch their neighbors all day long!

There was a tap on the door. Mrs. Davis, of course. This time Myra was ready to tell Mrs. Davis to mind her own business!

"I noticed that Vera hasn't gone to school for several days. I guessed she must be sick," Mrs. Davis said, "so I brought her some custard."

What could Myra do but thank Mrs. Davis and ask her in for coffee? Even though Myra knew the custard was an excuse to get inside.

**M**RS. DAVIS settled her plump body into a chair for a long neighborly chat.

"All married couples have their differences," Mrs. Davis remarked soothingly.

Myra looked up, startled. Mrs. Davis chatted on about the foolish quarrels in her own married life. Suddenly Myra realised Mrs. Davis must have heard her shouting at John last week.

It had been a hectic rush getting him off on his trip. Myra had ironed a shirt for John before realising a button was missing.

She'd started sewing the button on. John, afraid of missing his plane, had asked why she had to pick the one shirt minus a button! She'd thrown the shirt into his suitcase and slammed it shut. John had kissed her hastily and flung off through the door.

"From now on, sew your own buttons on!" Myra screamed after him.

It hadn't meant a thing. John understood her. He'd called her long distance that night and they hadn't even mentioned his shirt. Mrs. Davis must have thought they'd had a terrible row.

"John was called off on a business trip," Myra said crisply, "on very short notice."

"He'll come back," Mrs. Davis made her voice comforting.

Myra was stunned. Mrs. Davis must think—she must think John had deserted them! Myra was speechless. Not until Mrs. Davis left, could she think clearly. She simply must do something to escape the old gossip's prying eyes!

It came to her! She'd plant bushes, tall bushes, on the boundary line. Then Mrs. Davis could rock at her window forever and never see anything but shrubbery!

Once she'd made up her mind, Myra couldn't wait to order the bushes. After lunch Betsy would be taking her nap. At 12, Vera was old enough to be left in charge.

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In a moment of crisis it is vital that one should be  
observant and act quickly . . . a short story

By ISABEL JOHNSTON

Myra fed Betsy and took a tray up to Vera.

She didn't even stop to wash dishes. But she carried logs up to Vera's room and made a blazing fire. If Vera got up—and she was at the stage of convalescence when it was hard to keep her in bed—the room would be warm.

"Betsy isn't likely to wake up," Myra told Vera. "Be a good girl and take a nap, too."

"But there's a programme on TV," Vera started to argue.

"If you take a nap, you can come down for supper," Myra promised, turning off the TV. "I won't be half an hour."

Ordinarily Myra would have worried at leaving the children, but the prospect of doing as she liked without being watched exhilarated her. Without a care, she walked briskly downtown. The florist took time and trouble to help her pick bushes that would grow quickly.

As she came out of the shop, the fire siren sounded. She was just about to cross the street when she saw old Mr. Davis driving home from the post office. He seemed to be driving faster than he usually did.

"Where's the fire?" she called lightheartedly.

He braked his car to a sudden stop in front of her.

"On our street. Jump in."

She climbed in. He ground the gears noisily in his haste to start.

"Not my house, is it?" she demanded in a panic. "I left Vera and Betsy there, sleeping."

"The firemen will be there by now," he answered evasively.

It was her house, she knew it. A fire, with little Betsy—and Vera, too—asleep! Why had she ever left them? On a silly errand, too!

Neither she nor Mr. Davis spoke another word. Tense with fear, Myra leaned forward, willing the car to go faster, faster. It bumped and rattled as Mr. Davis tried to get all he could out of it. It seemed forever before they turned into their street.

WITH horror, Myra saw firemen were swarming around her house. She saw smoke—flickers of flame—rising from the roof. The policeman at the corner waved them past.

Myra's hand was on the handle, frantic to get out. Mr. Davis pulled up before his own house. Myra leaped out almost before he stopped, ran frantically toward her home.

Kindly hands restrained her. Kindly voices kept saying her children were all right.

She didn't believe them until they hustled her, struggling, into the Davis house—and she saw them—Betsy and Vera—safe!

Vera, wrapped in a blanket, was sitting in Mrs. Davis' rocking-chair, Betsy beside her, excitedly watching the fire. At last Myra herself was sitting down drinking the tea Mrs. Davis forced on her.

"Only a short while after you left I saw smoke coming from the roof. A spark from the chimney must have set the shingles afire," Mrs. Davis explained. "I grabbed the phone. Told the operator to get the firemen here."

Then I ran over and got Vera and Betsy out. They came over to my house without any objections and soon settled down with me."

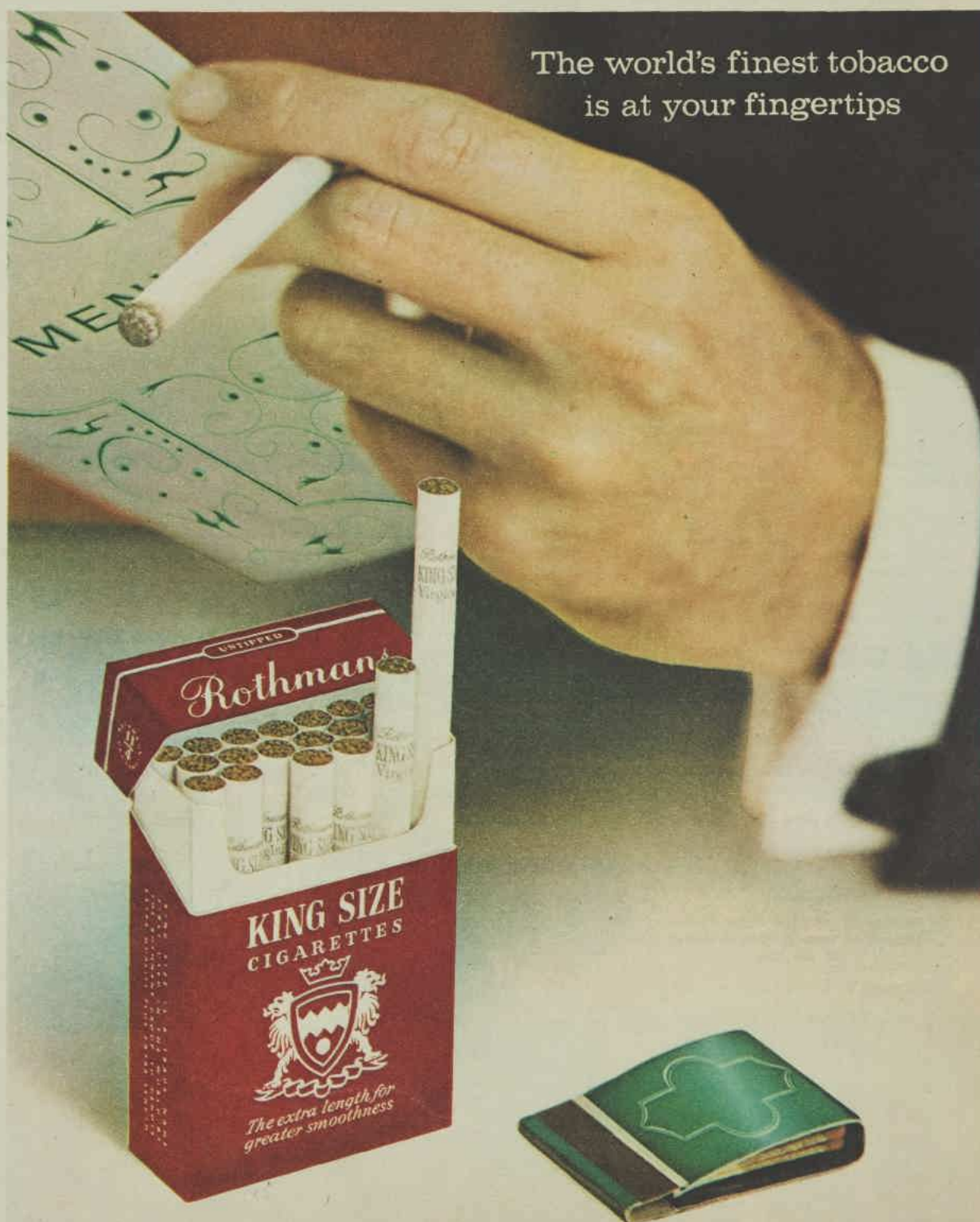
"The firemen got there quick. Won't be too much damage," Mr. Davis chirped. "I'll get a repairman on the job right away. You'd best stay here until it's done. I don't think the work should take very long, but I'll certainly ask them to be as quick as they can."

"Thank heaven for such kind neighbors," Myra said gratefully. "I just don't like to think what might have happened if you hadn't been watching our house."

She'd cancel the order for the bushes at the earliest opportunity.

With such good, kind, watchful neighbors, she didn't want a screen.

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**THE ONLY VIRGINIA KING SIZE PLAIN**  
Made with a love of good tobacco

# Someone for my Sister

By IRENA DICKMAN

**T**INA was laying an extra place at the table. "Helen's coming," she said. "Good," said Tom warmly, holding the bottle of claret to the light. "I wish she'd come more often."

He was fond of his sister-in-law. If asked, he would have said that she was "interesting," his highest praise for a woman six years older than himself, who had a straight nose and straight legs and couldn't be categorised as a "doll" or a "chick" or a "glamor-puss."

"Tom," said Tina. "There's lots to eat, and you know how you hate leftovers. Don't you know someone else we can ask? Some man? Someone who lives alone?"

Tom put down the claret bottle and looked at her with amusement.

"Someone for Helen?" he asked.

"Well, all right, then, someone for Helen. Why not? She's so wrapped up in her job she never gets to meet anyone. Anyone—eligible."

"I don't know," said Tom doubtfully. "Perhaps Helen doesn't like us thrusting eligible males under her nose every time she comes to visit us: some women prefer not to marry, you know. They're happier that way."

"Not Helen," said Tina quickly. "No, I'm sure Helen isn't like that. She never met anyone suitable because circumstances were against it. Mum dying, and Helen having to help Dad bring me up, and Dad falling so ill, and Helen working and nursing him at the same time. And even when Dad died she still had me—I was a handful. It was only after I married you that she managed to build up a bit of a life for herself."

"You're a handful now," exclaimed Tom playfully as he lifted her off her feet. "You're a meddling matchmaker—that's what you are."

"Put me down. Put me down."

As he put her on her feet again, she settled her twisted skirt and said: "All right, a man. We're going to invite a man to dinner. For Helen."

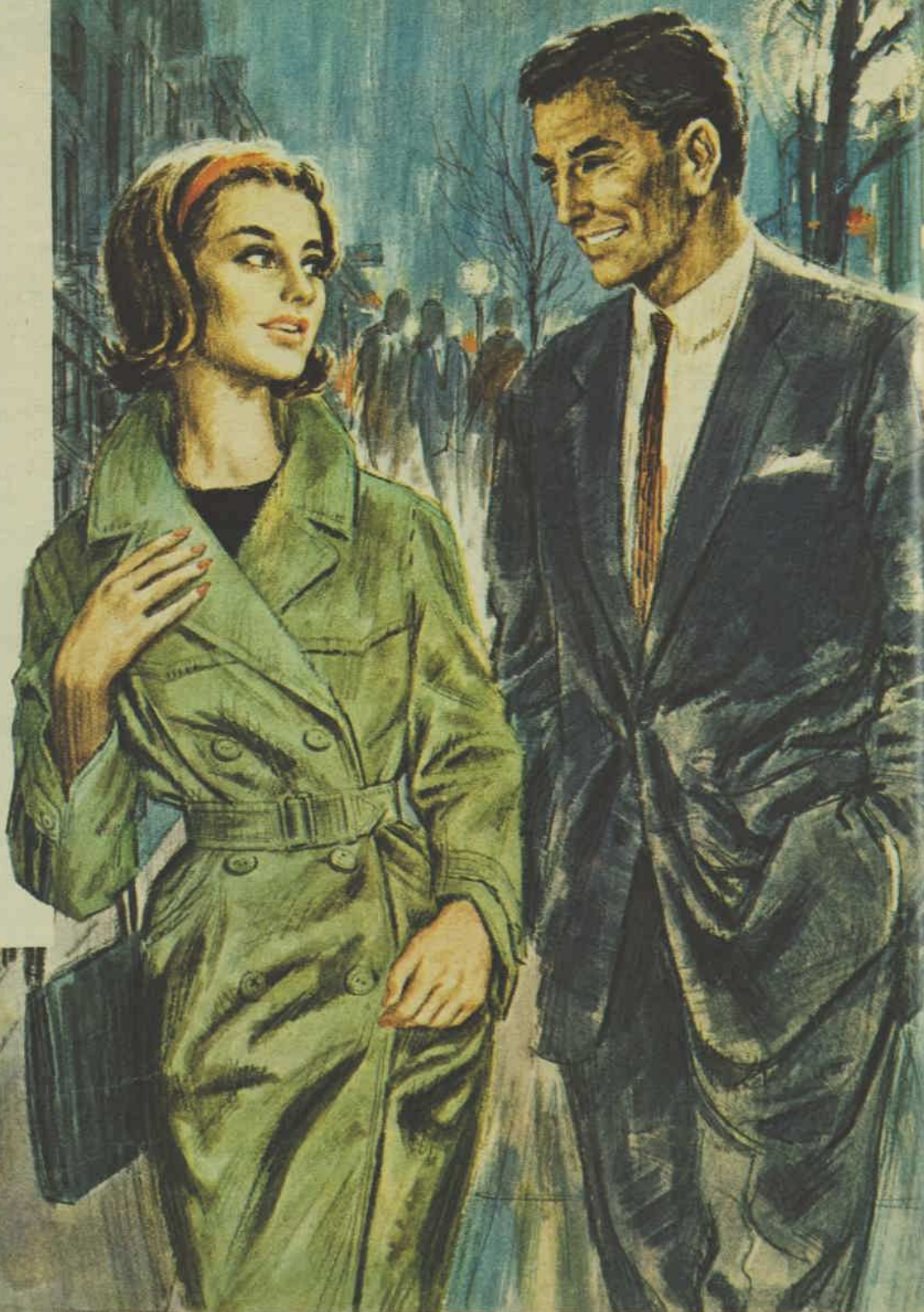
"There is a new fellow in the office," Tom said. "Howard Allen. He lives alone, and I have his telephone number. I could ring him on the off-chance."

"What's he like? Handsome?"

Tom laughed. "What on earth do you expect for a last-minute fill-in? A film star. He's not bad looking, and a bit bookish. He's travelled."

To page 38

As Howard escorted Helen to her home they seemed quite unaware of the rain.





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# Murder à la Mode

Second instalment of  
our mystery serial  
By **PATRICIA MOYES**

WORKING back on a special edition of "Style" to cover the Paris spring collections are the Editor, MARGERY FRENCH; the Art Editor, PATRICK WALSH; the Fashion Editor, TERESA MASTERS; and photographer MICHAEL HEALY. RACHEL FIELD, Miss French's secretary, and ERNIE JENKINS, the darkroom assistant, are also there.

The Assistant Editor, HELEN PANKHURST, has to stay later to finish the work for the printer next morning. She asks Ernie to make tea and fill her vacuum flask, which he does, but is interrupted and leaves it in the darkroom when he goes home.

Walsh's assistant, DONALD MacKAY, finishes his work and goes just as GODFREY GIBBS, Managing Director of "Style," leaves the restaurant opposite with NICHOLAS KNIGHT, the dress-designer, and HORACE BARRY, a manufacturer. Gibbs calls into the office and invites the rest of the staff to his place for drinks, leaving Helen and OLWEN PIPER, the Features Editor, who shares a flat with Helen. After finishing a theatre review, Olwen leaves. On the way to the darkroom to get her tea, Helen stumbles over a suitcase, which Rachel had taken to Paris and, unexpectedly, the lock springs open, but later she deliberately opens Teresa's suitcase, which had also been used in Paris.

Next morning CHIEF INSPECTOR TIBBETT is called, as Helen is found dead — poisoned by cyanide. Margery tells him Helen was in love with Michael Healy, who is married to Teresa, and Olwen tells him Helen was pregnant.

Tibbett is surprised to find his niece, VERONICA SPENCE, among the models working for "Style." Bewildered by the temperamental types involved in the case, he feels more at home interviewing the business-like Gibbs. NOW READ ON:

IT struck Henry, not for the first time, that nearly all members of "Style's" staff had gone out of their way to emphasise what a curious crowd they all were; and yet, so far, apart from Patrick's histrionics, he had found them to be very much like other people. Was it, he wondered, a sort of quirky, misguided conceit which made them imagine that they were so different from the ordinary run of mortals? Or did their apparent normality disguise deeper eccentricities? He supposed he would find out soon enough.

Gibbs went on: "I always have particular difficulty in finding the right men for my staff. I don't mean for the purely business side — I'm talk-

ing about the artistic angle. My art directors and photographers have to be very exceptional characters. First of all, they must have real talent and originality; then they must be prepared to work in what is largely a woman's world, under feminine leadership.

"The one man whom I always felt to be a perfect example of what I want was Michael Healy," Gibbs went on. "It was his character as much as his talent which decided me to take him on when he left 'Woman's Way.' In doing so, I broke one of my most rigid rules, for he was already married to Teresa Masters — she was my Assistant Fashion Editor — and I had always been adamant that I would never employ two staff members married to each other. For some years I felt that my confidence had been justified. However, just recently things have started to worry me, and to make me wonder whether I was wrong.

"Michael is not the balanced and sensible individual that he appears to be on the surface. His work, while even more brilliant than ever, is becoming steadily more frenetic. And his personality seems to be indulging in the same tendency to fantasy. It may be merely his development as an artist. I don't know. I can only tell that these days he tends to do and say things which are . . . how shall I put it? . . . divorced from reality.

"You may be right," said Henry. He was thinking of the discrepancy between Michael's admissions and the doctor's findings.

Once again they were interrupted. Gibbs, who was sitting facing the restaurant, broke off suddenly and jumped to his feet. Henry turned to see a very lovely woman of about forty making her way across the room to their table. She was bare-headed, her long red hair trailing over the collar of a magnificent mink coat. Henry

"Shan't be long," Knight said as Inspector Tibbett stood waiting.

was immediately struck by the contrast between this woman and the girls from "Style." Where the latter were conscientiously groomed, living tributes to their own journalistic advice, this creature was simply beautiful and rich, careless, and probably something of a slattern, and Henry was certain that he had seen her somewhere before.

"My dear," said Gibbs, "this is Inspector Tibbett of Scotland Yard. Inspector, my wife."

While Henry murmured greetings, Gibbs said, "Well, you'd better sit down."

"Of course. I simply leapt into the car as soon as I heard—"

"You shouldn't have," Gibbs sounded annoyed. "What am I going to do with you all day?"

"You're very ungracious, darling. I must say," said Lorna Gibbs. "Now, darling, you must tell me all about it, every single tiny thing, and then I'll be as good as gold and get out of your way. I'll go along to the Lyric and see Madge. She has a matinee today."

At the mention of the theatre Henry remembered. This was Lorna Vincent, the actress who had made such a resounding success about fifteen years before, had amassed a sizeable fortune, and had then married and announced that she would henceforth retire and devote herself to domesticity.

"Who was she?" Lorna went on avidly.

"Helen Pankhurst is dead," Gibbs said.

"Helen what? Do you mean the dark one with the big nose?"

"Yes," said Gibbs shortly. "Inspector Tibbett and I have to get back to work now."

"I'll come and pick you up at the office."

To page 49



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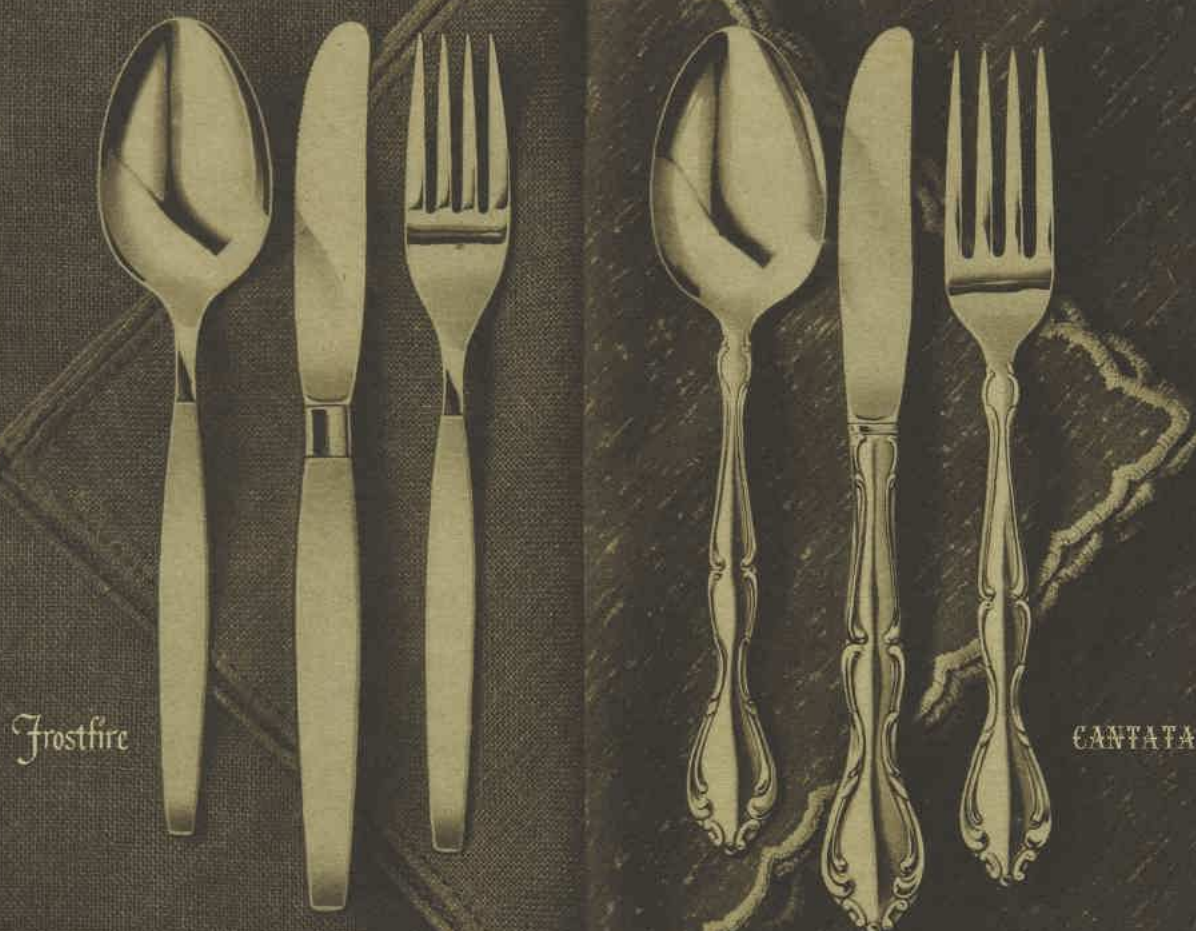
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# I was afraid...

... Says Sydney housewife Cecily Wilde, who writes of her struggle to find the courage to cope with daily life

● I was afraid; afraid not only of the big things in life but almost everything. The fear of ridicule, failure, anger, and unpleasantness seemed to be my closest companion in day-by-day living.

I SEEMED to spend half my time trying to pluck up courage to cope with the most ordinary things of life and the other half suffering from the reaction that followed.

I don't think I was a coward, because, faced by real trials or feats of almost unimaginable endurance, I seemed possessed with a Spartan heroism.

I can suffer any amount of pain, yet the thought of tackling the butcher about a joint that was a pound heavier than I wanted reduced me to cold shivers.

I know my fears were amazing in their futility, if I could take the trouble to chronicle them, but they were very real fears.

## Double work

Being a working wife, I have a woman cleaner to "do" my flat, but I surreptitiously cleaned the silver myself and removed an offending week-old cobweb rather than confront her with her own carelessness.

Then I had a fear of

offending my neighbor by refusing to lend her my goods and chattels.

I planned a dignified remark on the folly of lending and then forgot it and meekly handed over whatever she wanted, because I feared an unpleasant five minutes.

Fear of being thought "different" or "not quite" made me spend far more money on my clothes and on entertaining than I could afford.

Fear of criticism made me acquiesce where I often longed to argue. Fear of hurting a sensitive friend made me watch my simplest words; fear of being thought "superior" made me listen to gossip and scandal.

Why couldn't I have the courage of my convictions; the strength of will not to mind what the "other woman" thinks of me, or to realise that I need not account to anyone for what I do, what I am, what I think?

Admitted there are fears and fears. There are those genuine fears that need courage to face, but there are the others that the ruthless light of commonsense and the clarity of thought

would do more to belittle and remove.

A psychologist once told me the hardest things in the world to cope with are our indefinite fears.

Many women have a very real fear of unpleasantness in the home or neighborhood.

They have a misery of sharing a house with a sullen person or a horror of an argumentative tradesman.

There is a solution, I was told, but I must find the root of my fear first, and it would probably prove to be lack of self-confidence.

## Admiration

I have always admired the person who is assured and in command of any situation, who can calmly tackle the tradesman, can kindly, but firmly, criticise those who work for her, be polite, but distant, to people she doesn't like.

And I've had the greatest respect for the person who leads her own life and is not merely a misshapen travesty of what a dozen people think her life should be.

If it was self-confidence I lacked, how was I to attain it? I was puzzled, and then I remembered this psychologist saying: "Every one needs a talent. It doesn't matter what it is, but everyone must be successful at one thing."

I searched to find out what talents I had. I played bridge and tennis, I was fond of cooking, I enjoyed amateur theatricals, and I was fascinated by politics.

I chose politics. I encouraged my interest and persuaded it to grow until it almost dominated my life.

Engrossed in the joy of my achievement, I found I began to ignore other people's opinions and formed my own.

I acquired a veneer of hardness that enabled me to be less sensitive about my friends' feelings, which gave me more freedom of speech and action.

I felt more sure of myself and found I could point out the injustice of tradesmen's demands.

I became SOMEONE. And NO ONE who is SOMEONE fears ANYONE!

## A READER'S STORY

# How you rate as a parent

● Now that schools are back in full swing, the time is ripe to see how you measure up to your responsibility, as a parent, in promoting the educational advancement of your children.

FIRST check the following list, and rate yourself as follows:

Whenever possible — 5 points.  
Sometimes — 3 points.  
Hardly ever or never — 0 points.

1. If your child brings you some homework or problem, do you refuse to work it out for her (or him) but help to find books or materials to help solve it alone?

2. Do you help your child to select and watch TV programs with educational themes?

3. Do you draw the attention of your child to books

or pictures that relate to schoolwork?

4. Do you provide your child with comfortable space for studying and projects — a table or desk, chair and lamp, with bookshelves (and books), an aquarium or fishpond, a camera, toolset, and the like?

5. Does your choice of gifts include educational toys or hobby materials — globes and maps, an aquarium or fishpond, a camera, toolset, and the like?

6. Do you inquire from your child about school activities?

7. Do you invite home your child's schoolfriends to

play or study with him or her?

8. Do you attend meetings of the Mothers' Club or other school organisations and help with the school's functions?

9. Do you visit the school

whenever invited, to discuss the school program and your child's progress?

10. Do you always offer encouragement even when the child's failures have disappointed you?

By DR. DACON

## HOW TO SCORE

50 POINTS MEANS: A near-perfect parent! (Maybe you should reread your answers to see if you have been REALLY critical.)

32-48 POINTS: Well done! You are doing everything possible to promote your child's educational progress.

11-30 POINTS: You can expect a big improvement in your child's report to accompany an improvement on your part.

0-10 POINTS: Don't blame your child for that bad school report!

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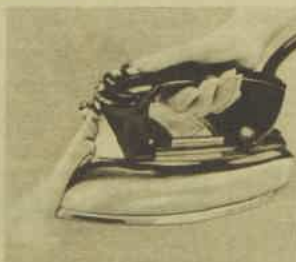
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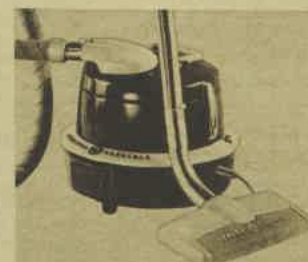
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# AT HOME

## with Margaret Sydney

● How much do you know about the history of your house? If it's a new one that you built yourselves, you probably know all its history—most of it composed of arguments with the carpenters, let-downs by the plumbers, and misunderstandings with the electricians, so that all your power-points are in the wrong places.

**B**UT if you live in an old house — say 40, 50, 60, or 70 years old — there's probably an awful lot you don't know about it and never will be able to find out.

Probably if you take the trouble you can find out the bare bones of a house's history. There must be council records that show who built a house and when and for how much and how often it has changed hands.

But unless you have octogenarian neighbors with fantastic memories there's no way of finding out the why of its history, nor any of the fascinating personal details of who was born there and who died there, who lovingly cultivated the privet hedge that is the bane of your life, or who rushed off into the night vowing never to darken the house's doors again.

And there's no hope, either, of finding out who planned the garden exactly the way you wouldn't have done it and grew all the right trees in totally wrong places, who succeeded there, who failed there, who was happy, who was unhappy, and who watered the onion weed in the back garden with desperate lovesick tears back in Edwardian days.

Obviously every house has a history, but it's only the very old ones and the very grand ones that have a recorded history of any sort.

The trouble is to pick the houses that are going to have a history interesting not only to its successive owners but to the general public as well, and start recording it while it is being made.

### The mystery of the

### White House furniture

**M**Y bedside book at the moment is a little handbook put out by the White House Historical Association and lent to me by some friends who recently had a trip to the U.S.A.

You think that everyone would have known that the White House's history needed recording right from the start, but it's astonishing to learn from this book just how much muddle and mystery there still is over where the House's furniture and effects came from and where a lot of them went!

Thirty-five Presidents have lived there so far. The first one, George Washington, didn't, because the White House wasn't ready for occupation until 1800.

According to its First Lady, Abigail Adams, it wasn't really ready then. She wrote this delightfully sarcastic letter about it to her daughter:

"The house is upon a grand and superb scale, requiring about 30 servants to keep it in proper order . . . an establishment very well proportioned to the President's salary.

"The lighting of the apartments, from the kitchen to parlors and chambers, is a tax indeed: and the fires we are obliged to keep to secure us from daily agues is another very cheering comfort.

"You must keep all this to yourself, and when asked how I like it say that I write you the situation is beautiful, which is true.

"The house is made habitable, but there is not a single apartment finished . . . we have not the least fence, yard, or other convenience without, and the great un-

finished audience room I make a drying room of to hang up the clothes in."

Mrs. Adams' "great unfinished room," with clotheslines strung across it to hold the family's washing, has had some surprising ups and downs.

Today, known as the East Room, it has been magnificently restored to something like the simple grandeur planned for it in its early days, but in between it has been everything from a military bivouac to a skating-rink.

It was still unfinished in Jefferson's day (he rather agreed with Mrs. Adams, saying the house was "big enough for two emperors, one Pope, and the grand lama"); by the time of the sixth President, Andrew Jackson, the bareness of the room had been commented on so often that he decided to refurnish it.

He put in three cut-glass chandeliers, 498 yards of Brussels carpet, four sofas, 24 armchairs with cotton covers, and 20 spittoons.

### They roller-skated in

### really grand style . . .

**D**URING the Civil War troops were quartered in the magnificent room, and by the time they and their boots and their muskets and their camp beds had gone, it needed complete renovation.

The job was done in 1873, and the result must have been pretty horrible—Victoriana run riot.

Useless gilt columns were added, enormous gilt mirrors, bulging gas chandeliers, flowered carpets, fern stands, and velvets and bobbles and fringes.

In 1901 Theodore Roosevelt arrived at the White House with his six energetic children. Apparently they didn't care much for Victorian grandeur, for they shocked the White House servants by using the East Room for pony rides, roller-skating contests, and Chinese wrestling.

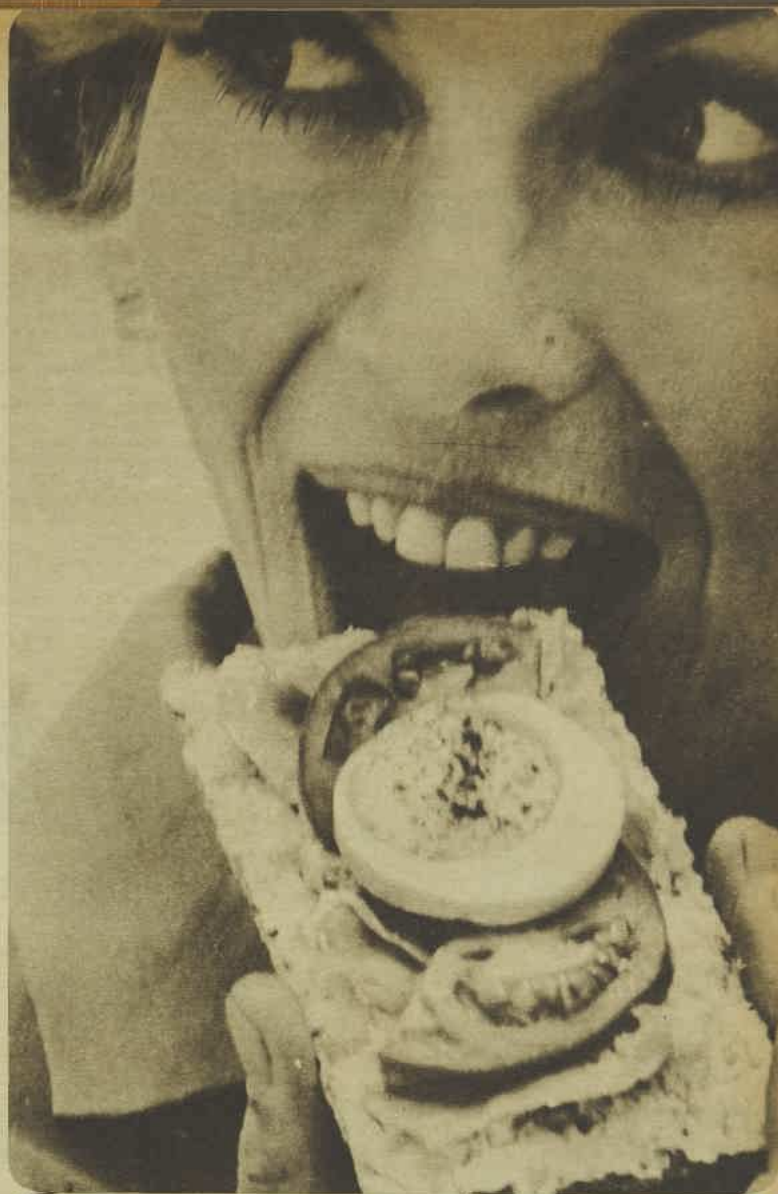
It was during Theodore Roosevelt's Administration in 1901 that the East Room was restored to its classic simplicity. Out went the carpets and the velvet drapes and the gilt pillars, the beautiful old plaster work of the walls was restored and painted off-white, and a parquet floor was laid.

Some of America's first families seem to have moved into the White House and simply camped there, not altering anything of what they found.

Others have let their own uncertain taste run wild. President Chester A. Arthur in 1882 had more than 20 wagon-loads of the furniture sold at auction and ordered a New York shop to replace it with "art nouveau" pieces.

In a smaller way these things make up the history of every house, I suppose. Somebody loved the feature walls that we got rid of in our house; somebody before them loved the picture rails and specimen shelves that they got rid of; and somebody before them was madly keen on brownish wallpaper with a floral frieze.

All of which makes me wonder which of our favorite improvements the next owners of the house will find absolutely intolerable, and have to cover up or remove before they can settle in and wonder about the house's history and the lives of the people who lived in it before them.



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After all, why should the Swedes have all the good things of life?

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plan is a roomy three-bedroom family house ideally suited to a block, facing south.

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With a living- and dining-room at the rear of the house, the plan offers ideal opportunities for private outdoor living facilities without the need for a wall, or screen, required when these rooms are at the front.

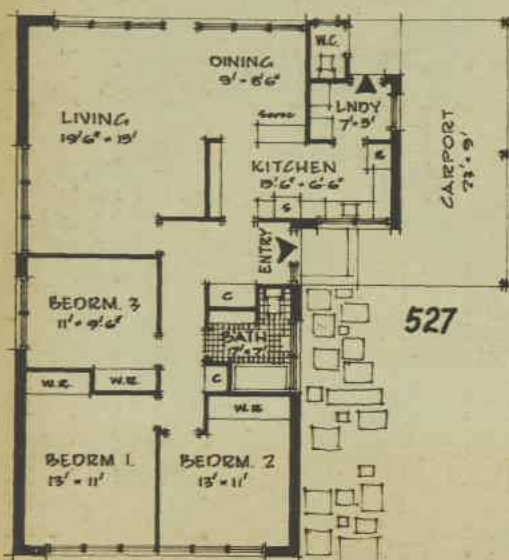
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**SKETCH (right)** shows location of covered carport.

**PLAN (left)** shows well defined sleeping-living areas.



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Not for her . . . Cara invited our parents, too, to her party and they all accepted. They seemed, that night, all of them, to shed twenty years, and the rest of us — I know I did — might have had a niggling doubt that we had not thought of asking them to take part in our parties, as guests.

We rowed up the river, then tied up the boats and walked through the lanes until we came to the castle ruins and there we picked! There was a honest! — a nightingale, honeysuckle in the hedges, dog-roses . . . We sang and played guitars — we talked and laughed and ate — and on the way home we sang, too, and the old ones sang sweetest of all. (Old ones? My mother was only forty-eight!)

It didn't cost much, that party, because Cara did not have all that much money, but it was a wonderful night. I have described it in detail, because it is a kind of letting you see the way of person she was.

Then she said she would go to London and suggested I go, too. I said I would stay at home. "The trouble with you, Jane," she told me, "is that you enjoy this life."

"We both know the streets of London are not paved with gold," I reminded her. "What you will learn is that neither are they thronged to the herb with tall, dark, handsome men. In your office," I went on, "the men will probably return on Monday raving about a weekend they spent, not far from here . . . enthusiastic about a girl they met, not far from here . . ."

Then I looked at her and relented. "But if there is a tall, dark, handsome one," I agreed, "he's for you, for sure. Bring him back alive. To the village. For comment."

By now, Johnny and I were almost engaged. Johnny and I grew up together. He lives five houses down from us. He works in his father's office. His mother is a leading light on local committees.

Most people thought Johnny and I would marry. Without conceit, I thought myself I could make him a good wife. Capably I would bring up his family, competently run his home, entertain for him. (If all this sounds cold-blooded, I suppose Johnny wasn't a person you could get hot-blooded over.) Besides, he planned almost everything and you found it catching.

But I am not a calculating girl and I knew I would marry no man unless I was certain I loved him. I thought I was fond of Johnny. The feeling might grow. Johnny did not like Cara. He made no bones about it. She was a show-off, Johnny said. She talked too much, dressed too loudly . . .

Contemplatively, then, I looked down at my camel-colored skirt, matching jersey, immaculate brogues. "Perfect—" I heard Johnny say. "The girl I would take out a mortgage for. Will you, Jane?"

"Are you proposing?" I asked. And astonishingly a sadness struck me, grew and spread within me. I had not thought it would be like this when someone asked you to marry him. I had not thought it could possibly be so ordinary . . .

Beneath this protective camel color, there must beat a romantic heart. A little bit like Cara. Just as well Johnny didn't guess. Are you hiding something from him, already? I asked myself. Aloud, I heard him say: "Yes." And I was so lost in thought that regretfully I said: "Yes—what?"

He was patient. "Yes, I am proposing. Will you marry me, Jane?"

I heard myself say:

Continued from page 23

"Johnny, I don't wish to sound difficult—"

"You sound as if you are playing for time," he commented. He was no fool, Johnny. "All right, I'll ask you again, Jane."

The next time my friend Cara came down it was for a dance in aid of one of the town's favorite Causes. She was bringing with her, she wrote me, one Simon, whom she was sure I would like.

We took our dances seriously here in the country. We dressed for them. Johnny's mother — naturally — was on the committee of this particular Cause and we had dinner at their house first, my parents and I.

But the good mood melted as the meal progressed. Looking round the table, I told myself this might be a vision of Things to Come for me; next year Johnny and I might be entertaining like this, the only difference being that with Johnny and me everything, from silver to linen to

looking in the dark, thin way I have always thought the best. "You've added up the points at a fair rate," I might have told myself.

Cara and Simon came on to our house afterwards for coffee. When I went to the kitchen to make a second pot, Johnny's voice floated after me: "It will keep you awake—" I didn't answer, but I found myself shaking with anger, leaning against the kitchen sink, until two arms went round me and I felt the strings of an apron being tied at the back.

"The apron was on the peg," Simon said. "That's a lovely dress." And I felt the silly anger leave me. I also felt I could have leant back and let him put his arms tight round me.

Shortly after this, Johnny and I had a showdown. It started over Cara, but it made plain to me many other things besides Johnny's attitude to Cara.

Her picture appeared in

to use it again, and regretfully I did. "Shut up and listen to me. You don't like Cara because she is—radiant. That is the word. She doesn't try to show off. Nothing like it. She is what she appears to be. Wherever she is, she lights the place up. The world needs people like her as well as people like you. It needs gaiety and warmth."

"Don't be fanciful!" he snapped.

"I have a fanciful nature," I told him. "What a world it would be — what a grey, boring, dismal mess — if we were all of a pattern, and that pattern which passed for the right, the done thing, for convention! Life is frightening enough sometimes, chancy enough, without walking through it single file, like prisoners, eyes on the back of the man in front!" I said. "Cara is a friend of mine."

And he said: "That is what I can't understand. Because she shows you up, Jane. Beside her, you look mousy . . . You are not like that. When she is around, no one looks at you. For looking at her. I don't like that. Do you expect me to?"

## PLAIN Jane, eh?

I thought. And I thought: Poor Johnny, not for your wife, no.

I knew that, if he had truly loved me, such a thing would never have occurred to him. I was sorry it had to end this way. He would be sorry, too, when he cooled down. It was just that he could not stand Cara. So what? I loved the girl.

We said goodbye, stiffly polite, though he had to have the last word. "I knew she would come between us," he said. I let him say it. Johnny would get over this, no doubt helped by one or two girls in this very road who measured up better to what he wanted in his wife. The thought did not depress me. My mother told me that night that, in her opinion, now was the time for me to forsake home and loved ones — and I listened to her.

I went to London, got a job and lived near Cara. We saw a lot of one another. Simon was still away. We talked about him. I was never tired of talking about him. I wondered, when I had left her, that Cara did not notice how many times I brought the talk round to Simon.

This was the first time in my life I could remember envying Cara. But now I did with all my heart. I envied her having Simon in love with her.

Then he was due home. I found I could not bear to be there when they met. I went home that weekend.

On the Saturday evening I was sitting by the fire when my mother looked in and said: "A visitor for you—" I could only say: "Hello, Simon." He came over to where I sat, took my hands and lifted me to my feet. He said: "Yes. You look just as I remember, except for the dress."

I murmured idiotically, my face almost split in two with smiling, that we didn't dress for dinner. Then I remembered: "Where is Cara?"

"She'll be along. I have just given Cara the telling-off of her life. All the way down, I never stopped—"

I turned tigers. "Don't you start on Cara. What is it about you men that you can't see what a wonderful person she is?" I stopped. I said weakly: "But you are going to marry her."

"I am going to marry you," he contradicted.

"Please, Jane, agree that I am going to marry you." I said: "It is what I want more than anything in the world." Then, panicking: "But no . . . Cara brought you here. Cara has been talking about you, non-stop, since you left." My words trailed off before those grey eyes on mine.

"Well, no—" I admitted. "I'm a liar. I have been talking about you non-stop."

"That's what she said," he agreed. Then he said: "Once and for all, Jane, let's get this straight. Then we will never bother with it again. I think Cara is a pearl among women. That suit you? I love her as dozens of people love her. If they don't, there is something wrong with them. But I do not love her as I love you. I didn't mean to marry her, nor did she me. Did she say we planned to marry?"

I shook my head. "But why tell her off?" I asked.

"She never told me you and Johnny were finished. She never told me anything."

"She never wrote to you?" I asked. He was truthful. "I never asked her to," he said, and that little confession, more than anything, seemed to clinch what he had said previously.

"I could have told her to cable me if it happened," he muttered. "Only I never thought it would happen. I confess I didn't know what you saw in Johnny, but if you

did see something I wasn't going to interfere. I fell in love with you at the dance, Jane."

"We've wasted time," I agreed. "But we can make it up. We are a sensible pair—we can live as though there are forty-eight hours in the day. If Cara can do it, we can."

As if on cue, she appeared. When I saw her I even forgot about Simon. Momentarily. In South America she would have been a riot. She wore, over a slim black skirt, a poncho-like garment of black and white checks. Perched on her auburn hair was a hard round black hat. "You will steal the show as a bridesmaid," I teased.

"Jane!" she said, horrified. "Not that day. All eyes will be on you. But—" heroically "—I'll come as a guest, if you like, and sit in the pew." Lovingly I looked at her. I felt loving toward all the world, but particularly toward Cara, who had brought Simon into my life. "Pew or procession," I said. "It will make no difference."

When I was in bed that night, blissfully sleepless, I told myself: "Well, that's one thing you beat Cara to, Jane. You will be married first." I didn't mean it unworthily. More in wonder, really.

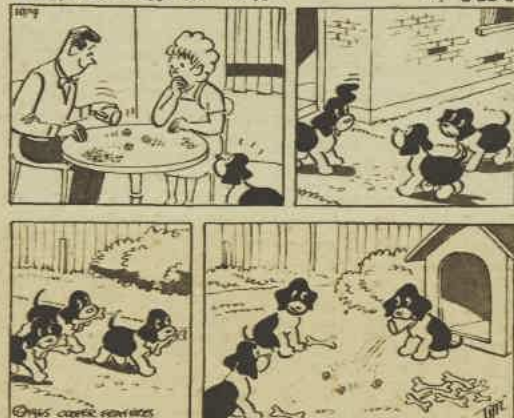
I was wrong, of course. The next week, Cara met a man and they fell headlong in love. They were married, then flew off to Australia. I forgave her. But I missed her at the wedding.

(Copyright)

## FOR THE CHILDREN

### Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



crystal, would be shiny new. Wedding gifts . . . I felt that awful sadness take over again as if I were sickening for flu.

So I cheered myself up by turning my mind to Cara, whom I would soon see. As if I had spoken aloud, my mother suddenly said: "Who is bringing Cara tonight?"

My mother adored Cara. She said Cara was a girl who gave her back her admiration for the young by her larger-than-life attitude, which, my mother believed, should ring the young like a nimbus, but which today went in danger of being snuffed out by this craving, early on, for security, this scampering, in twos, in and out of the rain. My mother's words.

But now, before I could answer, Johnny said, with his know-it-all air: "She will bring someone tuppence-colored. You can bet on that."

"Lucky girl!" I thought. We had been at the Assembly Rooms half an hour when Cara arrived. She did nothing as dramatic as make an entrance, but everyone stared. Her dress was black, quite plain, a hole for her head and two for her arms. But round her neck she wore a gorgeous multicolored lei of every flower you could think of.

Cara really dazzled that night. She dazzled my father, who became charmingly young for her. I think she might have charmed Johnny's father, too, if Johnny's mother had let him. "Where did you get the idea?" I asked her. "I thought I couldn't afford a dress," she confessed. "In the end I think I spent more on flowers!"

I found her friend Simon very pleasant. Intelligent and quiet and charming. Good-

one of the big dailies. It wasn't often someone from our town appeared in one of the newspapers. She was in the park. It was daffodil time. But it wouldn't be Cara just to stand among the daffodils, mulling over Wordsworth. She was photographed kicking off one of her boots, winter boots, laughing with the sun triumphant on her face.

It made me smile until I heard what Johnny was saying. Extrovert. Show-off. I said nothing, and maybe this goaded him to say more. Silence has that effect on some people. He said he could not see what I found to like in her. He said I was mistaken, whatever it was. He went so far as to say that frankly — how I hate that word! — he did not want me friendly with Cara.

By now, since I was still silent, I think he was railing as much at what he thought was my stubbornness as at Cara.

I was silent, because, as I said, I was seeing some things plainly for perhaps the first time. Such as . . . as well as being small-minded, was Johnny also a bully? Then I did say: "Since when do you choose my friends for me? If we marry, do we ask to the house only those you approve of?"

His face was red. "I shall expect you to show taste—" he snapped.

"Johnny—" I said quite mildly.

"Yes?"

"Shut up!" I ordered him. It was a phrase from my young days I had not used much since. I used it now.

He said: "What did you say?"

That gave me the chance

## AS I READ THE STARS

By ELSA MURRAY: Week starting April 21

<p><b>ARIES</b> MAR. 21-APR. 20 * Lucky number this week, 1. * Gambling colors, time, orange. * Lucky days, Wed., Saturday.</p>	<p>* If you are more than usually cautious 23rd-24th, the week should prove fruitful and rewarding with happy accent on love and romance. There could be unexpected financial gains.</p>
<p><b>TAURUS</b> APR. 21-MAY 20 * Lucky number this week, 7. * Gambling colors, grey, violet. * Lucky days, Thursday, Friday.</p>	<p>* This is your get-up-and-go period and the stars give you the green light to push plans and projects. Perhaps you meet a fascinating stranger. 23rd-24th adverse.</p>
<p><b>GEMINI</b> MAY 21-JUNE 21 * Lucky number this week, 3. * Gambling colors, navy, grey. * Lucky days, Wed., Sunday.</p>	<p>* A good week, with better coming. The couple who are adversely pressured. Stick to routine—otherwise go full throttle. Love and romance provide surprises.</p>
<p><b>CANCER</b> JUNE 22-JULY 22 * Lucky number this week, 2. * Gambling colors, red, silver. * Lucky days, Sunday, Tuesday.</p>	<p>* There are happy surprises all the way along the line romance-wise, and good news about children and loved ones. Excellent for romance and courtship, especially 26th-27th.</p>
<p><b>LEO</b> JULY 23-AUG. 22 * Lucky number this week, 7. * Gambling colors, black, white. * Lucky days, Friday, Sunday.</p>	<p>* By using caution on the 23rd-24th you can make this into a successful week with a better one to follow. The sodas favors finance and the original idea. Project your plans.</p>
<p><b>VIRGO</b> AUG. 23-SEPT. 22 * Lucky number this week, 2. * Gambling colors, yellow, tan. * Lucky days, Sat., Tuesday.</p>	<p>* There's a nasty patch, 23rd-24th, particularly affecting those born 5th-7th September. Otherwise a good week with improving vista. Hold your horses. There could be happy surprises.</p>
<p><b>LIBRA</b> SEPT. 23-OCT. 23 * Lucky number this week, 3. * Gambling colors, blue, pink. * Lucky days, Thurs., Tuesday.</p>	<p>* Should be a happy week spiced with the unconventional. Romantic. Excellent. The adverse 23rd-24th, a good time to sign important documents or to pen that vital letter. Friends assist.</p>
<p><b>SCORPIO</b> OCT. 24-NOV. 22 * Lucky number this week, 4. * Gambling colors, rose, navy. * Lucky days, Thurs., Saturday.</p>	<p>* There could be upset in the home 23rd-24th, but any damage done can be repaired. A good time for home renovation, putting a deposit on a home site, or advancing your status.</p>
<p><b>SAGITTARIUS</b> NOV. 23-DEC. 21 * Lucky number this week, 9. * Gambling colors, grey, gold. * Lucky days, Wed., Tuesday.</p>	<p>* A week of surprises with a windfall for some. Luck breaks ease the struggle for survival, and all you do is tinged with originality. Hold your horses on the 23rd-24th.</p>
<p><b>CAPRICORN</b> DEC. 22-JAN. 20 * Lucky number this week, 8. * Gambling colors, tricolors. * Lucky days, Friday, Saturday.</p>	<p>* Thrilling and unscheduled romantic adventures liven the week, with favorable conditions around the corner. Your ruling star is afflicted 23rd-24th—so just use your wobbly situation.</p>
<p><b>AQUARIUS</b> JAN. 21-FEB. 19 * Lucky number this week, 5. * Gambling colors, red, brown. * Lucky days, Saturday, Tues.</p>	<p>* Perhaps a long-cherished wish comes true out of the blue. Love and marriage are felicitously focused. Some could meet up with a James Bond character. Be careful 23rd-24th.</p>
<p><b>PISCES</b> FEB. 20-MAR. 20 * Lucky number this week, 3. * Gambling colors, lilac, jade. * Lucky days, Wed., Monday.</p>	<p>* Your popularity could reach a vibrant peak this week—and some enhancement could follow. However, someone could be spoiling your image 23rd-24th—so don't trust everybody.</p>

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]



**Reveal the full beauty** of your eyes. Blend a faint haze of eye shadow that matches the eye colour along the lids. Now use liner to draw a discreet line along the upper lash roots and extend it slightly at the outer sides. Two light applications of mascara on the lashes complete the eye make-up. Keep the skin around the eyes as smooth as a child's by patting a film of oil of ulan lightly into the delicate tissues with your finger-tips. This moist tropical oil provides the ideal nourishment for the sensitive skin surrounding the eyes.  
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**AUDREY HEPBURN**, an intelligent, sensitive actress, is small-boned, flat-chested. Married to Mel Ferrer, she has one child, lost another in a horse-riding accident.



**GRETA GARBO**, the Swedish actress who has become a legend in her lifetime, is slender and small-bosomed. She shuns crowds, publicity, has never married.

# THE HIGH IQ and the small bosom

## Do they really go together?

● When Dr. Erwin Strassmann wrote in a medical journal, "The better the brain, the smaller the breasts, and vice versa, the bigger the breasts, the lower the IQ," it made world headlines in the Press. Lois Chevalier decided to tackle the doctor about it.

**C**OCKTAIL parties from Berlin to Honolulu buzzed about Dr. Strassmann's statement, London newspapers ran cartoons about it, Hollywood commented extensively.

Did the doctor really mean it? And is it true? I flew from New York to Houston, in Texas, where Dr. Strassmann teaches and practises obstetrics and gynaecology, to ask him.

Dr. Strassmann suggested on the phone that before I came I should read the scientific paper from which the controversial sentence had been lifted. In this paper, he said, he had discussed not just breast size but also a full-scale theory relating personality, body build, and fertility.

So I settled down on the plane with the *International Journal of Fertility*. It was clear that the doctor had devoted a great deal of time to the study of the female sex. I began to worry about how he would classify me.

Women in one category, he said, are warmhearted, friendly, extroverted, affectionate, tolerant, at peace with the world and themselves. They make loving wives. Maternity agrees with them physically and psychologically, and they are wonderful mothers.

But then I read on.

These women, whom he calls the endomorph-pyknoid type, are short, with short necks and short legs. Their shoulders are narrow and rounded. They have large abdomens, broad hips, and big buttocks. Their breasts are full and soon sag. They tend to be obese once they are past their girlhood.

Furthermore, they are not inclined to systematic, logical thinking. They are not outstanding in school and have little interest in things of the mind.

They get by, the doctor says, on instinct and intuition, so it does not too much matter that they are deficient in reasoning ability.

Well, if that is the price of being considered warm-

hearted and loving, I thought, perhaps I will settle for something else. I turned the page to study the ectomorph-asthenic group.

These are slender, small-boned women who love books, music, and art. They are supersensitive, highly intelligent, alert, volatile. They are often attractive to men in a mysterious and fascinating way.

I was just snuggling down comfortably inside this image when I read that the ectomorph-asthenic women have thin, dry skins, sparse hair, and flat chests. Their

I was quite willing to admit to these characteristics, but unfortunately that was not all the picture. The gyandromorph-athletic women have big hands and feet; they are hairy; their voices are loud and unrestrained. They are aggressive and often tactless, unromantic, and often frigid.

They are poor bets for motherhood, both physically and psychologically.

Dr. Strassmann obviously hated women, I decided. Meeting him was going to be a pretty unpleasant ordeal.

We met, as arranged, in the administration building of the Baylor University College of Medicine, where the doctor is professor of clinical obstetrics and gynaecology. Dr. Strassmann, a tall, imposing man, perhaps in his late sixties, made a Continental bow.

With the greatest solicitude, he inquired about my trip and the comfort of my hotel accommodation. Placing a protective and expert hand on my elbow, he guided me to his office so attentively that I felt as though I were wearing a long dress and a diamond tiara. By the time he had ushered me to a chair in his office I felt completely disarmed.

"I was so distressed by all that publicity," he said, shaking his head sadly. "I had no idea there would be so much reaction to my paper."

I said: "But you were not misquoted, were you, Dr. Strassmann? You did say that women with big breasts are stupid and women who are intelligent are flat-chested."

He sighed. "I am not trying to go back on what I said. But I was quoted out of context. My actual study was of 717 infertile women."

"Most of them were the asthenic-ectomorph type, introverted, prone to psychosomatic illnesses and complexes. They had small breasts and inadequate reproductive systems."

"In this group, more than 50 percent were in the top tenth of their high-school graduating classes. This

**By LOIS  
CHEVALIER**

posture is poor; they are chronically tired and beset with aches and pains. They are introverted, inhibited, defensive, and fearful.

They are often frigid and infertile. If they do get pregnant, they are sick during much of their pregnancy, and their deliveries are often complicated.

Wasn't there something else I could be?

What about the infantile-hypoplastic group?

Their body build is boyish. They are petite. They remain immature all their lives and are more or less helpless without the constant guidance of their parents or their husbands. They are weak and dependent. Their reproductive systems are poor. They have menstrual problems, are often infertile; their intelligence level is low.

### Last hope

I escaped easily from that category; no one could possibly call me petite.

This left only one category—the gyandromorph-athletic.

They are mature, independent, and courageous. They are highly intelligent and often ambitious. They make reliable friends. They are inclined to be tall, and their shoulders are wider than their hips.

"I had the biggest bust and the lowest IQ in my high-school class. But who cares about IQ?"

## YES! says Mamie Van Doren

seems to me significant. But they were a special group."

"Then the classifications of body type and intelligence are applicable only to fertile women?" I asked.

"I can write a scientific paper only about women whom I have actually studied. As for others, I can only make general observations."

"The patients I wrote about are the extreme types. I have practised gynaecology for many years. If one is observant, one begins to see. Women feel more than they reason. Men like to look at facts. They are logical. They are not as interested in personalities as women are. Women's whole lives are bound up with their emotions. If they fail to become wives and mothers, they have little to live for."

"For a man, his success in the world is the most important thing. If he has a good homelife, it doesn't break him. Men usually do not kill themselves for love, but women sometimes do."

"Is it so strange for a doctor to see this? It is common folk knowledge."

"There are reasons why women are shorter than men and built differently," he went on.

"A real woman is made

for reproduction. If she is strong in that department, her sex glands begin to function early. The female hormones stop the growth of the long bones, so she does not grow tall. If she has a good reproductive system, she is likely to have round, full buttocks and big, well-developed breasts.

"Men have always recognised this instinctively. The flat chest is a warning that the woman may not function well as a female."

"This is why American women wear falsies and why men are disappointed when they discover them. When a culture is flowering, not somewhat decadent as ours is, round, plump women are admired."

### Decadent

"Look at the women Rubens and Titian painted."

Somehow my diamond tiara was gone. I would have been glad for a bustle and a padded bra to make me look less decadent.

But Dr. Strassmann did not notice my discomfiture.

"Take Mamie Van Doren," he said. "She is one of the movie stars the newspapers interviewed about my statement. She agrees with me."

"She says that she had the biggest bust and the lowest IQ of anyone in her high-school class. But she says, 'Who cares about IQ?'"

"It has long been noted that women have made few original contributions in the arts and sciences. Some say that it is because women have been subdued, under the fist of men. But that is not true."

"Art and science are not a woman's role. Only unhappy women are driven to excel in these fields. Woman's role is reproduction."

A maternity dress, I thought; that's what I should have worn.

"Did other people besides Miss Van Doren agree with you?" I asked.

"Yes. I had a letter from some Canadian fraternity boys. They said, 'Hooray for Dr. Strassmann, and three cheers for the girls with the big measurements and the low IQs.' Typical male response."

"The dean of a teachers' college in France wrote: 'Thank you for helping us to understand better the other half of the human race, les femmes.'"

"Here is a letter from a professor of animal husbandry in South Africa. He



MAMIE VAN DOREN (37in. bust) — two husbands, one child.

has inspected 800 cows a year since 1937. He finds he can pick the infertile heifers just by looking at them."

"They are taller and their udders are not well developed. He substantiates my point."

"But we don't know whether or not they're bright, do we?" I asked.

He brushed the question aside. "He scolded along these pictures. See the infertile heifers! Their coats are straggly, too, and their horns are not as pretty."

I nodded meekly. Women, cows, they were all common victims of their glands. "What about the rest of the letters?" I asked.

### "Not stupid"

"They were almost all from women with large busts who wrote to tell me that they are not stupid. Of course, this is quite possible. One is seldom dealing with pure types."

"Here is one from a sorority in California, signed by eleven girls. They say, 'We fit the general physical description (of girls with large bosoms), and we like to consider ourselves warmhearted and friendly. However, we take exception to your statement that our type of woman is not scientifically minded, shies away from mathematics, politics, and scholastic activities. Our sorority has won the scholarship trophy for the past two years.'"

"Aren't there any letters from women with small busts who say they are good wives and mothers?"

"No, not any."

"Why do you suppose they didn't write you?"

"They are pleased to believe that they are intelligent. And perhaps they don't

want to admit that their busts are small."

Dr. Strassmann was not young any more, but he had obviously been quite strong, athletic, and virile. And his office walls were hung with diplomas that attested to his academic accomplishments.

So I asked him if very masculine men were also likely to be deficient in intelligence.

"No, we do not have this antagonism between the brain and the reproductive system," he said with a cheerful smile.

"There is evidence that the men who are more intelligent and able than average are also more sexually potent than average."

"There are just a few exceptions: the narrow-shouldered introvert who may be a deep scholar so wrapped up in his work that he seldom thinks of sex."

Very gently, I said, "You know, I'd like to know what Mrs. Strassmann looks like."

He smiled trustingly and brought out his wallet. "Here are a couple of snapshots of her. She's pretty much the asthenic type, slim, very slender as a girl."

She was indeed very slim. And her bright eyes fairly sparkled with intelligence.

"For a man in my profession, the physical characteristics become very unimportant," the doctor said. "I see women all day long. The female body is just my daily work. It's the personality that counts."

I thanked him for his time and stood up to go, still feeling rather too lanky. But I made it to the door on my personality.



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JAYNE MANSFIELD (41in. bust). Thrice married, she is pictured with ex-husband Mickey Hargitay and two of her four children.



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## SOMEONE FOR MY SISTER

Continued from page 26

"Then call him. If he's single and travelled and bookish, he'll be just right for Helen."

Tom hesitated, then said seriously: "Tina, do you think we ought to try to run Helen's life for her? After all, she's an intelligent woman. If she wanted to marry, surely she could, without our help."

"Don't you see?" Her voice pinpricked just a little. "She's got so used to standing down, to giving way. To putting other people first — Dad, me. It's something I owe her, to get her started. To break this habit of — of immolation."

"I'll phone Howard," said Tom with unconvinced obedience.

Tom was only gone a minute. "He's had dinner," he said. "He'll drop in for coffee."

Helen was punctual, because she was by habit punctual, expecting it of other people. Tina looked at her assessingly, as this stranger, coming soon, might look at her. Helen laughed lightly, bending to kiss her young sister.

"Do I pass the scrutiny?" she asked.

"With honors," Tina said.

A KISS for Tom, a sisterly kiss, almost a mother-in-law's kiss, duty mixed with respect and affection. A drink before dinner. Then dinner and the light ball of conversation thrown from one to the other. Films, a new television series. How nice the casserole was.

"We have a guest coming for coffee," said Tina with a childish sort of secret glee. "A friend of Tom's. They work together."

Helen made a sideways smile, but the smile was for Tom, not for Tina to see. Again? it said. And Tom grinned broadly in answer, and in commiseration, disclaiming his part in the conspiracy.

If Howard knew that he was being used as a stalking horse he gave no sign when he arrived. He acknowledged introductions and accepted his coffee and brandy, sitting down with the ease that social poise brings, polite, interested, prepared to enjoy the evening.

Tina looked at him with the same assessing eye as had roved over her older sister when she had first arrived. Cool, she thought. A little too cool? Possibly. Not handsome, but that's an interesting face.

She started suddenly, aware that she had been staring so fiercely at Howard Allen that he couldn't fail to notice it.

"You—" she began quickly, trying to cover up her social gaffe. "Tom tells me you have travelled a lot."

Howard nodded. "I had a good trip," he said. "I was pretty lucky. I had an unexpected legacy, and that was the way I spent it."

Helen leaned forward, interested: "Where did you go?" she asked.

"Europe and South America. It was the most wonderful year of my life. I'm going to do it again some time. Most places should be seen twice — once for the sheer wonder of the initial impact, and once for the pleasure of renewing acquaintance with places you loved."

Helen threw her head back and laughed silently in a way she had.

"Castles in Spain, Mr. Allen?" she asked, with a trace of mockery.

He chose to misunderstand her, perhaps because he thought she was teasing him.

"The best castles were in Austria," he said. "There was something — mysterious about them — the ramparts plumed and pallid."

"I always thought," Helen said, "that Edgar Allan Poe must have travelled in Austria. That curious feeling in the 'Fall of the House of Usher' — ancient and Germanic. One couldn't imagine it in America or even England."

He looked surprised. "You know the quotation?"

Helen smiled faintly. "I ought to," she said. "I teach English Literature. History, too. The two go together, you know. I would have thought that you could have spotted it immediately." The gentle mocking tone was back. "I thought my whole personality screamed 'School Ma'am'."

"Why, no." The gentle mockery was echoed in Howard's voice. "No. Not a single grey hair."

The sound of their laughter mingled.

Tina made a small, impatient movement, as if she felt that these two were getting on too well too fast. She said something trivial and they were recalled as if from a far country.

When they left, together, but as if unplanned, Tina closed the door behind them, leaning back on it for a moment, her eyes closed momentarily in triumph.

"They're walking home together."

"So?" said Tom.

"So! Don't you know that it's raining? They can't even realise it."

Tom gave a very small sigh.

No one, he thought, can hope for complete compatibility in marriage. It just happened that he liked to walk in the

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# LATE PLANTINGS FOR THE SPRING

By ALLAN SEALE

● Fragrant stocks, colorful poppies, bright borders of violas, and all the other treasures of the spring garden are normally planted out by this time of the year, but the autumn began so dry and hot that many gardeners delayed planting.

THESE late plantings are quite successful. Naturally they flower a little later than usual, but this means that they will be in their prime in spring when most earlier plantings have passed their best.

Although most of these flowers will grow under similar conditions, and so can be massed together in a variety of delightful combinations, the following notes cover their individual preferences. Even when different plants are grown in the same bed it is possible to vary their treatment, such as mulching one group, cultivating others, or varying fertiliser applications.

## ICELAND POPPIES

Poppies need to be well established before the winter, so it is now too late to raise them successfully from seed, but good-quality seedlings may still be coaxed along to do well.

They are at their best in full sunlight, where the soil is well drained,

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fertilised, and made crumbly with well-rotted compost or animal manure.

## NEMESIAS

Suitable now from seedlings or seed. They prefer a fairly rich soil and full sun. "Carnival" is a good mixed type. "Blue Gem" has smaller flowers and a slightly weaker plant habit, but is most attractive clumped in among "Carnival" or other annuals.

## LEPTOSYNES

Modern types grow about 2ft. 6in., and the long-stemmed golden daisy-like flowers make it ideal as a cut flower or background subject. Sow direct in a moderately fertilised soil.

## CINERARIAS

At their best in broken sunlight or half-shade. They grow well in acid soils among azaleas, etc., but are also tolerant to lime. Use complete plant foods before planting out seedlings. Cinerarias must have frost protection in cold climates.

## STOCKS

Good drainage and sunlight are the main requirements, but they respond well to feeding. Before planting out or sowing direct give a liberal application of lime, up to one cup per square yard in acid soils plus one third of a cup of complete plant food. This may be added with the fertiliser at planting time, provided garden lime (agricultural, carbonate, or ground limestone) is used.

This applies particularly to "Column" types, which require little thinning, as for best effect they need to be grown close together.

Where "Trysomic," "Imperial," and other branching stocks are enhanced by liquid feeding when the color first shows, "Columnas" need no more than a liberal application of fertiliser at planting out or sowing time.

The recently introduced dwarf double stock, growing only 10in., is ideal for rockeries and borders.

## VIOLAS

Violas provide color in the garden longer than any other spring flower.

They adapt themselves to a variety of soils, but for best results prepare the beds and mulch the plants as suggested for Iceland poppies. These should also be well established before winter, so at this time of the year seedlings are preferable to sowing seed. Space 6in.

Blue, yellow, and apricot are usually available separately; or choose from mixtures such as Spring Glory (contains blue, yellow, apricot, and bronze); Toyland (blotched or streaked in various tones); or Clear Crystal (a large-flowered type in clear blue, yellow, apricot, bronze, and purple).

## PANSIES

Treat as violas.

## SWEET PEAS

There is still time to sow sweet peas. This year "Bijou," a new dwarf,

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is available. Unlike any other true dwarf type, it has large ruffled blooms which are very fragrant, in a full range of colors and on strong 9in. stems.

"Bijou" grows about 18in. and is ideal for rockeries, borders, tubs, or window-boxes.

## TALL SWEET PEAS

The most outstanding of the trellis sweet peas is the new Gigantea strain ("Colourcade"), which is rapidly superseding the earlier Multiflora types both for garden show and as a cut flower.

Sweet peas prefer an open, sunny position, good drainage, a liberal amount of lime (up to one cupful to the square yard in acid soils), and about half this amount of good complete plant food.

Rotted manure or compost may be worked into the surface soil, but trenching is unnecessary.

## PRIMULAS

These are very adaptable and may be planted in conjunction with other spring flowers. Seedlings are recommended, as it is now too late to raise them successfully from seed. "Carmine Glow" or the new "Gillham's White" are suitable for open conditions, but "Royalty" is less likely to fleck where it has some protection from full sun.

## LIVINGSTONE DAISIES

The gayest flowers in the spring garden, provided they are planted in an open, sunny position. They need good drainage and prefer built-up beds or rockeries where they are a little higher than normal soil level. May be started from seed now, seedlings later.

Other spring flowers which can still be sown from seed:

Alyssum, Ageratum (in frost-free areas only), Bellis (English Daisy), Calendula, Candytuft, Bedding Carnation, Cornflower, Everlasting Daisy, Forget-Me-Not, Godetia, Gypsophila, Larkspur, Linaria, Lobelia (flowers later in spring), Lupin, Poor Man's Orchid, Snapdragon, Wallflower.

Cut out and paste in an exercise book



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4

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- 3 Check to find if the provisions you have made are adequate.
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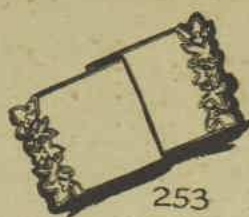
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Continued from page 38

## SOMEONE FOR MY SISTER

rain, while Tina was like a cat for comfort and warmth, and keeping her feet dry. He did not put too romantic a construction on a cool, leisurely walk after a heated room, hot coffee, and brandy.

But if his was not a romantic construction, Tina's was a tower of love built sky-high. She rang Helen just before she went to bed, probing her reaction. Had she liked Howard? Had she found him interesting? Had he said anything about seeing her again?

Helen was unexpectedly short. Yes, she had liked Howard. He seemed interesting enough. Yes, she was going to see him again: he happened to have two tickets for a concert.

Glossing over the fact that Helen had been short with her, Tina danced up to Tom, triumph in every step.

"It worked!" she said. "It worked. He's asked her out, and she is going."

"What," asked Tom, with his heaviest sarcasm, "are you going to wear to the wedding?"

Tina tossed a pillow at him.

"But aren't they so right for each other?" she said. "You saw how they got along. You could feel it."

"Tina," he wanted to say something to her, something serious and analytical, some warning perhaps, that came from his brain, from his heart. Don't meddle, he wanted to cry. Your hands are too inexperienced.

The next few times Tina rang Helen in the evening (she had been asked not to ring during school hours) there was no reply. Replacing the receiver each time, she smiled a complacent smile. Out with Howard, she thought. How well, how extremely well my plan is going.

To Tom she was merciless. "Well, why can't you find out more about him?" she demanded. "You're his personnel officer. You ought to know. He might turn out to be quite unsuitable. We have to find out before she decides to marry him."

"Tina," replied Tom with

"Tom, I have to speak to Howard."

"Tom, I have to. If you don't let me speak to him on the phone, I'll come to the office. Something has happened to Helen, and I think Howard might know something about it."

"Tina, he's not here." Tom's voice suddenly seemed to hold the tiredness of death. "He took a transfer to a country branch that came up suddenly. He left early this morning."

"Then give me the phone number of the branch. I'll ring him there."

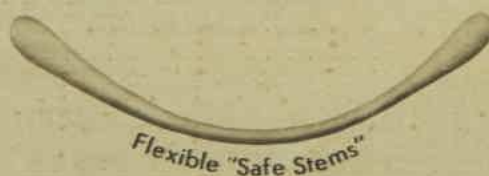
"He'll still be travelling. I'm sorry, Tina. If there's really something wrong with Helen — I'm busy, but I'll come if you want me to."

Tina hesitated, and then said: "It's all right, Tom. I'll call if I need you. It was just something — a feeling I had. I've been phoning Helen, and probably missed her by seconds every time. I'll make sure I find her this time. Don't worry, Tom."

"All right, darling. I'll be home in about an hour. Keep me posted."

Tina replaced the receiver. I'll ring her once more, she

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a kind of weariness. "Helen is older than I am, more intelligent than I am, and better educated. She is better equipped on all three accounts to assess Howard's qualities than I am. Let's leave it at that, and get on with deciding what you are going to wear at the wedding."

Tina opened her eyes wide. "Then you think—" Tom grinned and kissed her chin. "I think," he replied consolingly, "but don't get the idea I'm going to wear a grey top hat at the wedding."

But from Helen all was silence. Tina rang every evening, but there was no answer; she began to worry. "Perhaps they've eloped," she said to Tom. Then she added: "No, they're not the eloping kind."

"Anyway, Howard's still at the office," Tom added. "Ask him tomorrow, Tom."

"Tina, I can't. Whatever's happening, it's their business. Perhaps Helen's just gone away."

"In term-time? Without telling me?" It was ridiculous, of course. As ridiculous as Helen's not calling her.

The next day Tina broke the rule and phoned Helen at the school. The operator said: "Miss Carey is away with a bad cold. If it is personal, I can give you her home number."

"It doesn't matter," said Tina leadenly. "I have it." She rang Helen's flat again, but still there was no reply. She replaced the receiver and rang Tom.

thought, and then, if there is no answer, I'll get the police.

She did not have to ring the police.

A voice said: "Yes?" It was Helen's voice, and yet it was not Helen's voice, so choked that Tina could hardly recognise it.

"Helen? I've been so worried about you. I've been calling and calling."

"I'm sorry, Tina. I've been sick."

"Look, I'll come right over and look after you."

"Not!" Helen cried. "No, it's all right. I can look after myself."

"But you mustn't!" insisted Tina. "If you don't want me over there, you'll have to come here where you can be properly looked after." Her voice changed as she said: "Please, Helen. Tom's worried, too. All we want is to do the best we can for you."

There was a slight pause, and then Helen said: "All right. I'll come over. I'll take a taxi."

She was there in ten minutes, looking paler than Tina had ever seen her, and her eyes were red-rimmed.

"Helen, I'm so glad you're here. Tom's here. He came home early. He's getting you a brandy before dinner."

"No," said Helen sharply, and then she added, with controlled calm: "No, thank you, Tina. I'd rather go up to my room, if I may."

Tina followed Helen up the stairs into the tiny guest-room. Once inside the room Helen sat on the bed, head

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Carnation Chocolate Layer Cake



**It's good, sound housekeeping sense to keep Carnation Milk in the cupboard — ready to use at any time**

**CARNATION CHOCOLATE LAYER CAKE**

- |                           |                       |
|---------------------------|-----------------------|
| 1 tablespoon vinegar.     | 1½ teaspoons          |
| 1 cup undiluted Carnation | bicarbonate of soda.  |
| Evaporated Milk.          | 1¼ cups sugar.        |
| 1½ cups plain flour.      | ¾ cup butter          |
| Pinch salt.               | or margarine, melted. |
| ½ cup cocoa.              | 2 eggs.               |
|                           | 1 teaspoon vanilla.   |

Grease two 8" sponge tins and line the bottom with paper. Add vinegar to Carnation Milk to sour it. Sift flour, salt, cocoa, soda and sugar into mixing basin. Pour in melted shortening and ½ cup Carnation Milk. Beat well for 2 minutes. Add all remaining ingredients and beat a further 2 minutes. Pour into prepared tins and bake in a moderate oven 350° or Regulo 5 Gas — 400° E for 30-35 minutes. Allow cakes to cool slightly before removing from tins. Fill with cream and cover with your favourite frosting.



**Look for the series of picture-recipes on the labels**

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — April 28, 1965

# CHOCOLATE CAKES

FROM OUR LEILA HOWARD TEST KITCHEN



● In this two-page feature are recipes for wonderful chocolate cakes—rich, delicious, and good to the last moist, tender crumb.

**MOCHA CREAM CAKE** is trimmed with chocolate leaves, and has a frosting flavored with coffee and chocolate.

**CHOCOLATE** cakes, with their luscious fillings and frostings, are possibly the most popular of all cakes and are right for any occasion.

The seven chocolate cakes given in this feature are delicious and decorative enough to do double-duty as desserts.

Level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure are used in all the recipes.

## MOCHA CREAM CAKE

Four and a half ounces butter or substitute, 3 eggs, 3 tablespoons hot water, 5oz. castor sugar, 3oz. dark chocolate, 7½oz. self-raising flour.

Melt chopped chocolate in the hot water; cool. Beat butter or substitute with castor sugar, add beaten eggs gradually. Stir in sifted flour alternately with melted chocolate mixture; beat well. Pour into 2 greased 7in. or 8in. sandwich-tins. Bake in moderate oven 30 minutes; cool. Join together with whipped cream. Swirl top and sides with

Mocha Cream Frosting. Decorate with Chocolate Leaves.

**Mocha Cream Frosting:** Six ounces semi-sweet chocolate, 2 tablespoons hot coffee, 2 eggs, 1 teaspoon vanilla, ¼ teaspoon cinnamon, 1 cup icing sugar, 4oz. softened butter.

Melt chocolate over warm water; add hot coffee, stir until completely blended. Remove from heat, add beaten eggs, vanilla, cinnamon, and sifted icing sugar. Beat well with wooden spoon. Beat over iced water, adding softened butter gradually. Continue beating until thick and smooth.

**Chocolate Leaves:** Pick fresh leaves which have good shapes and patterns (ivy leaves are ideal); wipe them over carefully with damp cloth, pat dry, and use as a base for these chocolate leaves.

Melt 4oz. to 6oz. dark chocolate in top of double saucepan until partly melted. Remove from heat, stir until completely melted and smooth. Using small brush, coat underside of fresh leaves with chocolate about ¼in. thick. Take care to bring chocolate right to edges, but not over on to top of leaves. Arrange on flat baking-sheet, refrigerate until firm. Remove chocolate leaves, one at a time, from refrigerator.

Using the stem as handle, carefully peel leaf from chocolate. Place on greaseproof paper, keep refrigerated until trimming cake for serving.

## DEVIL'S FOOD CAKE

(Picture, page 45)

Six ounces butter, 1½ cups brown sugar, 3 eggs, 3oz. grated chocolate, ½ cup boiling

water, 2½ cups plain flour, ¼ teaspoon baking-powder, ¾ teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, ½ cup sour milk, salt, 1 teaspoon vanilla.

Soften butter, add sugar, cream well; add vanilla. Add well-beaten eggs gradually. Blend chocolate with boiling water, stir until smooth; cool. Add to beaten butter, sugar, and egg mixture. Add sifted flour, baking-powder, bicarbonate of soda, and salt alternately with milk; mix well. Place in 2 well-greased 8in. sandwich-tins. Bake in moderate oven 40 minutes. When cold join with Chocolate Sour Cream Frosting. Spread remaining frosting on top, decorate with Chocolate Almonds.

**Chocolate Sour Cream Frosting:** Eight ounces dark chocolate, ½ cup sour cream, pinch salt.

Chop chocolate, place in top half of double saucepan over hot water; stir until melted. Blend in sour cream and salt, beat until creamy.

**Chocolate Almonds:** Blanch and peel almonds; dry. Dip in melted chocolate halfway; refrigerate until set.

Color picture by Ian Mitchell.

Continued on page 45

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# CHOCOLATE CAKES . . . continued

## MOCHA SPONGE ROLL

Three eggs, 4 tablespoons sugar, 3 tablespoons cocoa, 1 teaspoon vanilla,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon almond essence,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon instant coffee, extra cocoa.

**Cream Filling:** Half pint cream,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup sugar, 2 tablespoons cocoa,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon vanilla.

Separate eggs; beat yolks until light and creamy. Add sugar gradually, beat until mixture is light. Stir in cocoa, vanilla, almond essence, cinnamon, and coffee. Beat egg-whites until they hold a definite point; fold into cocoa mixture very gently. Pour into swiss-roll tin which has been greased and lined with greased paper. Bake in moderate oven 10 minutes or until cake commences to pull away from sides of tin. Turn on to tea-towel, peel off paper and roll, using tea-towel as pusher. Lift on to cake-rack to cool.

**Filling:** Mix together (don't beat) all ingredients in bowl; refrigerate an hour or so to blend flavors, then whip until mixture holds a soft shape. When ready to serve, unroll cake, spread with filling, re-roll. Sift cocoa lightly over top of cake.

**Note:** Cocoa takes the place of flour in this light, delicate cake.

## CHOCOLATE FLUFF SPONGE

Three eggs, pinch salt,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup sugar, 1 tablespoon honey, 2 tablespoons hot water, 1 teaspoon cream of tartar,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon baking-powder,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup plain flour,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup arrowroot,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup cocoa, whipped cream, icing sugar.

Separate eggs, beat egg-whites stiffly with pinch salt, add sugar gradually, beat well until sugar is dissolved. Add egg-yolks, beat until thick and creamy. Sift combined dry ingredients 3 times. Put honey in cup with hot water, stand in saucepan of hot water until honey melts. Sift dry ingredients into egg mixture, pour honey-and-water mixture round edge. Fold all in thoroughly. Turn into 2 greased 7in. sandwich-tins. Bake in moderate oven until cooked (about 15 minutes); cool. Fill between layers with whipped cream, sprinkle top with icing sugar.

## CHOCOLATE RUM SLICE

Four ounces butter,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup castor sugar, 1 tablespoon boiling water, 2 eggs, 1 dessertspoon rum, 2 cups plain flour, 2 teaspoons cream of tartar, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, pinch salt, 5 tablespoons drinking chocolate,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup milk.

Cream butter and sugar with boiling water until mixture is white and fluffy. Add eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition, then add rum. Fold in sifted dry ingredients alternately with milk, place mixture in 12in. x 8in. greased lamington-tin, bake in moderate oven 30 to 35 minutes. Cool.

When cold, trim edges and cut into 3 equal-sized pieces. Cut each piece in half horizontally; this will give 6 cake layers, enough for 2 cakes. Assemble 3 layers, filling between layers with Rum Cream Filling. Coat top with layer of Satin Gloss Chocolate Icing. Pipe Rum Cream Filling rosettes round top edge. Repeat with remaining 3 layers to make second cake.

**Rum Cream Filling:** Four ounces butter, 12oz. icing sugar, 2 to 4 tablespoons rum.

Cream butter with icing sugar until light and fluffy. Add enough rum to give a soft, smooth fluffy mixture.

**Satin Gloss Chocolate Icing:** One and a half ounces dark chocolate, 2 tablespoons water, 4oz. sifted icing sugar,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon salad oil, few drops vanilla, extra icing sugar if necessary.

Chop chocolate, put into pan with water. Dissolve over gentle heat, bring just to boiling point; allow to cool slightly. Beat in sifted icing sugar gradually; add oil and vanilla. Add extra icing sugar if icing is too thin. Warm slightly, spread over top of cake.

## RICH CHOCOLATE LOAF CAKE

Six eggs, 1 cup castor sugar, pinch salt, 2oz. cooled melted butter, 1 cup plain flour, finely grated rind 1 lemon, 4oz. chocolate, 4 tablespoons hot liquid strong coffee.

Place eggs and sugar in bowl, beat until mixture holds its shape (approximately 10 minutes). Gently sift flour and salt on to egg mixture, then sprinkle melted butter and lemon rind over mixture. Melt chocolate in coffee, cool slightly, pour over mixture and fold in gently. Grease 5in. x 8in. loaf-tin, place piece of greased paper in base, pour cake batter into tin, bake in moderate oven 1 to 1 $\frac{1}{4}$  hours or until cake leaves sides of tin. When cool, frost over top and sides with Chocolate Fluff Frosting, decorate with Chocolate Circles.

**Chocolate Fluff Frosting:** Three-quarters cup sugar, 2oz. butter, 1 egg, 3 tablespoons cocoa.

Cream butter and sugar until light and fluffy, add egg, sift in cocoa; beat well.

**Chocolate Circles:** Melt 4 ounces dark chocolate over hot water. Drop by teaspoonfuls on to greaseproof paper; if necessary, make into round shape with back of spoon; chill until set. Cut each circle in halves, arrange on top of cake.

*Continued overleaf*

**DEVIL'S FOOD CAKE** (see page 43) and **Brazilian Chocolate Cake** (in background), frosted with chocolate. See recipe overleaf. Pictures by Don Cameron and Barry Cullen.



**MOCHA SPONGE ROLL** (in foreground) and **Chocolate Fluff Sponge** are both light in texture. Mocha Sponge Roll uses cocoa instead of flour.



**CHOCOLATE RUM SLICE** (in foreground) and **Rich Chocolate Loaf Cake** are richly decorated with frostings and fillings that add extra flavor.





CHICKEN SOUP wins the main prize.

## Small chicken as family meal

● A Hungarian recipe which makes a substantial family meal from a small-sized chicken wins the £5 main prize.

IN the prizewinning recipe, vegetables and noodles are added to the chicken to make a savory soup.

### UJHAZI CHICKEN SOUP

One chicken (approximately 2lb. in weight), 1 medium onion, 1 clove garlic, 1 small tomato, 10 peppercorns, salt, 1 teaspoon paprika, parsley, ½lb. mushrooms, ½lb. cauliflower, ½lb. peas, fine noodles.

Cut chicken into 4 pieces; place

in large saucepan. Cover with water, bring to boil. Skim well, add chopped onion, crushed garlic, peppercorns, chopped parsley, skinned and chopped tomato, salt and paprika. Cook ½ hour. Add cauliflower (cleaned and cut into small rosettes), finely sliced mushrooms, and peas. Cook until tender.

Cook the noodles in boiling salted water. Drain and keep hot.

To serve: Place chicken in large soup tureen, spoon noodles over,

and pour over the soup and vegetables.

**Noodles:** One egg, pinch salt, plain flour.

Beat egg with knife, add salt, then work in enough flour to mix to very firm dough; knead well. Roll out very thinly (as thin as cigarette paper). Roll up as for Swiss roll, cut into very thin slices. Shake out noodles, allow to dry a few minutes. Cook as directed. Noodles can be made a day in advance.

First prize of £5 to Mrs. Inge Tamas, Box 435, P.O., Mt. Isa, Nth. Qld.

### RAISIN BREAD

Two cups self-raising flour, ½ cup sugar, ½ cup raisins, 1 cup milk, 1 egg, pinch salt.

Sift flour and salt, add sugar and raisins. Drop in egg and add milk gradually, blending well. Spoon into greased 8in. by 5in. loaf-tin, bake in moderate oven approximately 50 to 60 minutes; cool on rack. When cold, cut into slices, serve buttered.

Consolation prize of £1 to Mrs. R. N. Souter, Lot 8, Heatherton Road, Springvale, Vic.

### APRICOT DESSERT

Four ounces butter or substitute, 1 cup sugar, 2 eggs, 1 cup plain flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 7 whole apricots (freshly cooked or canned), 1 teaspoon grated orange rind, extra 3 tablespoons butter, 3 dessertspoons brandy.

Cream butter with ½ the sugar, add eggs, beat well, fold in sifted flour and baking powder. Pour into well-greased 8in. ovenproof dish. Halve the apricots, remove stones, press halves into mixture, cut side up. Place knob of butter and little brandy in each halved apricot. Mix orange rind with remaining sugar, sprinkle over top of pudding. Bake in moderate oven 40 to 45 minutes. Serve hot or cold with whipped cream.

Consolation prize of £1 to Mrs. N. Walker, 2 Chauvel Street, Heidelberg, Vic.

### CHOCOLATE CAKES

... concluded

#### BRAZILIAN CHOCOLATE CAKE

Six ounces butter or substitute, 2½ cups sugar, 3 eggs, 3 and 1-3rd cups sifted plain flour, 2½ teaspoons bicarbonate of soda, 1½ teaspoons salt, ½ cup cocoa, 2½ cups sour milk, 1 teaspoon red food coloring.

Cream butter with 1½ cups sugar. Add eggs, one at a time, blending until mixed. Beat until light and fluffy. Sift together flour, soda, and salt. Combine remaining ½ cup sugar, cocoa, sour milk, and food coloring; blend until smooth. Add alternately with dry ingredients to egg mixture, blending thoroughly after each addition. Spread batter evenly in 2 greased and lined 9in. cake-tins. Bake in moderate oven approximately 45 minutes; cool on wire rack.

Join layers with whipped cream, frost all over with Chocolate Frosting. If desired, drizzle a little melted chocolate decoratively over top of cake.

**Chocolate Frosting:** Three ounces unsweetened chocolate, 1½ cups sifted icing sugar, 3 tablespoons hot water, 3 egg-yolks, 2 tablespoons soft butter or substitute, 1 teaspoon vanilla.

Melt chocolate in mixing-bowl over hot water; remove from heat. Beat in icing sugar and water, then egg-yolks, butter, and vanilla. Frosting will be thin at this stage, so place bowl in iced water; beat until of spreading consistency.



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# COLLECTORS' CORNER

● Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, answers readers' queries about antiques.



● Chinese vase.

ENCLOSED is a photograph of a K'ang Hsi vase which has been in my family as long as I can remember. The vase is 23in. high and is not chipped or cracked in any way. The color of the reign mark at the base is blue and glazing internally is white.

Mr. E. M. Carew-Reid, Nedlands, W.A.

THIS finely hand-painted Chinese vase with turquoise ground bears, I presume, the reign mark of the Emperor K'ang Hsi (A.D. 1662-1722). However, without handling your lovely vase I must refrain from expressing an opinion re its monetary value. Throughout the eighteenth century, especially during the reign of Ch'ien Lung (1736-1795), examples of porcelain were potted bearing the K'ang Hsi mark. This practice also continued during the nineteenth century. The Chinese potter did not consider it wrong to imitate the wares and marks of an earlier period. Your vase, which displays an aesthetic quality, would have to be examined by an expert. Unfortunately, a photograph is inadequate in assessing the authenticity of an example of oriental porcelain.

## HOME HINTS

● Readers win £1/1/- prize for each of these useful hints.

THE bath won't stain so easily if a small bag containing oatmeal is added to the bathwater. The oatmeal will prevent the soap clinging to the sides of the bath and will also soften the water.—Mrs. R. D. Bannister, Osterley, Tas.

★ ★ ★  
Umbrella spokes are easily repaired by feeding the broken ends in 3in.-4in. clear plastic tubing. The tubing is flexible, allowing umbrella to close, and when open is practically invisible.—Miss M. Arditto, 30 Marjorie St., Roseville, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★  
Add a tablespoon of golden syrup to custard to give it a delicious flavor—only half the usual amount of sugar is required.—Mrs. P. M. Wright, 2 Wark Ave., Pagewood, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★  
Nylon can be cut very easily if your scissors or pinking shears are heated for a few minutes in hot water before you begin to cut the material.—Miss E. McLenehan, 217 Lyons St. North, Ballarat, Vic.

★ ★ ★  
Serve spinach with a tasty cheese sauce: Cook spinach in the usual way, but instead of chopping it up with butter, pepper, and salt add the cheese sauce made by combining tablespoon grated tasty cheese and  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint plain white sauce. It's simple but delicious.—Mrs. Irene D. Lewis, 417 Sea View Rd., Henley Beach, S.A.

★ ★ ★  
When using kerosene or other lighting fluid for starting fires, do not keep it in jars or bottles—a great hazard to children. Keep a tin of sawdust to which the kerosene has been added and sprinkle a handful of this mixture through the wood before lighting.—Miss S. Hooper, Pirie Vale, Darroobalgie, N.S.W.

I WOULD appreciate your comments on my silver set. Fitting inside the urn is a cylinder seven and a half inches long. Could you please tell me its purpose?

Mrs. A. Hillis, Bulli, N.S.W.

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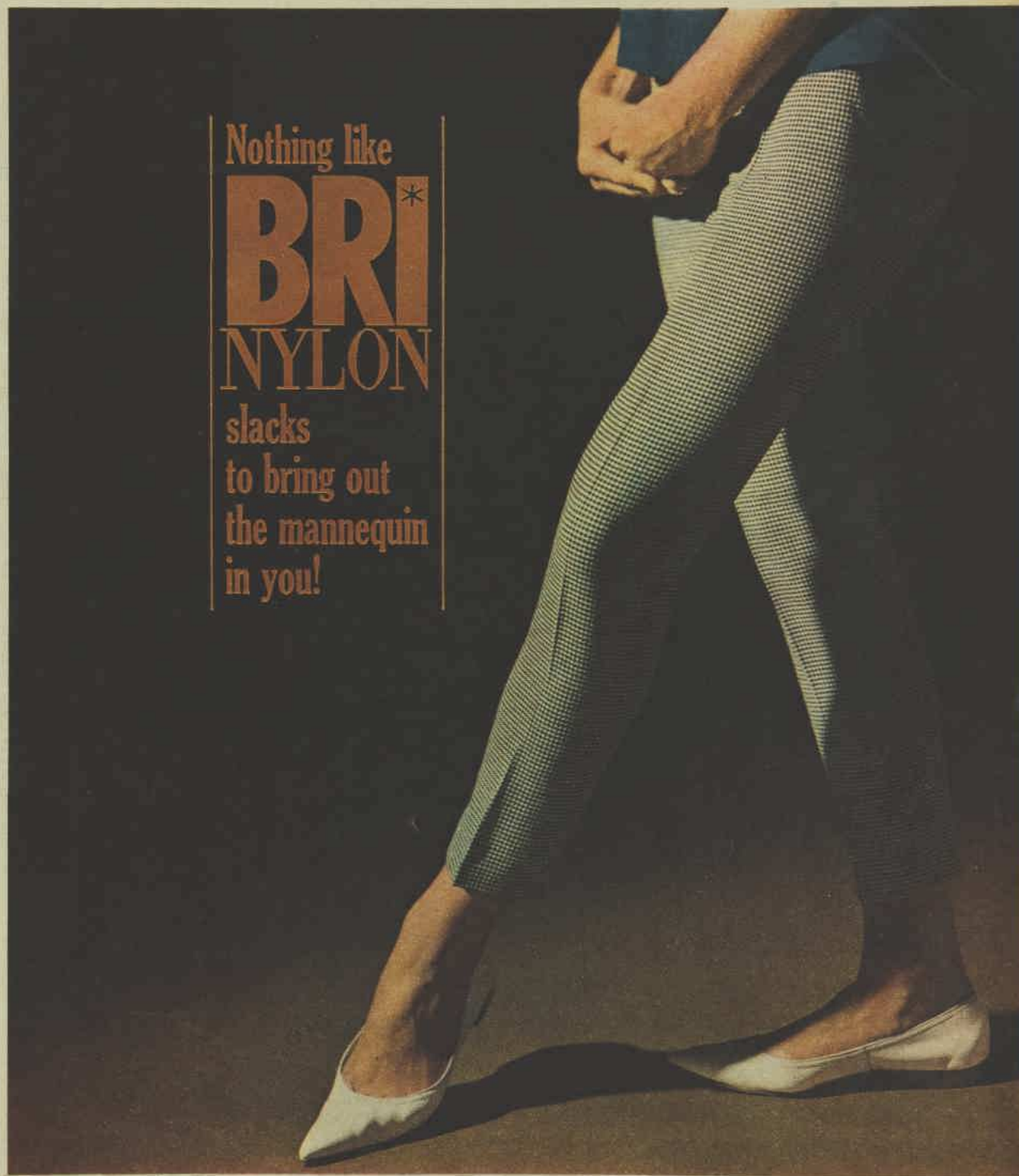
neoclassical form, decorated with female mask heads with dependent swags of flowers, depicts the Victorian adaptation of Adam style of decoration which was in vogue in England during the last quarter of the eighteenth century. The cylinder inside the urn originally held a billet of iron, which was made red-hot before insertion in order to keep the water hot.

Naturally, the urn would be filled with boiling water beforehand.



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"How nice . . . hors-d'oeuvre!"

Continued from page 40

## SOMEONE FOR MY SISTER

down. Tina watched her for a moment, nonplussed, and then said: "Helen, it's Howard, isn't it?"

Helen raised her head. "Yes, it's Howard," she said, almost defiantly. "But what happened? I mean, everything was going so well."

"He's engaged. His fiancée is a journalist on a two years' travelling contract. She's due back in four months and they are getting married."

"But how could he? How dare

Helen smiled a little. "Dare what?" she asked. "Take a woman he liked to the ballet? Dare be friends with a seemingly intelligent person of his own age, with similar interests?"

"He bought you flowers," said Tina.

"A polite social gesture. Oh, he was the soul of propriety. He never even kissed me; that is, until — he kissed me goodbye."

"Just like that, really? A kiss — and then goodbye?"

"Well, if you want a blow-by-blow description —" Helen's voice was tart now. "He said: 'I'm afraid this has to be the last time we see each other. I seem to be falling in love with you, and my fiancée is away at the moment. I love her very much, and we plan to be married very soon, so let's not get into a situation which we might all be sorry about.'"

"But if it's only an engagement — I mean, engagements can be broken."

Helen looked down at her for a long time without speaking. Then she said, very quietly: "Yes, but don't you see, if he could break his engagement like that he would no longer be the sort of man that I could love?"

"No, I don't see," Tina said. "All I know is that, if I loved a man, I'd get him. You did love him, didn't you?"

"Yes, I loved him, Tina. You wouldn't know how much. But there are so many things that you don't understand. You couldn't even know what it meant to have you set up a man like Howard for me in the hope that I would fall in love with him. You couldn't know what it means for me to go through all this — again."

Tina whirled. "What do you mean — again? Was there someone else — when I was still at school?"

Helen nodded, biting her lip.

"You should have married him," Tina began to cry. "I would have managed somehow."

"Perhaps I should have done. Perhaps I held you so close that I never gave you a chance to grow up. But Mum dying, and then Dad — I felt I had to give you some security."

"Oh, you did! You did! I only wanted to give you something in return, to try to get you happily married. Like I am."

Helen looked up at her sister.

"You know, my dear, there's something terribly insulting in the presumption that a woman of my age can't run her own affairs without the help of a younger sister. You would probably be astonished to know that I had two proposals last year and I turned them both down. But my first mistake was locking away my emotions after Lawrence, and the second unlocking them for Howard."

"What are you going to do now?"

"Oh, I have a little money put by. I think I'll travel," said Helen. "Where?"

**H**ELEN gave a short laugh. "Oh, Europe. And South America."

"Oh, Helen, you couldn't!"

"Why not? Must the whole world be spoilt for me because it was travelled by someone I hardly knew — and will soon have forgotten?"

"You can't go for a whole year," said Tina in a kind of panic. "I couldn't manage without you for a whole year. I might have a baby."

"Tina," Helen said solemnly. "You're grown up now. You're married and have a nice husband who loves you. If I kept you too close to me for too long, I'm sorry. But if you were not weaned before, I'm weaning you now."

"You hate me, don't you, Helen?"

"No, of course I don't. And after I've been away for a year, undoubtedly I will love you again."

"Why don't you just say that you think I'm a meddling little ape?"

"I don't have to, do I? After all, you've just said it for me."

Tina then said burstingly: "You could have dinner up here if you liked. I could bring it on a tray."

Helen said: "No, thank you, Tina. My days as a recluse are over. Life goes on from here, and that includes dinner at a proper table, with at least an attempt at light conversation."

"Ramparts plumed and pallid," she quoted with a wry smile. "That's me: Unbreached. Unassailable."

"Come on, Tina," she added almost gaily. "Tom must be starving."

She walked down the stairs with her head held very high, and her laughter floated back normally . . . almost normally. But Tina was older than she had been the day before, than she had been half an hour before, and she was not so easily fooled any more.

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HAIR

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — April 28, 1965

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GIVE YOUR HOME THAT SPOTLESS HOOVER LOOK!

"No," said Gibbs. "No outsiders are allowed. There is a police investigation going on." He stood up, and then suddenly bent and kissed his wife.

As they left the restaurant, Gibbs said quietly to Henry, "If my wife should come to the office this afternoon . . . people might think . . . in fact, I'd rather she was not allowed in."

"Very well," said Henry, "I'll tell the sergeant."

They went back to the offices of "Style." Henry re-established himself in his poky domain and dialled the number of the Editor's office. Immediately, a crisp, efficient voice answered.

"Miss French's office. Good afternoon."

"Is that Miss Field?"

"It is. Can I help you?"

"This is Inspector Tibbett. I was hoping to have a word with you."

"Certainly, Inspector."

"Right away now?"

"Well? What do you want to ask me?"

"I'm afraid I can't do it over the phone, Miss Field. Can you come along here?"

"Oh, no, I'm afraid not," replied Rachel promptly. "Miss French isn't in the office at the moment. I can't possibly leave it."

"I can assure you," said Henry, "police investigations have absolute priority."

"Oh, well . . . in that case . . . I'll come along right away, Inspector."

Rachel turned out to be an excellent and concise witness, as Henry had guessed she would. She described her return from Paris the previous day in company with Michael, Teresa, and Veronica, the late night working session, and Gibbs' party.

"I understand that afterwards Mr. Knight drove you home in his car?"

"Yes. He was going in my direction."

"Where do you live, Miss Field?"

"I have a flat just off Holland Road."

Henry raised his eyebrows slightly. "Mr. Knight lives here, in Earl Street," he said. "To go to Holland Road must have taken him in absolutely the wrong direction."

"He was dropping Mr. Barry in Kensington, in any case," said Rachel shortly.

"I see," said Henry. "Now, if you don't mind, I'd like to talk about your suitcase."

"My suitcase? What about it? I'd like to have it back, if I may."

"You left it in Miss Pankhurst's office last night, didn't you?"

"Yes. I couldn't have Miss French's room cluttered up."

"Can you think of any reason why someone should want to ransack your case?"

"Ransack? What do you mean?"

"I'd like you to come and take a look for yourself," said Henry.

He got up and led the way to Helen's office, where a policeman stood guard over the door.

Rachel's eyes widened as she saw

Continued from page 29

the chaos and a look of unmistakable anger came into her face.

"My things," she said. "How dared he —?"

"Why do you say 'he'?" Henry asked quickly.

Rachel looked taken aback. "Well," she said, "it must have been a man, mustn't it? I mean —"

"It may not have been a man," said Henry. "What I want you to do is check up and see if there's anything missing — anything at all."

She went systematically through the scattered contents of the case and then said: "Everything seems to be here."

Henry looked thoughtful. "So," he said, "either somebody was looking

for something which wasn't there or . . ." He paused. "Miss Field, would anyone else have had an opportunity of putting something in your case in Paris without your knowing it?"

Rachel said with no hesitation, "Oh, yes. On these trips we use our hotel rooms virtually as offices. I try to keep other people out of mine, so that I can work in peace . . . but, of course, they come wandering in with queries and so on. In fact, Veronica Spence was there nearly all the time I was packing."

"Was she?" Henry asked slowly.

"Well, I suppose we shall find out eventually what it was that somebody hoped to find. Meanwhile,

you can repack your case and take it away now, if you like."

"Thank you," said Rachel.

When the case was shut again, Henry thanked her for her help, told her to leave her address with the sergeant, and sent her back to her own office. Left alone, he considered the evidence he had heard so far. Several of the witnesses were concealing something; that much was clear. But what? Something to do with Helen's private life, he guessed — a private life which was inextricably mixed up with her work. Perhaps a visit to Hindhurst might provide the answer. Henry sighed and went off to have a look at the back door of the "Style" building.

## MURDER A LA MODE

There was nothing remarkable about it. It was served by a battered lift at the rear of the house — a lift which was used, according to Alf, for bringing up heavy goods such as furniture to the studio for photographing. The door led out into a grubby mews and was secured by a Yale lock. Alf assured Henry that the two keys to this lock were in his possession. One he carried always on his key-ring. The other was kept hanging on a hook in his cubby-hole, in case of emergencies.

Henry left Alf and went across the road to have a talk with Nicholas Knight.

Beside the entrance to The Orangery, Henry found a door with a smart black plaque on it, on which was written in white lettering, "Nicholas Knight. Haute Couture. First Floor." He climbed

To page 50

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a narrow staircase, and found himself facing a pair of swing doors which bore another plaque, similarly inscribed. He pushed them open, and went in.

The long salon covered the entire floor of the building. It was close-carpeted in white, with black satin curtains held back by thick ropes of white braid, and a huge vase of white lilies and red roses stood in the empty fireplace. There were small gilt chairs along one wall, and an enormous mirror occupied most of another.

Just inside the door was an antique walnut table at which sat an impossible blond girl painting her fingernails silver.

"Can I help you?" she inquired.

"I'd like to see Mr. Knight, please," said Henry, and gave the girl his card. A minute later she was back and Henry followed her through the draped black curtains at the far end of the room and up a small, twisting staircase. Henry became aware of the

Continued from page 49

sound of chattering female voices, which appeared to be coming from behind a half-open door on his left. On the right was a door marked "Private."

She pushed open the left-hand door, and stood back to let Henry pass.

Nicholas Knight was engaged in fitting a swathe of green satin round the slim hips of a model.

"Do come in," said Knight.

"Perhaps I'd better . . ." began Henry nervously, preparing to retreat.

"Shan't be a moment. Get Mr. Tibbett a chair, somebody."

Knight tucked and pinned at the green satin and stood back a little.

"Turn round slowly, Renee, there's a love," he said. Knight watched her through half-closed eyes. "Yes. All right. Stop. That'll do, love."

## MURDER A LA MODE

The girl sauntered off. Knight turned to Henry.

"I'm most terribly sorry to have kept you waiting, Inspector," he said. "This is the busiest time for us poor dressmakers. Come into my office. Perhaps there we can get a little peace."

He led the way out on to the landing, and in through the door marked "Private."

**S**WEEPING an armful of papers off a chair, Knight indicated that Henry should sit on it. Then he himself sat down on the far side of the desk.

Henry began almost diffidently. "I don't suppose you can tell me very much, Mr. Knight," he said, "but I have a feeling that your opinions as what I might call an interested outsider may be very valuable."

Nicholas beamed. "Any-

thing I can do . . ." he said, with an expansive gesture.

"For a start, then, did you know Helen Pankhurst?"

"No. That's to say, hardly at all. I knew of her, of course, but her job was mainly in the office. I know the fashion staff of 'Style' intimately, of course, Teresa and Beth and the others."

"What I'm trying to get at," said Henry, "is a true picture of the relationships between various people."

Knight's smile faded abruptly, and for some reason he looked terrified. "What do you mean, Inspector?"

"I mean," said Henry, "Miss Pankhurst's relationships with other people in the office."

"Oh," Knight looked relieved. "I'll tell you all I can." He paused, as if choosing his words carefully. "Of course, you realise that this world of fashion is a curious one."

"So people keep telling me," said Henry.

"It isn't that people are not what they seem," Nicholas went on. "On the contrary, they tend to exaggerate what they are to the point of absurdity. The great thing about Helen Pankhurst was that she didn't play that particular game — she remained herself, no more and no less."

"Then take Teresa and Michael. What sort of marriage is that, I ask you?"

"Well, what sort is it?" Henry asked.

"My dear, it's a farce," Nicholas laughed. "When they got married, Teresa was already Assistant Fashion Editor of 'Style,' but Michael had only just started his own studio — one sordid room in Charlotte Street. He'd never have got anywhere without Teresa. Of course, the ironic thing is that the boot's on the other foot now."

"All that doesn't necessarily mean that their marriage is a farce."

"I don't want to sound bitchy," said Nicholas primly, "but Teresa is solid bone above the neck. Solid. A wonderful fashion sense, and nothing else. And Michael has always had all sorts of other interests." Henry wondered exactly what Nicholas meant, and asked him as much.

"Oh, this and that," he said. "One hears rumors, you know."

"Did any of these rumors concern Helen Pankhurst?" Henry asked.

Nicholas looked genuinely surprised. "Helen?" he said. "I'm not a gossip, Inspector. It's perfectly possible that there have been rumors about Michael and Helen. I just don't happen to have heard them, that's all." He sounded faintly aggrieved by the fact.

Henry then asked about the events of the previous evening.

"I'd been working late," said Knight. "It must have been about midnight when I decided to go down for a nightcap."

Henry glanced out of the window, directly at the "Style" building.

"Did you notice the lights on over the road?" he asked.

"I didn't exactly notice them," said Nicholas. "I knew they'd all be there late, because of the Collections. I'd probably have noticed if the lights hadn't been on, if you follow me."

"So," said Henry, "you went down to The Orangery, where you met Mr. Gibbs and Mr. Barry."

"That's right. They were just finishing dinner."

"Then," said Henry, "you accepted Mr. Gibbs' invitation to go to his house afterwards? You and Mr. Barry

drove on to Brompton Square, while Mr. Gibbs picked up the others from the office. By the way, was Mrs. Gibbs there?"

"Lorna? No, she wasn't. She was in the country. They've got a place in Surrey, you know, as well as the town house. There's another clever fellow who married money."

"Tell me, did any of the 'Style' people strike you as being unusually upset or nervous, or different from their normal selves?"

"Normal?" Nicholas gave a little shrill of laughter. "None of them are particularly normal at the best of times. Patrick was as rude as ever — thoroughly offensive, in fact. Michael was teasing the pants off poor old Horace, which I must say I rather enjoyed. Teresa was a bit quiet, I thought, and Margery looked positively ill once or twice."

"And what about Miss Field?"

"I've no idea," said Nicholas. "I'd never met her before. She could hardly have been more usual, poor dear."

"So you dropped Miss Field and Mr. Barry home, and then came back here?"

"It was round about three," said Nicholas. "I can't tell you exactly. I know I left Brompton Square at half-past two."

"And when you got back here," Henry went on, "did you notice anything out of the way? Any comings or goings?"

"I did notice one thing. When I went to pull the curtains in my bedroom, I saw a girl coming out of the 'Style' building. A most odd-looking creature in a terrible orange dress and a white stole and spectacles. That's not one of the fashion staff, I said to myself."

**H**ENRY nodded.

"That must have been Miss Piper, the Features Editor," he said. "What did she do?"

"Walked off down the street."

"And you didn't see anybody else?"

"I caught a glimpse of Helen through the window, as a matter of fact. She was typing away. She was certainly alive then. After that I pulled the curtains and went to bed and simply died."

"I see," said Henry. "I suppose I should have a word with Mr. Barry some time," he said. "Can you tell me where to contact him? You know him well, I believe."

"I work for him," said Nicholas shortly.

"Work for him?" Henry was surprised. "But I thought that . . . I mean, you operate on a very high level, and he—"

"Every great name in couture has some sort of a wholesale outlet nowadays. It's plain commonsense. Five thousand dresses at ten guineas bring in more profit than one dress at a hundred guineas. The point of a salon like mine is to get one's name and designs known — that's worth any sacrifice. Any sacrifice at all. And Barry himself is vulgar and boring, but he knows the business inside out."

"Where do I find him?" Henry asked.

"286 Pope Street. Just off Poland Street."

As he was leaving, something struck Henry. "By the way," he said, his hand on the door handle, "were you in Paris last week?"

To his surprise, Knight turned very white, and when he answered, his voice had a

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — April 28, 1965



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**I**n the few short weeks since Heinz introduced their new peak-nutrition process baby foods, Australian babies have already begun to benefit from Heinz extra goodness.

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Heinz gives your baby more to grow on

high note of hysteria in it. "I was not!" he cried. "Certainly not! I never go to Paris. Everyone knows that. I was here the entire week. Anyone will tell you—I don't go near the Collections. I work from photographs, by eye."

"That must save you a lot of money," said Henry guilelessly. He opened the door and went out. On the landing, he paused for a second—long enough to hear Knight picking up the telephone and saying, "Get me Barrimodes."

In the street, he looked at his watch. It was half-past four. He had only one more interview to conduct at "Style"—an interview which he did not expect to reveal a great deal. This was with Donald MacKay, the Assistant Art Editor, in whom Veronica seemed so interested. It did not seem to Henry that he would have much to contribute. However, as so often happens, he found his talk with Donald unexpectedly rewarding.

As far as the events of the previous evening were concerned, Donald had nothing new to add. He had noticed the flask standing in the dark-room, and confirmed that it was still there when he went home at half-past one. He had been working flat out, he said, preparing sample layouts for Patrick, and had not noticed the bottle of cyanide at all. Like everybody else, however, he knew it was there, and he knew where it was kept. He told Henry about his meeting in the street with Gibbs, and added that he had, after much searching, finally found a taxi to take him to Battersea.

When Henry broached the subject of Helen and Michael, Donald was relaxed, and in a mood to talk. "Oh, that," he said. "Yes, of course I'd heard about it. Olwen made sure of that. But I'll tell you one thing—there was something phony about it."

"You mean," said Henry, "that this story may be a smoke screen to hide something else?"

"Yes," said Donald. "I do. Just that."

"The same thought had occurred to me," said Henry, "but what?"

"I have no idea," said Donald.

"Mr. Walsh," said Henry, "was very fond of Helen, wasn't he?"

"He certainly was," replied Donald promptly. "We all liked her. Except Miss Field."

"Was that important?" Henry asked. "I mean, Miss Field is only a secretary, isn't she?"

"She's a very influential person, in her own way. When Margery retires it will make a big difference to Miss Field who becomes Editor. She disliked Helen, because Helen was too much like her. As Editor, Helen would have wanted to keep her finger on everything—even the filing system. She wasn't a person who could delegate responsibility. Miss Field despises Teresa as a person, but she knows that if Teresa were Editor she'd leave all the administration to her secretary, and Miss Field would

Continued from page 50

become more powerful than ever. Do you see what I mean?"

"Yes," said Henry thoughtfully. "Yes, I do see."

It was six o'clock when Henry left the "Style" offices. He went to the nearest phone box and put through a call to Olwen Piper at the flat in Kensington—the flat which had been Helen's. Olwen answered at once, and did not seem pleased.

"I have to be at the theatre by half-past eight," she said. "I can be with you by half-past six," said Henry. "If you could spare me even half an hour..."

"Oh, very well." The flat was on the seventh floor of a modern block, and was furnished with good, simple, contemporary pieces, bearing witness to excellent, if somewhat, austere taste on the part of the late occupier.

Olwen greeted Henry brusquely. "I suppose you want to look round," she said. "I'll leave you to it. I have to change. Call me if you want me—I'll be in my room."

With that, she disappeared through an open doorway on Henry's left, beyond which he caught a glimpse of a small bedroom in a state of great disorder. Olwen shut the door behind her, and Henry began his tour of inspection, beginning with a small roll-top desk, and it was not locked. Henry opened it.

THE first thing that caught his eye was an unfinished letter, which lay on a pad of white blotting-paper in the centre of the desk. It bore no superscription other than the word "Tuesday." Henry picked it up and read it.

"I think I've got hold of the right stuff at last. It's not quite the same as one finds in Paris, but I've asked Teresa to bring me back a sample so that we can compare them. I've practically made up my mind about the blue jersey dress—you know, the one Beth wanted to photograph. I'll let you know definitely in a few days' time, I hope."

Here the note stopped. Since it did not break off in mid-sentence, Henry guessed that Helen had merely put it away to finish later—realising perhaps that she would have to hurry to keep her appointment with the doctor. A large pin in the left-hand top corner of the paper secured something to the back of it, and Henry turned it over, expecting to see a scrap of dress material, for clearly the letter had been intended for Helen's dressmaker. He was mildly surprised, however, to find nothing except a blank sheet of writing-paper pinned to the first one. It occurred to him then that he had no sample of Helen's handwriting—in the office, she had worked exclusively on the typewriter. So he folded the paper and put it into his pocket.

Otherwise, the desk was as dishearteningly well ordered as the rest of Helen's life. There were neat files of receipts, bank statements, and household accounts; there was a file marked "Letters to be answered," in which Henry found a note, apparently from an old school friend, urging Helen to spend a weekend with the writer and her husband in Shropshire, and a card from the Electricity Board stating that, if convenient, their representative would call next Monday at 2 p.m. to inspect the faulty cooker.

## MURDER A LA MODE

He went back into the hall and knocked on Olwen's door. "Yes? What do you want?" "I've seen all I need to see, Miss Piper," said Henry, "but I'd like a word with you when you're ready."

"Very well. I shan't be long." A couple of minutes later, Olwen joined him in the living-room. "Well?" said Olwen, "what can I do for you?"

she took her letters into the kitchen and read them while the coffee was brewing. Anything that didn't need an answer, she put into the incinerator straight away—you know how tidy she was.

"What do you mean by 'secretive'?" Henry asked. "Well..." Olwen hesitated. "One morning I was expecting rather a special letter, and I got up early and cleared the letter-box and

wants me to do with it. Of course, I'll have to refurbish completely, but for the time being I imagine I can go on using Helen's things."

She glanced at her watch and said, "I'm afraid I have to go now."

"Me, too," said Henry. "Thank you for your help."

Henry arrived home at half-past six, shut the door behind him with a certain amount of noise. Emmy jumped up guiltily, leaving a mass of paper and material on the floor. "Darling! Home al-

about the murder at 'Style,' no?"

Henry sat down and said, "You have evidently heard what happened. Miss Pankhurst was poisoned. I have come to see you because you dined with Mr. Gibbs on Tuesday evening, and went to his house afterwards. I thought you might be able to give me your impressions of the people who were there. And what happened there?"

Mr. Barry's normally cheerful face assumed an angry frown, as if at some unpleasant memory. "Patrick Walsh and Michael Healy," he said darkly. "Such rudeness. This I do not tolerate. There was another lady there, whom I had not met before... Miss French's secretary, I believe. A Miss Field. I feel sad for her, for she is... how shall I say... out of her ambience. I speak to her about cats, of which we are both fond. Michael Healy is talking of Art, as usual. That young man should stick to his camera. With it, he is a genius. I am not denying. Does that give him the right to be insulting?" Barry sounded really angry.

"Did anyone mention Miss Pankhurst during the evening?" Henry asked.

"I do not remember that they did. We did not stay there long, at Brompton Square. I tell you frankly, Inspector, I was not enjoying myself, with Walsh and Healy both taking pleasures to be rude to me. So—they call me vulgar. So—I put good money in their pockets? What for they complain? So I go and speak of cats to this poor Miss Field, who has spoken to nobody all the time. I was happy when Nicholas came up and said we should leave. He says he also takes Miss Field, for she lives in the same direction as I. She too is glad to leave, I can tell. And if you believe it, Inspector, while she collected her things... that man Walsh... Now that I think, Miss Pankhurst was mentioned. The man Walsh came up and start insulting Nicholas, as always."

"How did he insult him?"

Barry looked uncomfortable. "He made bad innuendo about... about morals," he said unhappily. "Then he says, 'You think you got the support of 'Style,' don't you, your little...?' He used bad words. 'Well,' he says, 'I can tell you, some of us don't like your particular carry-on. Me for one and Helen for another. We know about you, and we're after you. You and your friend.'"

"Did you know the dead girl at all?"

"By name only. I never met her."

"By the way," said Henry, "were you in Paris last week?"

"But of course."

"Did you come across any of the 'Style' team while you were there?"

"No, no. Press shows, buyers' shows, they are quite separate. No, I did not see any of them."

"I see," said Henry. He was feeling depressed. He could not make up his mind whether the smoothly unrevealing statements which he was accumulating in his notebook were as innocent as they seemed, or whether—as Donald MacKay had hinted—he was up against a very professional conspiracy to deceive him.

"How well do you know Mr. Gibbs?" Henry asked.

"How well? I know him for business. We respect each other."

"Do you know his wife?"

"Ah, the beautiful Lorna. I meet her when I spend weekends for playing golf in Surrey, at their country house."

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## IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY



"First of all," said Henry, pulling out of his pocket the note he had found in Helen's desk, "can you identify that handwriting?"

Olwen glanced at it. "Yes, of course. It's Helen's."

"Good. I just wanted to be sure. Now, can you tell me if Helen generally received many letters?"

"I really can't tell you, Inspector. Helen always got up first in the morning, and made coffee. I'm at the theatre most evenings, so I can afford to get into the office a little later, unless I'm specially busy. Helen was... well... secretive about some things. It became a routine that she always collected the post, and

took her mail into her room to give her, and she was absolutely furious. As though I'd been opening her private letters, or something. Anyhow, there was nothing for her that morning except a couple of circulars; but she made me promise I'd leave the post for her to collect in future... But now, Inspector, about Helen's clothes and things. I'd like to get them packed up and into storage as soon as I can."

"I can't see any objection," said Henry. He looked round the room. "I suppose all this furniture is hers. What will you do about that?"

"I'll write to her sister," said Olwen, "to see what she

ready! Goodness, how the time goes. I wasn't expecting you for hours. Would you like a drink?"

"Yes, please," said Henry, with a touch of pique. "What are you doing?"

"Making a skirt," said Emmy. "Ronnie says this knobby tweed is the latest craze in Paris. And it doesn't crease. Feel it."

"Do you mind if I just have my drink?" said Henry. "I'm very tired."

"Poor Uncle Henry," Veronica smiled at him. "I've been doing masses of detecting for you. You've no idea."

"My dear Veronica," said Henry, "I'm sure that Scotland Yard will be suitably grateful. But for the moment, all I'm interested in is food and a drink and a bath and bed."

"But, Uncle Henry, you said—"

"Darling Ronnie," said Henry, "I'm sure you'll be tremendously useful to us—but please, not now."

"Oh, well," said Veronica in a slightly hurt voice, "if you don't want to hear what I've found out, it's your loss. I've got to go, anyhow. Donald is calling for me at eight."

"Donald MacKay?" Henry asked from the comfortable depths of his chair.

"Yes, of course."

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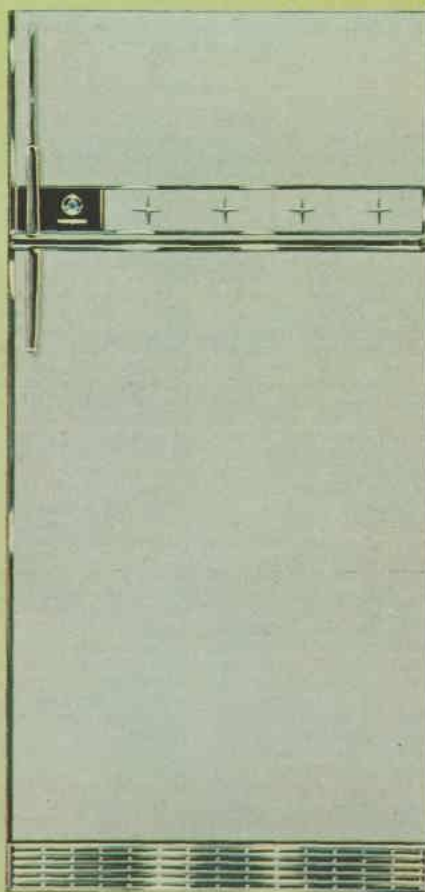


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"At Hindhurst, isn't it?" said Henry.

Barry looked puzzled. "Hindhurst?" he said. "This name I do not know. No, no, Gibbs' house is near Virginia Water. Convenient for Sunningdale."

"Of course," said Henry. "Stupid of me. I was mixing him up with somebody else."

Meticulously his speech was cut short by the ringing of the telephone. "Excuse," said Barry, picking up the receiver. "One moment only."

"I really must go," said Henry. "Thank you very much, Mr. Barry. Goodbye."

He walked quickly out of the room, leaving Barry engaged in a lively discussion on the delivery date of shirtwaisters.

Back in his office at Scotland Yard, Henry wrote a long and thoughtful report on the progress of the case. Several times he put a large query in the margin, indicating an inconsistency of evidence which required investigation. Then he called his sergeant.

"If anyone wants me this afternoon," he said, "I'm not available. I've had enough of London for the moment. I'm going to get some country air. Order me a car, will you? I'll drive myself."

"Very good, sir," said the sergeant, giving a passable imitation of the incomparable Jeeves. "Where would you be going to then, sir?"

"First, Virginia Water and then Hindhurst. They're at opposite ends of Surrey, but I should have time to do both. I want you to find out for me the address of Mr. Godfrey Gibbs' country house near Virginia Water. Then get on to the Hindhurst police, and get them cracking on inquiring among the local doctors to find out if Miss Pankhurst consulted any of them. I'll be with them about five o'clock, and I shall need a photograph of the dead woman to take with me."

Henry had already put on his overcoat and scarf, preparatory to going out for lunch at his favorite pub, when his telephone rang and Veronica's breathless voice cooed over the line. "Uncle Henry, you must take me out to lunch, because I've got something terribly thrilling to tell you."

"Oh, very well," said Henry. "It'll have to be a quick snack, though. I haven't much time."

Veronica was bursting with information and had begun to impart it even before she and Henry were settled at their table.

"I'm sure it's terribly important, Uncle Henry. I found out quite by accident, you see. You see, it was because Beth wanted to borrow one, and Miss Field seemed to be the best person, and I was with Beth because of my sitting, and—"

"Two roast beef and baked potatoes," said Henry to the waiter. To Veronica he added, "Keep your voice down a bit, Ronnie. What did Beth want to borrow from Miss Field?"

"Her key. Beth has a lot of work to do, you see, because of the murder holding everything up and the Paris stuff being late. She asked Miss Field to lend her the key to the front door. And Miss Field went and looked in her bag, and then—"

"She paused for effect. "Then she came back and said she'd lost it! There now, haven't I found out something useful for you?"

"It's very interesting," said Henry. "I'd hardly call it useful. It makes things more complicated. I'd been working

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on the assumption that only one of the people who had a key could have... never mind. I wonder if anyone had the opportunity of getting at Miss Field's handbag on Tuesday evening."

"I suppose everyone did. And yet—I don't know. She generally works with it on the floor beside her desk, and Donald told me that she never left the office the whole evening. Everyone else was milling round the dark-room and everywhere, he said, but Miss Field never budged once."

"Margery French said the same thing," said Henry thoughtfully.

THE roast beef arrived and for some minutes Veronica concentrated on eating. Henry was lost in thought and was only roused from his speculations by Veronica's voice saying, "Isn't it, Uncle Henry?"

"Isn't what what?" Henry asked.

"You haven't been listening," said Veronica accusingly. "I said, isn't this much more interesting than Nicholas Knight's dresses?"

"Much more," Henry agreed. "Tell me—Donald hasn't got a key of his own, has he?"

"No, he hasn't. But if you're implying that—"

"I'm not implying anything," said Henry. "I'm just thinking aloud. Ernest Jenkins hasn't got a key either, has he?"

"Of course not. And there's something else I haven't told you. Miss French retires in March, and Miss Masters is going to be Editor. The whole office is buzzing with it. Donald says that Patrick says that Olwen's furious. I don't know why. Am I being useful?"

"Very useful, Ronnie," said Henry seriously, "but..." he hesitated. "I think you'd better lay off detecting at 'Style.' We're dealing with a murderer, and I want you to keep out of it."

"You don't mean that somebody might try to kill me?" Veronica laughed. "Oh, don't be silly."

"I'm not being silly," said Henry. "I'm very serious. You do your job and let me do mine."

"We'll see about that," said Veronica.

Red Field Farm, Downley, near Virginia Water, had not been a working farm for many years. The Tudor farmhouse was all that remained of the agricultural past. Now it stood in an acre of carefully landscaped garden, and its surrounding fields and pastures had been sold off, one by one, as sites for the country residences of prosperous businessmen.

Henry parked the car neatly, walked over to the door, and tugged at the bell-push. A moment or so later the door was flung open with a richly theatrical gesture, and Lorna Gibbs cried, "Inspector Tibbett! Come in. And excuse my disarray—I had no idea you were coming. Is this an official visit or a friendly one?"

"Both, I hope," said Henry. "Mind your head on that beam—it catches nearly everybody the first time," said Lorna, leading the way into a comfortable lounge. "Sit down and have a drink. What would you like? Tea, coffee, whisky, champagne?"

"I'd love a cup of tea, if it's not too much trouble," said Henry.

"No trouble at all. I'll go and get it," said Lorna. "Put another log on the fire, there's an angel."

Lorna disappeared into the kitchen, calling to Henry to

help himself to a cigarette. In a few minutes she came back with a tray and poured out the tea. Then she said, "Of course, I'm tremendously pleased and flattered that you've come to see me, but I don't see how I can possibly help you. I haven't been to London for months—until yesterday, when we met in The Orangery."

"I envy you," said Henry. "It must be pleasant for your husband, too, to be able to get down here, away from town."

For a moment Lorna's face clouded. Then she laughed, rather too loudly, and said, "Oh, Godfrey hates the country. He lives in the London house, and only comes down for weekends. Sometimes. Of course," she added, "he has to be in London because of his work." Henry had the impression that she wished she had thought of saying this in the first place.

He said, "A lot of people do commute every day from here to London, don't they?" "Godfrey doesn't," said Lorna shortly.

Henry did not press the point, but went on, "How

She cut him short. "Of course you didn't," she said. "It would be too silly."

Changing the subject, Henry said, "Isn't it lonely for you here during the week?"

"Oh," Lorna shrugged. "I have my dear Mrs. Adams, who comes every morning to help in the house. And I have the dogs." And plenty of neighbors, I suppose."

Lorna made a face. "Terrible people," she said. "Rich and respectable. 'Style' readers, every one of them. Simple little black dresses and one string of pearls." Suddenly, she grinned. "However," she added, "they have their uses, I suppose. It just so happens that on Tuesday evening I had to give a ghastly bridge party here—every so often I have to make a gesture and return hospitality. It dragged on until nearly three in the morning. So there's my alibi, Inspector. I can tell you who was here. There was Mrs. Dankworth and her son, and Lady Wright, and the Petersons..."

### THE BOYFRIEND



"We can't dance any more—I've used all the steps I know!"

well did you know Helen Pankhurst, Mrs. Gibbs?"

"I don't know any of them, except to look at," said Lorna. "Godfrey won't—I mean, he doesn't approve of wives who meddle in their husbands' business, and neither do I. I have to appear occasionally at the annual office party and so on, but otherwise I keep my nose out. Between you and me, I think the 'Style' girls are absolutely grim. The only one of them worth anything is little Olwen, who shared Helen's flat. Of course, the others all despise her. I manage to avoid being intimidated by them by laughing at them, and that makes Godfrey furious."

"I'm sorry about Helen, of course," Lorna went on, "but there's no use pretending I get on well with any of them, because I don't. I thought I'd better tell you that straight away, otherwise you'd find out from other people, and maybe get suspicious. I suppose, if I'm to be strictly honest, I'm jealous—not of any particular person, but of the hold that the magazine has on my husband. I can assure you, though, that I didn't murder Helen—I didn't know her nearly well enough for that."

"I never meant to suggest—"

Henry began.

Conscientiously, Henry wrote down the names in his notebook. Then he said, "Do you know Hindhurst at all, Mrs. Gibbs?"

Lorna looked bewildered. "Hindhurst?" she said. "No, I've never been there. It's at the other end of the county. Why do you ask me that?"

"I just thought," said Henry, "that you might be able to help me. It seems that Miss Pankhurst consulted a doctor there, and since it's in Surrey it struck me on the off-chance that it might have been somebody that you or your husband recommended to her. I'm on my way there now, and if I knew which doctor it was it would save me endless trouble."

"No, I'm afraid I can't help you at all. Our doctor is in Harley Street, and there's a local man here whom I go to occasionally for small things. Was Helen ill, then?"

"Apparently not," said Henry. "That's what makes it interesting. Oh, well, it was only a vague hope. I'd better get going now. Thanks for the tea."

"But don't you want to—I mean, you haven't asked me many questions."

"I've asked all I want to," said Henry. "You've been very helpful."

"I have? Goodness, I've told you nothing."

"Exactly," said Henry. "You've told me that you hardly knew the dead girl or her associates, and that you haven't been to London for months. So there's really nothing more to be said, is there?"

Lorna laughed. "You're right," she said.

It was when Henry was already on the doorstep that Lorna Gibbs made a surprising remark. She had been hesitating for some minutes, detaining Henry by small conversational devices, as though debating whether or not to say something. At the last moment, apparently, she made up her mind.

"Well, Inspector," she said, in a very fair imitation of an offhand manner, "I wish you luck in your search." She paused. "By the way, if you do locate that doctor... I have a friend who's just moved to Hindhurst, and she rang me only last week, funnily enough, to ask me if I knew a good family doctor in that part of the world. So if it's not a bother, you might let me know the name of Helen's man. If she went to him, he should be reliable."

Henry was careful not to show any surprise. "Certainly," he said, politely. "I'll tell your husband—I'm sure to be seeing him."

"Oh, no, don't do that... he's hopeless. He'll never remember to tell me. Ring me here. I'm in the book."

"Very well," said Henry. "I'll do that. Goodbye now, and thank you."

He got into the car and drove away, well pleased with himself. Lorna Gibbs had told him more than she knew.

It was drizzling steadily when Henry reached Hindhurst police station. Here he was greeted by a beaming sergeant and another cup of tea, but no good news. Helen's name had produced no response at all among the local doctors.

"Of course, sir," the sergeant added, "she may have used a false name, and we hadn't a photograph."

"Tell me about the local doctors," Henry said. "How many are there?"

"Well, now. There's old Doctor Herbert up the hill, with a very well-to-do practice, and Doctor Roberts here in the High Street—most of the tradespeople go to him. Then Doctor Bland and Doctor Tanner share a surgery out along the Guildford Road—it's mostly farmers and the like round there. And, of course, there's young Doctor Vance. I was almost forgetting him. New chap. Came and took over when old Doctor Pearce died. They say he's not doing too well. Most of Doctor Pearce's patients transferred to Doctor Herbert. People round here are funny like that. Don't like new faces." The sergeant paused. "That's the lot," he said. "And not one of them knew Miss Pankhurst—so they say."

"Her photograph has been in most of the papers," said Henry. "None of them recognise it?"

"Not a hope," said the sergeant. "Mind, those newspaper pictures weren't much good for identification."

"The ones I have aren't much better," said Henry ruefully. "Apparently the girl just never had her photograph taken."

It was nine o'clock that night when Henry got back to London. None of the doctors had recognised Helen when he had shown them the photographs.

Driving back to town, in steadily increasing rain, Henry turned the problem over in his mind. On that Saturday a month ago Helen had had an appointment with a doctor? Why? She was apparently perfectly well. She had also travelled to Hindhurst on the same day. That, of course, proved

nothing—she might well have consulted a doctor in London before she left. On the other hand, it did indicate that she had friends or acquaintances in the country.

More interesting still was the fact that she had not returned by train, for the unused half of the return ticket was still in her bag. That could mean either that she had been driven back by car or that she had stayed overnight unexpectedly, and thus been obliged to buy a single ticket home the next day, since her day-return would no longer have been valid. Both possibilities suggested something more personal than an ordinary visit to a doctor.

Then there was the second appointment with a doctor, the day before she died. She could certainly have travelled to Hindhurst and back between luncheon and six o'clock, but, even so, Henry was fast coming to the conclusion that Hindhurst and the doctor were unconnected. The doctor, he decided, must be in London, and he would start a search for him the next day.

Meanwhile, the Hindhurst visit remained a mystery, which might well have a banal explanation. More intriguing was the phone call which Olwen had overheard. On an impulse, Henry stopped at a telephone box in Putney, consulted the directory, found Patrick Walsh's name, and dialled his number.

The phone rang for some time, unanswered. Then a gruff voice said, "What do you want? I was in me bath."

"This is Inspector Tibbett, Mr. Walsh. May I come and see you?"

There was an audible hesitation at the other end of the line. "Oh, all right, come if you must."

"I'll be along in about half an hour."

PATRICK'S address turned out to be a beautiful decaying Georgian house in a square off Essex Street. The front door was open and Henry found himself in a drab hallway. Following Patrick's instructions, he climbed the rickety staircase to the second floor, where he found himself confronted by a door which had recently been repainted in noncommittal black. On it, a white card announced one ink-written word—Walsh. Henry raised the brass knocker. At once, there was a shuffling inside, the door opened, and Patrick Walsh said, "Come in."

Looking larger and more shambling than ever in red pyjamas, a black towelling dressing-gown, and ancient camel-hair slippers, Patrick led the way into the flat, which consisted in the main of one enormous studio.

Patrick motioned Henry toward a comfortable sofa, poked the open log fire, and said, "Have a drink."

"Thank you," said Henry. "I will."

Patrick poured two generous measures of Irish whisky into heavy tumblers. He tossed his own back in one gulp, refilled his glass, and then said, "Well?"

"Helen," said Henry, "telephoned you the evening before she died. What did she say to you?"

"Nothing in particular. Just a friendly call."

Henry took out his notebook and thumbed through it with unnecessary deliberation.

In an unemotional voice, he read, "'The doctor says it's quite definite. I don't know what I'm going to do. He'll never leave her, you know that. I honestly wish I was dead.'"

The silence that followed

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was as oppressive as fog. Then Patrick said, "I suppose that damn fool Olwen has been—"

"Miss Piper, very properly, told me what she overheard—"

Patrick brooded, and then seemed to make a decision. "All right," he said, "I'm an old fool, I suppose, but I'll tell you all I know. It's precious little."

Henry waited hopefully. Patrick took a long swig at his glass, and then went on: "Helen was in love. Don't ask me with whom, because she never told me and I didn't ask. It seems that the man — we'll call him X — had a wife to whom he was tied not only by loyalty but for social and business reasons. Later on, he kept telling Helen, when he was in a position to do so, he'd divorce his wife and marry her."

"A few months ago, however, a new and terrible complication arose. Helen began to get worried about X's health — she was a doctor's daughter and knew a bit about such things. She persuaded him to come with her to a doctor for a check-up, without telling his wife. Afterwards, she spoke privately to the doctor, who, of course, imagined her to be X's wife, and he agreed that when the results of the various tests came through, he would tell her the worst, but would keep any really bad news away from X."

"The day she died, she heard the news. When she telephoned me, she'd just come back from a private session with the doctor. He'd told her that X was suffering from an incurable cancer, and had at the most a year to live. X himself, of course, didn't know this, and I presume he still doesn't."

"When she rang me and told me, Helen was in despair. Suddenly, all her dreams and hopes of the future were gone. There was only a year left, and she wanted to spend it with him. Divorce didn't matter any longer, if only they could be together. Yet she was determined to spare him from knowing the truth, and she knew that unless she did he would never leave his

Continued from page 54

wife. Now does it make sense, what Olwen overheard? And do you wonder that Helen killed herself?"

There was a long silence. Then Henry said, "Do you really not know who X is?"

"I don't," Patrick was emphatic.

"Why," Henry asked, "have you been at such pains to prevent my finding out about Helen and Michael Healy?"

"I haven't," said Patrick. "I . . ." He stopped, and glared at Henry with real dislike. "You're trying to trap me. I knew I shouldn't have trusted you, damn you."

"I'm not trying to trap you," said Henry patiently. "I'm asking a question. Everyone else has taken a positive delight in telling me all about Helen and Michael. You are the only person—"

"Who's been talking?" Patrick was livid. "Olwen, I suppose."

"Not only Olwen," said Henry. "Miss French and Mr. Gibbs and even Miss Masters — Mrs. Healy — herself. And Mr. Healy didn't deny it."

"Ah, well," Patrick sighed. "Now she's gone, I suppose they feel there's no point . . ."

"You know very well, don't you, that Michael Healy is X?"

"She never told me," said Patrick stubbornly. "Of course, there was talk. That was Olwen's fault. It may have been right, or it may have been wrong. That's all I have to say."

"I see," Henry was thoughtful. He was remembering Michael Healy's haggard face under the harsh studio lights, his frenetic energy, his bitter ironies. He was remembering what Godfrey Gibbs had said over lunch in The Orangery, and Nicholas Knight's insinuations. It was tragic, but not inconceivable that the brilliant photographer, still in his early forties, might be under sentence of death — a sentence of which he was formally ignorant, but which

he might well guess in his secret heart. It explained a great deal. Was this, then, the secret which so many of "Style's" staff were concerned to hide? Supposing the fact of Michael's illness were known to others besides Patrick? Helen was dead, but Michael was dearly loved and still alive, and his friends might well fear that Henry's investigations would reveal the truth to him in a brutal manner.

Henry said, "You have a

said Patrick. "I should never have—"

Henry stood up. "There's just one more question," he said. "Are you married yourself, Mr. Walsh?"

Patrick's face went brick-red. "Certainly not."

"Have you ever been?" There was a long hesitation. Henry added, "I can look it up easily enough, you know, at Somerset House."

Patrick was patently ill at ease. "It was all so long ago," he said. "A runaway

rows and the bitterness got worse and worse, and after three years she up and left me. That's all there is to it."

"Did you ever get divorced?"

"No," said Patrick shortly. "And when did you meet up with her again?"

Patrick turned on him, furious. "What do you mean by that? I never said—"

"If you'd really lost touch with her," said Henry, "you'd have made no bones about telling me all about the marriage." There was an angry pause. Henry went on. "Well, if you won't tell me, I'll tell you, I think that your wife is Miss Margery French, the distinguished Editor of 'Style'."

Patrick gave him a long, appraising look. Then he said, "For pity's sake keep it quiet, will you?"

"Why?" said Henry. "What's the harm in anyone knowing?"

"You wouldn't understand."

"How long has your wife been with 'Style'?"

"Thirty-five years. Soon after she left me, she got her first job there, as a secretary."

"And you?"

"I joined the staff three years ago," said Patrick. He carefully refrained from looking directly at Henry.

"You got your job on the strength of your wife's influence, no doubt?"

"No such thing! If you think that Margery would employ anybody for any other reason than that she considered them the right person for the job—!"

"And what," said Henry, "did you do during those thirty-two years?"

Patrick scowled. "I painted."

"Successfully?"

"No."

"So you must have been very glad of the job on 'Style,'" Henry remarked.

Patrick turned on him ferociously. "Get out! he shouted. "Get out and stay out! And keep your mouth shut or I'll break your neck!"

Henry looked at him with genuine pity. "It's unfortunately part of my job to be

inquisitive," he said. "Please believe me, I don't enjoy it, and I am reasonably discreet; unless, of course, a fact has a bearing on the case in hand. Thanks for the whisky. I'll let myself out."

He clattered down the stairs and out into the misty square. As he drove slowly home, many questions jostled in his mind, and the most pressing of them was — just how far could he believe what Patrick had told him? A thought which returned with persistency was that, if one discounted the story of the illness, which could easily be a fabrication, Patrick himself was extremely well qualified for the role of X.

The following morning started with the inquest, which Henry was determined to keep as short and non-committal as possible. Apart from Margery French, who had readily agreed to give evidence of identification, and Alf Samson, nobody else was there except for the police witnesses and a handful of crime reporters, most of whom Henry knew and greeted by name.

The proceedings were gratifyingly brief. Margery affirmed that the body was indeed Helen's, and then hurried off to take a taxi to the office. Alf described his finding of the corpse. The doctor gave the medical evidence in a deep, grudging voice. Henry himself took the stand to say that police investigations were in progress, but had reached no satisfactory conclusion, and requested an adjournment. The whole thing took a bare twenty minutes, and by ten o'clock Henry was in the "Style" building making his way straight to Olwen Piper's office.

Olwen was on the telephone when Henry came in. She smiled at him, quickly and a little nervously, and finished her conversation.

"I'm sorry to disturb you when you're so busy," Henry said.

"I'm always busy," said Olwen simply.

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## MURDER A LA MODE



key to the "Style" building, haven't you, Mr. Walsh?"

"What of it?"

"Nothing. I just wanted to check. Do you often work late?"

Patrick chuckled. "Not me," he said. "I'm too smart and too old for that. Of course, there's the Paris shambles twice a year, but otherwise I make sure of getting away on time."

"Yes," said Henry with a grin. "Well, I'll leave you in peace now. Thanks for the whisky, and thanks for being so frank with me."

affair. I was twenty-one and she nineteen. I was an Art student without two pennies to rub together, and she was from a grand family, and reading for a university degree in literature. Of course, it was madness, and anyone could have told us so. Most people did, in fact, but we didn't listen. The first year was fine, while we were both at college still. Then the trouble began. She was ambitious as the devil — always has been. Wanted a great career for herself, and for me, too. I wanted to live in a garret and paint. The

## "A special occasion and I felt terrible!"



My husband and I were at the races and when I pointed out Betty Johnson, an old school friend of mine, he said: "School friend? She looks younger than you!" I felt terrible.



After the races I talked to Betty and I realised she did look younger. I simply had to ask her secret. "Easy," she said. "Almost any girl can be younger-looking with Palmolive soap facials."

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By the map it could be a thousand miles or more – but by phone Cairns is only minutes away – and it is only a matter of shillings to get there. Even if you live on the Swan or Derwent, 12/- is all you need for a 3-minute evening call. Out-of-town calls are surprisingly cheap – particularly in off-peak hours. Check it in the front pages of your phone book.

AUSTRALIAN POST OFFICE

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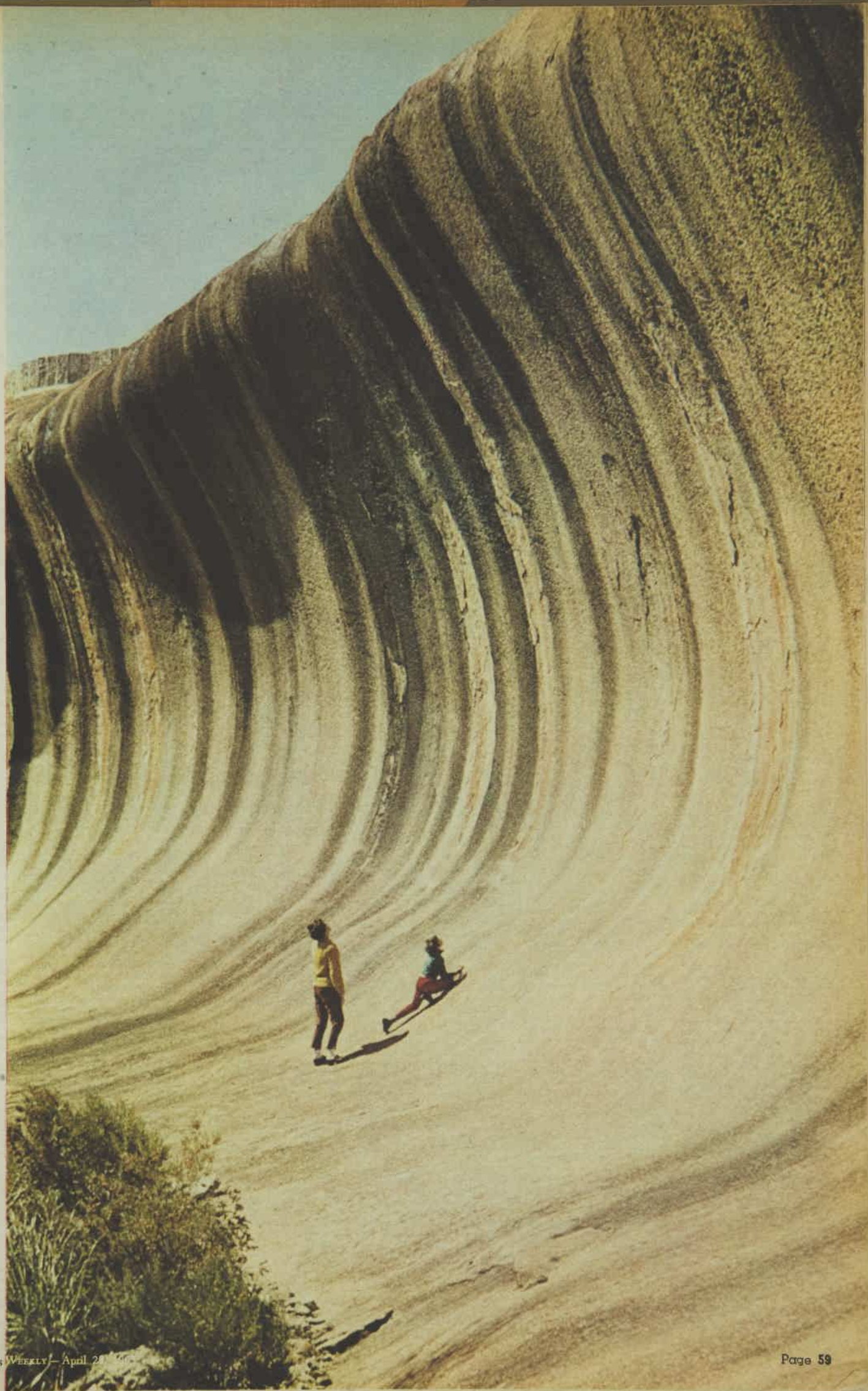
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY – April 28/1961

BEAUTIFUL  
AUSTRALIA

## WAVE ROCK

● Spectacular Wave Rock in the Hyden district, about 217 miles east of Perth, has become a tourist attraction and a favorite picnic spot with the completion of sealed roads. It is thought that wind erosion caused the surf-like rock formation, although glacial activity long ago has also been suggested. Not far away is a cave with aboriginal hand paintings. Above the Wave Rock is a rock which collects rain-water. This is channelled into a reservoir supplying the town of Hyden, the centre of a wheat area.

Picture by Dr. John  
G. Francis, Narrogin,  
Western Australia.



"I'll make it as quick as I can, then," he said. "What I want to know is the name of Helen's doctor."

"Her doctor? Oh, you mean about—"

"You were wrong about Helen, Miss Piper," said Henry. "She wasn't pregnant."

"She wasn't?" Olwen looked completely taken aback. "Then... what did it mean? What I heard her say?"

"I don't know for sure," said Henry. "That's why I want to see her doctor. He may be able to help me."

"Helen was hardly ever ill," said Olwen. "She and I were both registered with Dr. Markham in Onslow Street, but I don't think she's been to see him for ages."

Henry made a note of the doctor's name and address. "Thank you very much. That's all for the moment."

The desk in his office had been dusted and tidied, and fresh white paper inserted in the blotter. On it lay an envelope addressed to him. Inside a typed note on "Style" notepaper read: "Dear Inspector Tibbett, May I see you as soon as possible on a matter which may be important? Rachel Field." He dialled the number of the editor's office.

"Miss French's office... oh, Inspector Tibbett. At last. You were not here yesterday." Miss Field's voice was reproving.

"I'm sorry," said Henry. "I had other things to do."

"I've been trying to contact you since yesterday," said Miss Field. "I have something serious to tell you."

"Come along and see me," said Henry.

"Very well, Inspector."

Tempting though it might be to display omniscience by revealing that he already knew what Miss Field had to say, Henry decided against it. He did not intend to have Veronica mixed up in the affair more than was strictly necessary. Consequently, he put up a very good show of surprise when Rachel Field said, "Inspector, my key to the building has been stolen."

"Stolen? You're sure you haven't just mislaid it?"

"Positive. It was definitely in my handbag on Tuesday when I got back from Paris. I keep it on the same ring as my house keys." She produced a neat key-ring from her black handbag. "You see? You have to open the ring to get a key off. The others are still there."

"When did you first notice that it was missing?"

"Yesterday morning, when Miss Connolly came and asked me if she could borrow it."

"And you are positive that you had it on Tuesday evening?"

"Quite positive. The front door was already locked when we got here from the airport, and I used my key to open the door."

"Did anybody have the opportunity of stealing it from your bag on Tuesday evening?" Henry asked.

Miss Field looked uncomfortable. "Yes," she said.

"When?"

"I... well, I always have my handbag on the floor beside my desk when I'm working."

"Exactly," said Henry. "And I'm told that you didn't leave the office once during the evening. Don't you think the key may have been taken later on... at Mr. Gibbs' house, for instance?"

Rachel Field looked startled. "At Mr. Gibbs'—oh, no. Certainly not."

ALL characters in serials and short stories which appear in *The Australian Women's Weekly* are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

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"Just a moment, Miss Field," said Henry. He opened his notebook and began hunting through the previous entries. Rachel watched him with the slight contempt of the quick, efficient worker for the slow, fumbling one.

Looking up, Henry said, "When I spoke to Horace Barry, he said—apropos of his departure from Brompton Square... Henry glanced at his notebook, and then read aloud, "... while Miss Field went to collect her things." What things, Miss Field?"

"My coat and gloves. They were in the hall."

"Not your handbag?"

"Of course not. I kept that with me."

"I see. But you say that somebody could have tampered with it earlier on."

"Yes." For once, Rachel appeared hesitant. "It's not quite true that I didn't leave

for," said Rachel, "is why anybody should want to take my key. I mean—any of us could have put cyanide in the flask. The murderer didn't need a key. It couldn't be, could it, that he's planning something else—?"

"The murderer did need a key, Miss Field," said Henry. "He—or she—may have put poison in the flask during the evening's working session; but somebody—presumably the murderer—came back again later. Much later. After Miss Pankhurst was dead."

"What?" Rachel gave a little gasp.

"The reason the murderer came back," Henry went on steadily, "was to look for something... something which he expected to find in your suitcase."

"In my...?" White-faced, Rachel gripped the arms of her chair and closed her eyes



the office at all. I was out of the room for about ten minutes, soon after one o'clock."

"Where did you go?"

"I went into the Art Department first. Mr. Walsh was there on his own. I asked him if he knew where Miss French was, as I had a query about the copy I was typing. He said she was in the darkroom. I then opened the door leading to the darkroom store, where the... the flask was, you know."

HENRY nodded. Rachel went on. "Miss French, Mr. Healy, Miss Masters, and Donald MacKay were all in there, looking at prints as they came out of the wash. I didn't like to disturb them—my query wasn't very important, and I decided it could wait. So I just walked through the darkroom and out of the other door into the corridor, and went to the ladies' room," said Rachel. "While I was there, I decided to comb my hair, and that was when I realised that I'd left my handbag in the office. When I got back, Miss French was there, and we started work at once. My bag was in its usual place beside my desk. I can't tell you whether it had been moved or not."

"Tell me," said Henry, "did the people in the darkroom see you when you opened the door?"

"Donald did," said Miss Field positively. "He was facing the door, and he looked up when I opened it. The others had their backs to me."

"And Donald MacKay was the only person in the building who did not have his own key to the front door," Henry said.

"What worries me, Inspec-

tor, then she opened them, looked at Henry and smiled. "I'm sorry, Inspector. You gave me rather a shock. What could anybody have hoped to find in my suitcase?"

Henry was puzzled by her obvious distress. "You knew the case had been rifled the day before yesterday," he said.

"Yes, but... I never realised somebody actually killed her in order to get hold of something in my case."

"It looks like it," said Henry. "And the fact that your key was stolen narrows the field. Now, I want you to think hard. I know I've asked you this before, but I need a more precise answer. Who, of the people in Paris, could have slipped some small article into your case without your knowing it?"

With very little hesitation, Rachel said, "There's only one person, Inspector. Veronica Spence. Now I think of it, neither Miss Masters nor Mr. Healy came into my room at all on the last day, and my case was quite empty when I started packing. But then Veronica was in and out all the time, and I actually left her in my room alone when Miss Masters called me away in the middle of my packing."

Henry suddenly felt very cold. It was ludicrous to connect Veronica with any sort of criminal activity, but he was haunted by the thought that she might have become implicated, unwittingly, in something illegal... something that had led to murder.

"Thank you, Miss Field," he said. "You've been very helpful. I need hardly ask you to keep certain facts to yourself—about the murderer returning later, and so on."

"Of course, Inspector. I

## MURDER A LA MODE

appreciate your confidence," said Rachel.

Before the door had closed behind her, Henry's hand was on the telephone. It seemed to him that he should talk to his niece without further delay. He dialled the number of the Fashion Room, and asked to speak to Beth Connolly.

"Veronica?" Beth sounded slightly harassed. "No, she's not working for us today... she's over at Nicholas Knight's for fittings. She's modelling his new Collection next week."

"I'm sorry to have bothered you," said Henry. "I'll try to reach Veronica at Nicholas Knight's."

However, unable to speak to her, he left a message for her to have lunch with him at The Orangery between half-past twelve until half-past two.

Meanwhile, it was still only half-past eleven, and there were things to be done in the "Style" office. Henry picked up his notebook and went along to the Art Department.

"Oh, it's you again, is it?" said Patrick. "What do you want now? We're busy."

"I want both of you and Donald to cast your minds back to Tuesday night, if you will," said Henry. He looked at Donald. "Mr. Mackay, you told me that Rachel Field did not leave Miss French's office once during the evening. If you think for a bit, I imagine you'll realise you were mistaken."

Donald considered. "There was one moment," he said, "when we were all in the darkroom there, and the door opened for a couple of seconds and then closed again. I had a feeling that was Rachel—but she saw we were busy and left."

"Her account," said Henry, "is that she crossed the darkroom and went out of the other door, into the corridor, down to the ladies' room."

"I'm certain she didn't," said Donald.

"What was your impres-

## FROM THE BIBLE

● Jesus said, "Consider the lilies, how they grow: they toil not, neither do they spin; and yet I say unto you, that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

—St. Luke 12:27.

sion, Mr. Walsh?" Henry asked.

"She did come in here once. Asked me where Margery was. I told her, in the darkroom."

"What did she do then?" Henry asked.

"She just disappeared efficiently, the way she always does."

Henry said to Donald, "As a matter of interest, what did you do next—after Miss Field had put her head round the door?"

Looking uncomfortable, Donald said, "I think I came in here. I can't exactly remember."

"Well," said Henry pleasantly, "think about it. If you decide to change your story, I'll be in my office."

He went back to his own room, dialled Miss Field's number, and asked whether Miss French could spare him a few minutes.

Before Rachel could reply,

a crisp voice cut in. "Miss French here. What can I do for you, Inspector?"

"Spare me a little of your precious time if you can."

"Of course. Shall I come along to your office?"

"I think that would be best."

Margery walked briskly into the little office. "You will forgive me if I keep an eye on the time, won't you, Inspector?" she said. "I'm afraid my life is more than usually hectic, because I'm doing Helen's job as well as my own."

"I'll try to keep it short."

You told me before that you are not a gossip, and I'm certain that is true. However, now that I've met your staff for myself, I would greatly appreciate your help."

MARGERY sounded on her guard. "In what way?"

"In assessing their characters. Let's take Olwen Piper first," he said. "My impression is that she is clever but not very tactful; that she was extremely fond of Miss Pankhurst—almost to the point of hero-worship—but that she has a toughness and resilience of character which can carry her through even a tragedy like this. I think she is headstrong and impulsive, and quite capable of violence. Have you anything to add to my portrait of Olwen?"

"She's an idealist," said Margery. "She's as naive as only a brilliant person can be. She never stops to consider whether an action may be inexpedient... politically or in any other way. She goes ahead and does what she thinks should be done, regardless of the consequences."

"That's very interesting," said Henry. "Now, what about Teresa Masters. Or rather, what about Mr. and Mrs. Michael Healy? I have been told, until I'm sick to death of hearing it, that Helen was having an affair with Michael Healy. You yourself, if you remember, were the first person to draw my attention to it. Why?"

"Because I thought it would help you in your inquiries, Inspector."

"I don't think," said Henry, "that you told me the truth. I won't mince words, Miss French. Have you not known for some time that Michael Healy is desperately ill—dying, in fact? Weren't you aware that while you and Helen and Patrick all knew about it, neither Michael Healy nor his wife had any idea of the truth? Weren't you trying to gloss over a very serious and tragic situation in order to spare Michael and Teresa pain?"

Margery French did not answer at once. She was looking at Henry with what appeared to be perfectly genuine astonishment.

"There's nothing wrong with Michael that I know of, except, perhaps, slight strain due to overwork. If somebody has been spreading unfounded rumors—"

"This is not an unfounded rumor," said Henry. "Helen told Mr. Walsh about it on the telephone the evening before she was killed. She told Mr. Walsh that the man she loved was dying of cancer, that he did not know about it and neither did his wife."

Suddenly, without warning, Margery slumped forward in her chair. Henry was on his feet in an instant, but before he could move Margery had opened her eyes.

"No..." she said faintly.

"Don't... I'm perfectly all right." She sat up straight, put a hand to her forehead, and automatically rearranged her hat. "Perhaps you would just get me a glass of water

from the cloakroom, so that I can take a pill. I'm afraid I get these silly fainting fits occasionally."

When he returned with the glass of water, Margery was sitting bolt upright, powdering her nose in a small hand-mirror. She smiled, apologised again, and quickly swallowed a pill from a silver pill-box. Then she said, "To go back to our conversation, I assure you, Inspector, that this story is nonsense and I beg you not to spread it abroad. You can imagine how hurtful it would be, not only to Michael and Teresa but to the magazine. Why Patrick should have invented it, I can't imagine—but, as you know, he's a wild Irishman and he loves to spin a tale. Take it from me... I know him very well..."

"You certainly should," said Henry, grinning. "Although, of course, thirty-two years is a long time—"

"So you know about that, do you?" Margery was completely self-possessed. "Of course it was inevitable that you should find out. I do hope you will be discreet."

"I'm always as discreet as I can be," said Henry. "What interests me is why you should make a secret of it."

Margery hesitated. "I'll be frank with you," she said at length. "Mr. Gibbs is very much against employing husbands and wives in the same office."

"But what about—?"

"Exactly. Teresa and Michael. That is a very special case and I suspect that Godfrey isn't entirely happy about it, even now. I was determined not to lose Teresa and I was equally keen to get hold of Michael, who had started to produce some of the most interesting work in London. Even so, I had to campaign for nearly a year before I got Mr. Gibbs' approval, and then I don't think he'd have done it if he hadn't been very friendly personally with Teresa and her family. I had just won that battle when I—I met Patrick again."

"Shortly afterwards my Art Editor resigned. I knew that Patrick was exactly the person for the job and I knew that I could work with him, but I also knew that I could not possibly go to Mr. Gibbs and propose my husband for the job. So we agreed to let the past remain dead and buried for the time being."

"What do you mean, for the time being?" he asked.

"I'm very fond of Patrick," said Margery. "I always have been. This is a great secret, Inspector—but when I retire in March, Patrick and I are going to live together again. As far as the people here are concerned, I shall marry him. They need never know that we have been married all along."

"I see," said Henry. He hesitated. "Forgive me for saying this—but... I take it that Mr. Walsh is just as enthusiastic as you are about this project?"

"Of course," said Margery coolly. "He's an irresponsible character, but I know what's best for him. He'll be far happier leading a sane, orderly life than pigging it in that terrible studio of his."

"I was most impressed by the studio," said Henry.

Margery looked up. "You've been there?"

"Yes. Last night."

"Then you know what I mean."

"Yes," said Henry thoughtfully. He added, "Mr. Walsh was exceptionally fond of Helen Pankhurst, wasn't he?"

"In a purely platonic way," said Margery a little sharply.

"Oh, yes," said Henry. "Yes, I'm sure of that..."

To be concluded



Some members of the Tam O'Shanter family—winter of 1965

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**Back left to right**  
**'NINA'** STYLE No. 3861.  
Raglan Pullover with stand-up  
collar. Red, Warm White, Capri  
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30-32-92/6, 34-105/-.  
**'FUN TIME'** STYLE No. 3694.  
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white, brown-white or olive-  
white houndstooth.  
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**'MANHATTAN'** STYLE No. 3487.  
Zip-front, with two-tone plaquet,  
heavy rib cotton basque and  
cuffs. Dark Chocolate, Crater  
Blue, Hunter Green.  
Sizes: 4-6-36/6, 8-16-46/6.

**'NORDIC'** STYLE No. 3589.  
Brushed cotton crew with  
patterned neck rib. Ceramic  
Blue, Red, Warm White, Jade.  
Sizes: 3-8-33/6.

**'LAZY DAYS'** STYLE No. 3791.  
Stretch nylon slacks in Olive,  
Navy, Black, Tan.  
Sizes: 3-7-49/11, 8-14-59/11.

**'TEENA'** STYLE No. 3689.  
Brushed cotton skivvi-jacket  
combination. Red-Navy, Dark  
Chocolate-Warm White, and  
Jade-Lemon combinations.  
Sizes: 4-6-36/6, 8-14-46/6.

**'SANDY'** STYLE No. 3465.  
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In Toasted Chestnuts, Junior  
Blue, Redcoat.  
Sizes: 22-24-63/-, 26-28-77/6.

**'SCOTTY'** STYLE No. 3287.  
Brushed cotton shirtjak with  
heavy rib cotton basque and  
cuffs. 'Dog on Leash' motif.  
Sizes: 3-8-36/6.

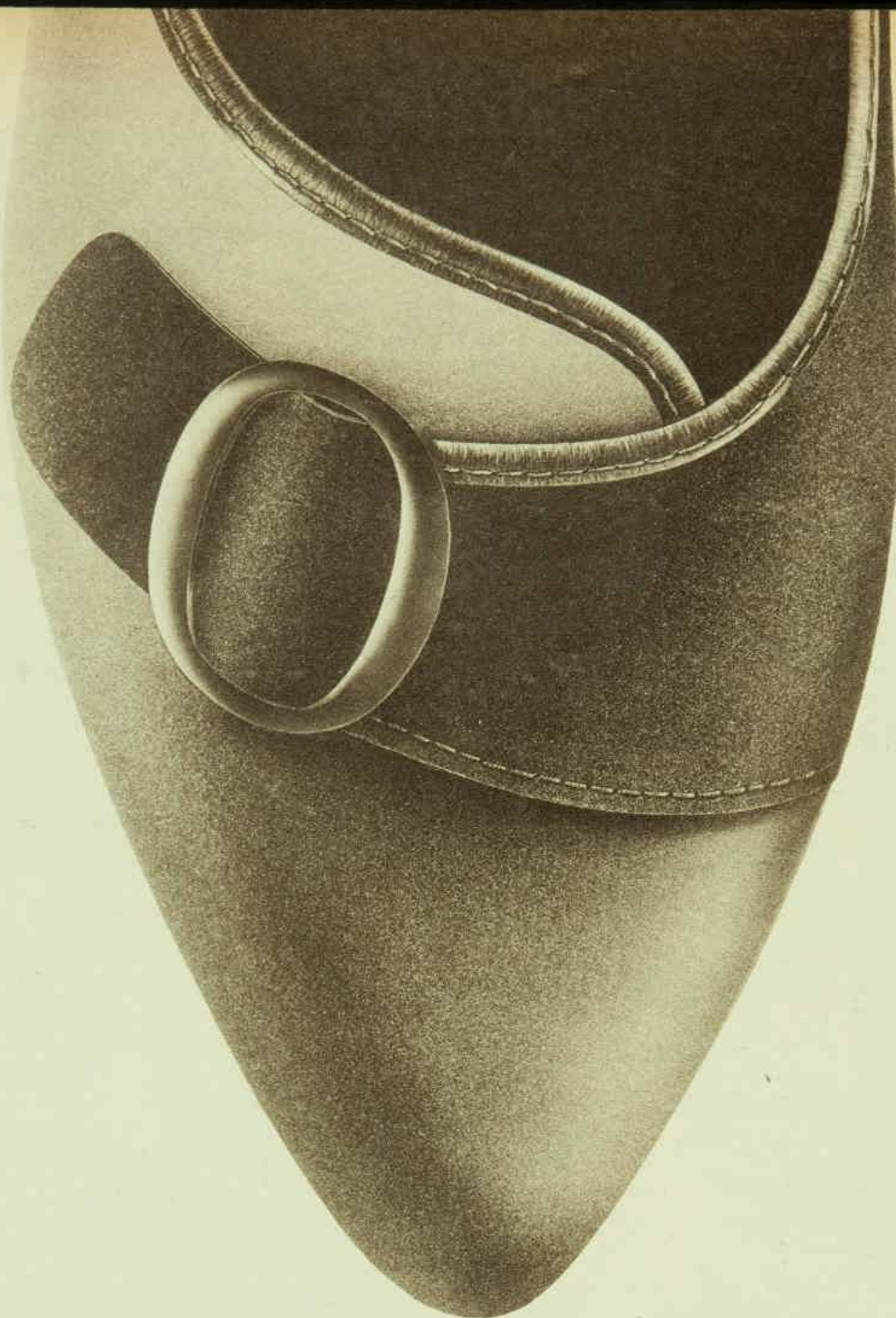
**'SWANKS'** STYLE No. 3389.  
Brushed cotton slacks with zip  
fly. Dark Chocolate, Navy,  
Olive.  
Sizes: 3-8-39/11.

**Front left to right**  
**'TOMMY'** STYLE No. 3180.  
Button shoulder crew, long  
sleeves, 'Puffing Billy' motif.  
White, with Red and Blue  
stripe trim.  
Sizes: 1-4-19/6.

**'PLAYERS'** STYLE No. 3089.  
Crawler slacks with elasticised  
cuffs and adjustable straps.  
Red, Crater Blue, Dark  
Chocolate.  
Sizes: 1-2-29/11.

**'RICK'** STYLE No. 3161.  
Boys' V-neck, saddle shoulder  
pullover in plain knit. Toasted  
Chestnuts, Spice Green, Toasted  
Chestnuts, Woodsmoke, Junior Blue,  
Redcoat.  
Sizes: 24-59/11, 26-28-72/6,  
30-32-85/-, 34-97/6.

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**Tam O'Shanter**  
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Q: Who wears Hollandia?  
A: **GIRLS**

The answer is really girls, girls, girls! Gadabout girls who are strict about styling. Stay-at-home girls to whom comfort is all. Girls who type letters, style hair, stand behind counters and run to catch buses. Girls who walk through woods and listen for lyre-birds. Girls who cook, clean, sew, make beds, hang out the washing and run up the street. Girls who wear slacks and girls who wear aprons. They all wear Hollandia for very good reasons: for its nylosuede swagger, its deep cushioned comfort, its mild little price — only 25/-. (Aren't you glad you're a girl?)

**Hollandia**



# Smiles-on-sticks—just for a giggle

● Pink mod gear will be the uniform for eight pretty teenagers who are usherettes at Sydney University's annual revue, "First, No Pinky."

**A**LL students, the girls have designed and made their own dresses — in different styles, materials, and tones of pink.

"We thought of the pink theme from the revue's title and all the girls were very enthusiastic about it," said Colleen Olliffe, publicity officer for the show. "One of the girls, Toni Rendall, even put a pink water rinse in the fur of her Afghan hound, Loki, and we're training him to walk on stage during the show."

The revue (April 21 to May 15) was written by students and the money raised will go to the University Theatre Council.

"It's a number of short, funny scripts and the title really hasn't got anything to do with the revue," said Colleen. "'First, No Pinky' is just a mad name someone thought to call it and is actually a term used in the game of marbles."

"'Pinky' is the term used when all the players flick a marble into the ring and the person whose marble goes nearest to the kitty (group of marbles in the centre of the ring) goes first in the actual game."

"But sometimes a player is quick enough to call 'First, no pinky' before they start the play-off and he automatically wins first turn in that game, and there's no need for a 'pinky'."

"And as the little boy who is cunning enough to call 'no pinky' usually wears a big, triumphant grin," said Colleen, "we're giving everyone who comes to the show a smile-on-a-stick — just for a giggle."

—KERRY YATES



**PRETTY** Anou Kiisler sewed more than 50 tiny pink lace flowers on the deep pink stockings she'll wear with her short, short mod dress. The dress, of pale pink flannelette, cost Anou about 8/- to make.

## Teenagers' WEEKLY



**LOKI**, with a pink rinse in his fur, is an elegant fashion accessory for Toni Rendall (above, left) in gay bell-bottomed slacks and frilly blouse and Janelle Cooper in a bright pink dress and white ribbed stockings.

**CRAZY** pink stockings team well with Diana Harris' strawberry-pink suit (below, left) and Edwina Robertson's paler pink dress. Edwina's simple cotton dress with a scooped neckline cost her about 9/- to make.



**PRETTY** trio in pink (from left) Veronika Vago, her sister, Judy Vago, and Anna Howe hold the crazy smiles-on-sticks they'll give people who go to see the revue. Veronika and Anna, who make all their own clothes, also made many of the show costumes.



# Letters

## Be pleased about being "too" tall

SOME girls, because they are tall, have a huge inferiority complex. I'm 5ft. 8in., and taller than all the girls in my class, half of the boys, and a third of the teachers. I've learned to live with my height, and I don't feel self-conscious about it.

First, there's "How's the weather up there?" Easily dealt with. Just cultivate a smart return, such as "And how's the weather DOWN there?"

"Tall girls stand out in a crowd." It's true. It's something to make the most of. If you dress well, you'll be noticed; it's the tall girls who steal the scene.

But a tall girl can ruin a good impression by bad posture. So don't bend at the knees or droop at the shoulders. And keep your head up! Then you may be worried because of your big feet. I've bigger feet than average, and I've found through experience that I must buy my shoes early in the season so I can get the styles I want.

The best thing about being tall is the lack of a weight problem. There are poor, petite little things whose appetites are just as big as yours, but who haven't your height to distribute their weight over.

Being tall doesn't alter your position with the opposite sex — there's absolutely nothing to worry about here. Boys like you for what you are. You can forget about small boys and

concentrate on the tall, dark, and handsome footballers and lifesavers.

Being tall is nothing to be ashamed of and everything to make the best of. Princess Alexandra is tall and the best known models are at least 5ft. 8in. Film star Jane Fonda is 6ft. — "Tall Girl," Coolangatta, Qld.

## Part-time jobs

PARENTS often discourage their children from getting a part-time or weekend job. I think this is wrong. Managing your own money is good experience for when you leave school and begin to manage your own financial affairs.

I have a job in a shop at weekends and it gives me more confidence in dealing with people. Also, I am expected to pay for my own entertainment and put a certain amount in the bank.

This is better than having an allowance, as you actually earn the money you spend. So, parents, please let us kids have our jobs. — "Salesgirl," Hughes, A.C.T.

## Sharing a room

ON the subject of sisters not having to share rooms, I would like to say that I share my bedroom with three younger sisters. We all have completely different natures and personalities (after all, how many people do have the same?), and there is quite an age difference between us.

I am 15, and my sisters are 14, 11, and seven years of age. We all have our own beds and are expected to keep our part of the room clean and tidy. We have always respected each other's belongings, and because we all have different interests we do not clash with each other.

If the older ones have homework, we have another room where we can do it. Of course, there are times when we have our tiffs, but if it were possible I would like to have my younger



"Man, Harry has a terrible problem. He came from a happy home."

sister, who is three, in our room, too.

I think my sisters feel the same, because each time Mum has suggested that we sleep in different rooms no one has volunteered to go. — Carolyn Lake, Reservoir, Vic.

## NEXT WEEK

- Picture and directions for a casual cap that is simple to crochet and warm and pretty to wear on winter outings.
- Two Malaysian princesses are living and going to school in Melbourne, and their brother, a prince, goes to school in Sydney. They lead normal teenage lives — though they did have to make some adjustments in the beginning. Story and color pictures.

## Records

BROWSING through an old Scottish dictionary of Dad's I noticed the word "record" (pronounced "re-

Letters must be signed, and preference is given to writers who do not use a pen-name. Send them to Teenagers' Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney. We pay £1/1/- for each letter used.

do, too. Some students are even cheeky to teachers.

But how about putting yourself in their place? You will see how very difficult it must be for them. Let's try to be helpful. — Denys Roberts, Darlington, W.A.

## More education

MOST people seem to consider that when you leave school you've gone as far as you will in your education.

After doing the Leaving I left school and did a secretarial course, then worked in various positions while doing Matriculation at night.

Having passed this exam, I'm now going to university. With a couple of years' experience working, I appreciate the opportunities of a tertiary education more than if I had gone straight from school.

So, if you are willing to spend part of your wages on night-school, it is by no means necessary to finish your education when you leave school. — Anne Hedley, Balwyn, Vic.

## Beauty in brief:

### BEHIND YOUR BACK

PEOPLE talking behind your back don't always say unpleasant things. In fact, if a girl has a pretty back they can often say something very complimentary.

And with creams, soaps, water, and proper care your back can be as soft and silky looking as you could wish.

To clear up any spots, take regular showers and scrub your back with a long-handled bath brush and medicated soap. After drying, get your mother to dab spots with medicated astringent.

Keep up the good work by saying "no" to fried foods, cakes, and sweets.

For a shapelier back the old, old rule—walk, stand, and sit TALL—really works. So try it!

And here's a luxury treatment for that pretty back.

In a bath, scented with rose bath salts, make skin satin-smooth by rubbing with a loofah and lots of lathery soap.

Dry with a soft, fluffy towel and cover any tiny blemishes with skin-tinted medicated foundation make-up. Splash on cologne which matches your perfume.

Your back will smell as pretty as it looks! —CAROLYN EARLE

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## DOWN IN THE MOUTH YESTERDAY

### Riding high today

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## THE CLASSICS

### Music of Grieg

GRIEG is one composer whose reputation has probably suffered unduly from the over-popularity of his best-known works.

His piano concerto, once heard constantly, does not appear so frequently in concert programmes now, and his music for *Peer Gynt* has come to be regarded as too overworked even for concerts of "pop" classics.

But, although it would be a mistake to regard Grieg as an important composer, there is much charm in his best music, and there is always a new audience which has not suffered from the over-performance of it and is ready to hear it with fresh ears.

This audience at least should find pleasure in an RCA Victor release of the piano concerto and a selection of Grieg's incidental music to Ibsen's drama *Peer Gynt*, played with verve and affection by Grieg's Norwegian fellow-countrymen: pianist Kjell Baekkelund and the Oslo Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by Odd Gruner-Hegge.

Grieg belongs to the period—the second half of last century—when nationalism was strong in music, and the influence of Norwegian folk music penetrates deeply into his music; it is this that gives it its most appealing touches of individuality and color.

This Norwegianism can be felt most strongly in the lively last movement of the concerto and in *Solveig's Song* from the *Peer Gynt* music.

—MARTIN LONG

## PONYTAIL BY LEE HOLLEY



## Peter's hands will never say housework

● Peter Wall is one teenager with a good excuse for not helping with the washing-up, gardening, and other jobs around the home—his hands are insured for £20,000.

PETER, 19, of Newcastle, N.S.W., is a pianist.

"My hands have been insured for about four years now," said Peter, "and it's part of the policy agreement that I don't do anything that might injure them in any way, even if it's just a small cut on the carving knife when I'm washing-up."

Peter, who started to learn to play the piano when he was seven, was only 14 when he won a £100 adult talent quest in Newcastle and de-

cided to become a professional pianist.

He left school the following year and has played at clubs, restaurants, concerts, and on radio and television shows in Newcastle, Brisbane, Sydney, and Melbourne since.

"I'm a solo feature pianist and play anything from classical to rock, with orchestral backings," Peter said. "I like doing a boogie-woogie Winifred Atwell type act, because I think she's the greatest."

As well as being one of

Miss Atwell's greatest fans, Peter is one of her friends, too. He has corresponded with the world-famous pianist since he met her in Newcastle during a visit to Australia five years ago.

"I remember I was mad about her playing even then, and I was determined to meet her somehow," he said. "I was only 14, but I borrowed a tape recorder and got in the hotel where she was staying by pretending I was a reporter from Bourke."

"Of course, when she saw me she knew that wasn't true,



PETER WALL (above), the young Newcastle pianist. Peter will go to Europe in June to study and play.

but she just laughed and said, 'How sweet,' and we've been friends ever since."

"I've played for her a few times and she's given me some valuable advice," said Peter. "She's always very interested in what I'm doing and was thrilled to hear about my Noumea engagements."

Peter made his first trip to Noumea, a French island in the Pacific, when he was 18, and played in the floor-show at one of their top nightclubs for three months.

"It was a great job," he said. "For a 12-minute spot each night, I earned £180 a month and they also paid my living expenses and return fare from Australia."

Peter found that French teenagers weren't as interested in listening to music as Australian teens; they just like to dance to it.

"In fact, they're so mad about dancing, they keep on dancing when the music stops," he said.

Peter thinks that French girls are more sophisticated than Australian teenagers and are very clothes-conscious, with a different fashion craze every week.

"When I left Noumea, all the girls were wearing their hair in tiny pigtales, and dressed in high-heeled boots, slacks, and big sloppy jumpers the same as the boys wear, with their birth signs printed on the back."

—KERRY YATES

## Silvana loves to sing



● She sings, smiles a lot, and is completely self-possessed in any company. She's only eight years old, but already her big brown eyes are focused on a singing career.

HER name is Silvana Sciotto. With her parents, older sister, and brother, Silvana (pictured at left) came to Australia from Messina, Italy, three and a half years ago. Silvana remembers the journey distinctly. "I was seasick all the way," she said mournfully.

Signor Sciotto is a musician and has been teaching Silvana music.

Silvana's brother, Jo, 17, plays drums, and Maria, 13, sings, too—"Better than me," insists Silvana—but Maria is too shy to sing in public.

But Silvana can sing to a packed, critical audience at Sydney Town Hall—a task which would cause a seasoned professional to shake—without a trace of nerves. She enjoys singing and finds no reason to be nervous about it.

I asked her what she liked best in the world next to singing, and she frowned and looked thoughtful. Images of chocolate milkshakes, pretty dresses, and games seemed to whirl through her mind. Then her face cleared and she smiled and said, "People."

—DIANE ROBERTS

ROBIN ADAIR is on holiday. His column will resume on his return.



## HE BEATS OUT THAT RHYTHM

ROBERT TAYLOR first took up a pair of drumsticks at the age of five and became a "professional" at the age of ten.

Now aged 13, and small enough to earn the nickname of "Pony" Taylor, he is probably the youngest drummer in Australia with his own band, the Shaffites. He has appeared many times on television.

Robert, who lives at Lake Height, Sydney, beat 15 other older drummers to win a place among the Lindermen, now disbanded.

On his own he worked freelance, earning a considerable amount of pocket-money playing at club socials, dances, and weddings. Although a young teenager, "Pony" Taylor is not restricted to a knowledge of modern music. He is as adept at beating out the rhythm of an old-time waltz as he is at the stomp, and he reads music easily.

Louise  
Hunter

Here's

your answer

● Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender are given, as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

### Meeting boys

"WE are two average 16-year-old girls. We go to dances every Saturday night but we never seem to meet anyone. All of our friends have boyfriends, or at least go out regularly. We feel left out of things. We like what most teenagers like and we keep up with all the latest trends. Some of our friends, of course, chase boys, this being effective for them, but we don't want to resort to this. We don't necessarily want single dates, but would be satisfied with group dates. What do you advise?"

"Desperate," Qld.

Are there any clubs around your district — tennis or youth clubs,

perhaps — where you could meet other teenagers in a more congenial environment? Dances are fun, but who really "meets" people at a dance? For that matter, what girl or boy actually talks while dancing? No, if I were you two I would use this dull time — and it won't be for too much longer — to freshen up your wardrobe, and to find new interests.

### The party wasn't nice

"WE are two worried girls, aged 14. A month or so ago, one of our form-mates invited us to a party. When we arrived we found that it was not a very nice party, as there was alcohol and most of the boys and girls were smoking.

When we decided to go to the party, we had no idea it would turn out like this. Also, there were no adults to chaperon us. Even though we did not smoke or drink and did not enjoy one moment of the party and left early, since then we have received a bad name because we attended such a party. None of the nice boys or girls we know pay any attention to us. Would you please give us a solution to our problem?"

"Worried Twins," Qld.

Try giving a party of your own and invite those nice boys and girls. Make it a specific kind of party (treasure hunt, crazy hat party, a sing-song — invite a guitarist or an accordion player for this one), and be sure you state who the chaperon will be.

### She wants to wait

"I AM a girl of 18. A boy I really like is only 17, and we have known each other for about four years. We used to go out together, and he told me he loved me. I feel the same way. Now he only bothers with me sometimes, and yet other times he dates me. Recently I was quite ill in hospital and he seemed quite concerned about me. He told me he is looking forward to getting my licence, and said he will take me out steady then. Do you think I am being foolish in waiting for him? My parents told me not to bother with him, but yet I still love him, and I think he still loves me by the way he looks at me. What do you think I should do?"

"Unhappy," Vic.

Maybe you are mistaking love for friendship. After four years you both probably feel very much "at home" with each other. You are too young to be waiting. Go out with other boys and girls and develop new interests.

A friendship with a boy can be very rewarding, but don't mistake it for love.

### Not a child at 16

"PLEASE could you help me? I am an attractive girl of 16, and I go to a boarding school. I like a certain university student very much, but I am afraid that, although I know he likes me a lot, he has for years treated me as a little sister. What can I do to make him realise that I am a child no longer?"

"S.H.," N.S.W.

Unless he needs glasses, I am sure he knows you are not a child any more. Only time will close the age gap. There is a much greater span between 16 and 20 than 21 and 25, for example.

Enjoy being a little sister, and just bide your time. There is something very wonderful about being "sweet sixteen."

### Embarrassing

"I AM a 17-year-old girl and you may find my problem a strange one. There is a young man I know only as a friend and nothing more. He has come to my place on several occasions to take tape-recordings of my records. But the people in this town do not seem to think of it that way. There is one person in particular who continually asks me when I am going to announce my engagement. I find this all most embarrassing. Please help me out of this mess."

"Tormented," N.S.W.

Yes, it can be embarrassing when people jump to conclusions like that. However, try to take these comments in your stride, and hide your embarrassment. Don't let these comments spoil what sounds like a good friendship.



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# MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

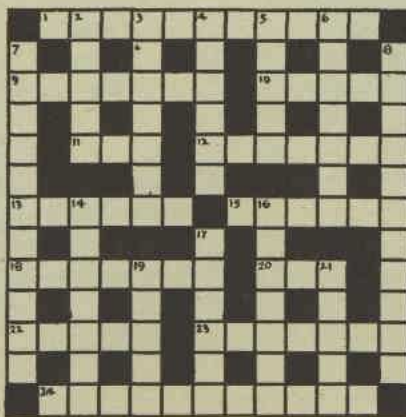
THE MOLE was unnoticed at the fancy-dress ball. He danced with the duchess, who wore the priceless ruby, then suddenly fused all the lights by disintegrating the chandelier. NOW READ ON...



## THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

### ACROSS

1. Trader bringing buns in a mess (11).
9. A morsel in hat forms the natural home of an animal (7).
10. A mate turns to start a fold on the front of a coat (5).
11. Roman deity produced by malaria (3).
12. Bear witness (7).
13. The boss turns me to mould in relief (6).
15. To stain (6).
18. Hermes has these boots (7).
20. Scold persistently by an American agent (3).
22. Once more a profit (5).
23. Cop it or make a colonnade (7).
24. Send Ned's cat for the offspring from an ancestor (11).



Solution will be published next week.

### DOWN

2. Flat-topped inflorescence in a glum belfry (5).
3. Jaundice (7).
4. Tees at a landed property (6).
5. Gives up for money 1½yds. in a steamer (5).
6. He who administers can be a liar with pep (7).
7. Sees a wretch (anagr., 6-5).
8. Take Touchstone's part (4, 3, 4).
14. Poem of three eight-lined stanzas with an envoy (7).
16. One of the Balearic Islands; must be the smaller one (7).
17. Small boat used in China and Japan (6).
19. Of the ancient Scandinavian type (5).
21. Flash in a levelling lintel (5).



Solution of last week's crossword.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — April 28, 1965

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*The Australian* **WOMEN'S WEEKLY**  
*presents . . . .*

# 2000 Babies' Names



The Australian Women's Weekly — April 28, 1965

2000 BABIES' NAMES — Page 1

Mostly, in these lists, one name covers several variants. Elizabeth (meaning Promised to God), for instance, has about 50 variants. They include: Betty, Bess, Bette, Elspeth, Lila, Liza, Lizette. Eleanor and Helen (meaning Light) have more than 20 variants, including Eleonora, Aileen, Leora, Lenore, Lena, and Nell.

# Girls' names and their meanings

Some feminine versions of boys' names are listed, but if yours is not specially given look up the boy's name.

In the Mary (meaning Bitter) family of about 40 variants are Marea, Marya, Maire, Mame, Moira.

The variants of Margaret (meaning Pearl) are legion, from Marguerite to Marjorie, through Greta, Gretchen, Gretel, Meg, Peggy, Madge, Margot, and a dozen others.

## A

Abigail	Source of delight
Ada	Ornament
Adabelle	Joyous and fair
Adah	Ornament
Adaiha	The adorned of God
Adela	Cheerful; shining bright
Adele	
Adelaide	Beautiful princess
Adiel	Ornament of the Lord
Adrienne	Brave
Adine	Delicate
Agatha	Good
Agnes	Pure
Agrippina	The joy after the pain
Aida	Joyous
Aileen	Light
Ailsa	Noble and of good cheer
Aimce	Beloved
Alana	Handsome or fair
Alarice	Ruler of all
Alberta	Bright; illustrious
Alde	Rich
Aldercy	A princess
Aldis	From the largest house
Aldora	Winged gift
Alethea	Sincerity
Aletta	Graceful as a bird
Alexandra	Helper of mankind
Alexis	Helper
Aleydis	Patient friend
Alfreda	Good counsellor
Alice	Noble and of good cheer
Alicia	
Alina	Pretty
Alison	Of sacred fame

Allegra	Sprightly; cheerful
Almeta	Very industrious
Almira	Princess; the exalted
Alma	Fair; good
Alodie	A prosperous woman
Althea	Healing
Alva	White, fair
Alvina	Beloved by all
Alysa	Captivating
Alyssa	From Alyssum; a flower
Amabel	Lovable

"Pride lives with all; strange names our rustics give  
To helpless infants, that their own may live."  
George Crabbe,  
"The Parish Register."

Amanda	Worthy to be loved
Amadis	Devoted to the Lord
Amara	Unfading
Amaris	Whom God hath promised
Amaryllis	Fresh; sparkling
Amber	A jewel
Ambrosine	She is immortal
Amelia	Industrious, striving
Amena	Honest
Amethyst	A precious stone
Aminta	Protected
Amorette	Little lover; darling
Amorita	Beloved
Amy	Greatly loved
Anastasia	One who will rise again
Anatola	Of the East
Andrea	Feminine form of Andrew

Andromeda	The justice of the Lord
Angela	Angelic
Anita	Assertive
Ann	Gracious
Anna	
Annabel	Beautiful Ann
Annette	Elfish, exquisite
Anselma	The protectress
Anthea	Like a flower
Antonia	Priceless, praiseworthy
Antoinette	Incomparable
April	The month of spring
Ara	Most able maiden
Arabella	Fair refuge
Araminta	The elegant lady
Addis	Fervent or zealous
Ardith	Rich gift
Ariadne	Holy one
Ariana	Silvery
Arlene	A pledge
Armilda	The battle maiden
Armilla	Small bracelet
Arnoldine	As fierce as an eagle
Artemas	Sound of angels
Arva	Fertile
Astra	Like a star
Astrid	Impulsive in love
Atalanta	Beautiful, swift huntress
Atalie	A pure maiden
Athalia	The Lord is mighty
Athens	Wise, wisdom
Auberta	Of a noble nature
Audrey	Nobly strong
Audris	Most fortunate woman
Augusta	Imperial; exalted
Aurelia	Golden; beautiful
Aurora	Golden

Avis	A bird
Azalea	Spared by Jehovah

## B

Baptista	Baptised in God's name
Barbara	Little helper
Bathilda	The maid of battle
Beata	Blessed, divine
Beatrice	Blessing
Belinda	Grace
Belle	Beautiful
Bena	Wise
Benedicta	One who is blessed
Benita	Blessed
Berlinda	Lady of beauty
Bernadette	From Bernard
Bernadine	Brave; strong
Bernice	Bringer of victory
Beth	Place or house of God
Bertha	Bright
Beryl	A jewel
Beulah	She who will be married
Beverly	Beaver meadow
Bianca	White; fair
Blanche	
Billie	Wise protector
Birdie	Sweet little bird
Bliss	Joy
Blythe	Blithe; happy
Bonita	Good
Bonny	Sweet and fair
Brenda	Sword; firebrand
Brenna	Maiden with black or raven hair

Brianna . . . Woman of strength  
Bridget . . . Strong  
Brunhilde . . . Heroine on the battle-field

## C

Calandra . . . Like a lark  
Calida . . . Loving  
Callista . . . Most lovely  
Camilla . . . Self-sacrificing  
Candace . . . Glowing  
Canice . . . Gentle to children  
Cara . . . Dear  
Carissa . . . Dearest little schemer  
Caritta . . . Girl of generosity  
Carla . . . Diminutive of Charles  
Carleen . . . "Pet" form of Caroline  
Carlotta . . . Noble birth  
Carmel . . . Woodland or park  
Carmen . . . Charming one  
Carol . . . Song of joy  
Caroline . . . Noble-spirited  
Casilda . . . The solitary one  
Cassandra . . . Inspiring love  
Catherine . . . Pure  
Cecilia . . . Blind  
Celeste . . . Heavenly  
Celestine . . . Radiant  
Celia . . . She outshines the stars  
Chandra . . . Charitable; loving  
Charity . . . Noble-spirited  
Charlene . . . An attendant to Cleopatra  
Charlotte . . . Dear one  
Charmian . . . Charitable  
Cherie . . . Feminine form of Charles  
Cherry . . . Blossoming  
Cheryl . . . The pale  
Chloe . . . The anointed  
Chloris . . . Beautiful anointed one  
Christa . . . Christian  
Christabel . . . Active  
Christine . . . Moon Goddess  
Cicily . . . Bright; shining  
Cindy . . . Brightly fair  
Clara . . . Famous  
Clair . . .  
Clare . . .  
Claribel . . .  
Clarice . . .  
Clarinda . . .  
Clarissa . . .

Claudette . . .  
Claudia . . .  
Clematis . . .  
Cleopatra . . .  
Clorinda . . .  
Clothilde . . .  
Clio . . .  
Clyte . . .  
Colette . . .  
Colleen . . .  
Constance . . .  
Consuela . . .  
Cora . . .  
Coral . . .  
Cordelia . . .  
Corinne . . .  
Cornelia . . .  
Crystal . . .  
Cynthia . . .

## D

Daffodil . . . The tall white flower  
Dagmar . . . Joy of the land  
Dagna . . . Fair as the day  
Daisy . . . Eye of the day  
Dale . . . Dweller in the valley  
Damalis . . . Fair conqueror  
Danette . . . The Lord judges me  
Daniela . . . The Lord protects me  
Daphne . . . Laurel tree  
Dara . . . Heart of my wife  
Darcy . . . Girl of dark hair  
Darice . . . Queenly  
Darlene . . . Tenderly beloved  
Daryl . . . Beloved; dear  
Davina . . . Beloved one  
Dawn . . . The break of day  
Deanna . . . Bright as day  
Deborah . . . Industrious  
Debra . . .  
Dee . . .  
Decdre . . . Sorrow  
Deirdre . . .  
Delia . . . Shining; bright  
Della . . .  
Delilah . . . Temptress  
Delora . . . From the seashore  
Delphine . . . Calmness  
Dema . . . Child of a vow  
Denise . . . Feminine form of Dennis

Desdemona . . . Girl of sadness  
Desiree . . . The longed-for  
Diana . . . Goddess; perfect  
Diella . . . Holy girl  
Dinah . . . Judged; vindicated  
Dione . . . The daughter of heaven and earth  
Dixie . . .  
Dixil . . . Girl of the south  
Dolores . . . Sorrowful  
Dominica . . . Born on Sunday  
Donella . . . Little girl  
Donna . . . Lady  
Donrinda . . . Bountiful gift  
Dora . . . A gift  
Dorcas . . . Gazelle  
Dorene . . . Golden girl  
Doria . . .  
Dorea . . . The sea  
Doris . . .  
Dorothy . . . God's gift  
Dorothea . . .  
Drusilla . . . Dewy-eyed  
Dulcie . . . Sweet or delightful  
Dymphia . . . Nurse

## E

Eartha . . . Earth mother  
Eda . . . Fiery woman  
Eden . . . Enchanting  
Edie . . . Rich gift  
Edith . . . Bright gift  
Edlyn . . . Of nobility  
Edna . . . Delight  
Edwina . . . Valuable friend  
Effie . . . Of fair fame  
Eileen . . . Light  
Elaine . . . Bright  
Eleanor . . . Light  
Electra . . . Brilliant star  
Elfreda . . . Noble and wise  
Elga . . . Tiny fighter  
Elise . . .  
Eliza . . . Promised to God  
Elizabeth . . .  
Elita . . . Select; a special person  
Ella . . . Little one  
Ellen . . . See Eleanor  
Elma . . . Pleasant  
Elodie . . . Fragile flower



Eloise . . . Dreamy; romantic  
 Elsa . . . } Cheerful  
 Elsie . . . }  
 Elva . . . The elfin one  
 Elvira . . . Impartial; fair  
 Emily . . . Artistic  
 Emma . . . Energetic  
 Enid . . . Soul  
 Erica . . . Powerful, regal  
 Ermina . . . Of a fine background  
 Ernestine . . . Earnest; purposeful  
 Esmeralda . . . Bright hope  
 Estelle . . . A star  
 Esther . . . Good fortune  
 Ethel . . . Noble  
 Etta . . . Home ruler  
 Eudora . . . Wonderful gift  
 Eugenia . . . Well-born  
 Eunice . . . Victorious  
 Eva . . . Life; giver of life  
 Evania . . . Child of peace  
 Evangeline . . . Angel-like  
 Evanthe . . . From a flower blossom  
 Eveline . . . Pleasant  
 Evelyn . . . Hazelnut

## F

Fabiola . . . Woman of good works  
 Fabrianne . . . Girl of resourcefulness  
 Faith . . . Sure reliance  
 Fanny . . . See Frances  
 Fay . . . } Fairy  
 Fayette . . . }  
 Felicity . . . Happiness  
 Fern . . . A feather  
 Fidelia . . . The faithful  
 Fifi . . . } Diminutive of  
 } Josephine  
 Filipa . . . Lover of horses  
 Fiona . . . White; fair  
 Flavia . . . Yellow-haired  
 Fleur . . . A flower  
 Flora . . . Flowers  
 Florence . . . Flourishing  
 Fonda . . . Profound woman  
 Frances . . . Free  
 Freda . . . } Peace  
 Fredericka . . . }  
 Frodine . . . Wise; intelligent  
 Froma . . . Holy

## G H

Gabrielle . . . Woman of God  
 Gale . . . Abounding joy  
 Garda . . . Girl of the garden  
 Garnet . . . Radiant red jewel  
 Gay . . . Lighthearted; merry  
 Gena, Gene, } See Eugenia, Regina  
 Gina . . . }  
 Genevieve . . . Sea foam  
 Georgette . . . Feminine form of George  
 Georgia . . . } Farmer  
 Georgiana . . . }  
 Geraldine . . . See Gerald  
 Gerda . . . The protected  
 Germaine . . . Bold; outspoken  
 Gertrude . . . All truth  
 Gilberta . . . The bright pledge  
 Gilda . . . God's servant  
 Gillan . . . } Youthful  
 Gillian . . . }  
 Ginger . . . See Virginia  
 Giselle . . . A promise  
 Gladys . . . Demure; capable  
 Glenna . . . From the glen or valley  
 Gloria . . . The glorious  
 Glynis . . . See Glenna  
 Goldie . . . The golden-haired one  
 Grace . . . God's blessing  
 Gretel . . . } See Margaret  
 Greta . . . }  
 Gretchen . . . }  
 Greer . . . The watch-woman  
 Griselda . . . The heroine  
 Guinevere . . . Fair lady  
 Gwendolyn . . . Intellectual  
 Gwynneth . . . White; fair  
 Gypsy . . . Wanderer

"Giving a name, indeed, is a poetic art; all poetry, if we go to that with it, is but giving of names."

Carlyle, Journal, May, 1832.

Haldis . . . One who is reliable  
 Hannah . . . Good  
 Happy . . . A happy child  
 Harriett . . . Mistress of the home  
 Hazel . . . Commander  
 Heather . . . Flowering heath  
 Hebe . . . Youth  
 Hedda . . . Robe  
 Heidi . . . See Hilda  
 Helen . . . Light  
 Helga . . . Holy  
 Henrietta . . . Of noble birth  
 Hephzibah . . . My joy is in her  
 Hermione . . . Of the earth  
 Hesper . . . Night star  
 Hester . . . Good fortune  
 Hetti, Hetty . . . See Henrietta  
 Hilda . . . Strong; merciful  
 Hildegard . . . Protecting battle maiden  
 Holly . . . Good luck  
 Honora . . . Honorable  
 Hope . . . Hope  
 Hortense . . . Fragrant; sweet

## I

Ianthe . . . Delightful  
 Ida . . . Happy  
 Idona . . . Busy girl  
 Ignacia . . . Ardent  
 Ilene, Iline . . . See Aileen  
 Ilsa . . . Variation of Elsa  
 Imogen . . . Born of love  
 Ina . . . Pure  
 Inez . . . Pure; gentle; meek  
 Ingrid . . . Daughter  
 Iona . . . Purple jewel  
 Irene . . . Serene; peaceful  
 Iris . . . The rainbow  
 Irma . . . Strong  
 Isabel . . . See Elizabeth  
 Isadora . . . A gift  
 Isolde . . . The fair  
 Ivy . . . A vine





## J

Jaala	Divine surprise
Jacinda	Beautiful; comely
Jacinta	Lovely; beautiful
Jacoba	The supplanter
Jacqueline	
Jada	Wise
Jane	God's blessing
Janet	Darling Jane
Janice	See Jane
Jarits	Motherly bird
Jasmine	Fragrant flower
Jean	Loving Jane
Jennifer	White wave
Jerr, Jerrie	From Gerald
Jessica	The Lord's Grace
Jessie	My present
Jill	See Julia
Joan	Gracious gift of God
Joanna	
Jocelyn	Merry or jocund
Jodie	See Judith
Jolenta	Pretty servant
Josephine	A reward
Joy	Delight
Joyce	Winsomely lovely
Judith	Praise of the Lord
Julia	Volatile; changeable
Julie	
Juliet	Young; forever youthful
June	
Justina	Just
Jutta	Spiritual friend

DOES the name harmonise with the family name?

- Is it easily spelled?
- Is it easily pronounced?
- What nicknames or pet forms will arise from it?
- Does it have any unpleasant connotations, directly or indirectly?
- What nationality is the name?
- What is the meaning of the name?
- Does it produce initials with a meaning?
- Will confusion with the namesake cause trouble or annoyance?

## K

Karen	Pure
Karla	From Charles
Katherine	Pure
Kathleen	Dear to my heart
Kay	Exultant; rejoicing
Kelda	Of a fresh mountain
Kelly	Family name
Kerry	The dark one
Kim	Noble or glorious leader
Kirby	From the church town
Kirsten	The anointed one
Knedra	The knowing woman
Kyla	Comely

## L

Lalage	Cheerful speaker
Lalita	Frank
Lana	Light
Lara	Well known
Laraine	See Lorraine
Larentia	Foster mother
Larina	Sea gull
Larissa	Happy
Latoria	Mother of the sun
Laura	A laurel; famous
Laurel	Victorious
Laverne	Spring like
Lavinia	Personifies the Latin race
Leah	The weary
Leanne	Combination of Lee and Anne
Leatrice	Young and joyful
Leda	Lovely temptress
Lec	Meadow
Leila	Dark beauty
Lena, Line	From Helena, Carolina
Leonie	The lion
Leontine	Brave as a lion
Lenore	Light
Leonora	
Leopoldine	Of the bold people
Lesley	From the grey fort
Letitia	Glad
Lewina	Little prize of battle
Liane	A bond
Lias	The adored
Libby	Consecrated to God

Libna	White, fair
Lida	Beloved of all
Lilian	Pure as a lily
Linda	Beautiful
Linette	The comely lass
Lise	Consecrated
Livia	See Olivia
Lois	A short form of Louise
Lola	See Charlotte
Lolita	
Lora	See Laura
Loralie	Pure
Loretta	Lurer to the rocks
Lorelei	Stately
Lorna	From a great family
Lorola	Famed in war
Lorraine	Flower of the Lotus
Lotus	Famed fighter
Louise	Shining
Lucia	
Lucille	Bright
Lucy	Loved by all
Lucretia	The appeaser
Ludmilla	Wolf
Luella	Of the moonlight
Lulu	Cultured
Luna	A lake
Lydia	Shapely
Lynn	Music of the lyre
Lynette	
Lyris	

## M

Madai	Adorned with jewels
Mabel	Merry
Madeleine	The tower
Madeline	
Madge	See Margaret
Madra	Mother
Mae	See May
Magda	See Madeleine
Magna	Large
Magnolia	Girl of the magnolia tree
Maice	Highest star
Maida	Maiden
Maisie	See Margaret



Malina . . . From a high tower  
Manda . . . }  
Mandie . . . } See Amanda  
Mandy . . . }  
Manon . . . See Mary  
Manuela . . . God is with us  
Mara . . . Hebrew form of Mary  
Marcia . . . Hammer; sprung from Mars  
Marelda . . . The famous maid of war  
Marella . . . Tiny Mary  
Margaret . . . }  
Margery . . . } Pearl  
Margo . . . }  
Marjorie . . . }  
Maria . . . } See Mary  
Marian . . . } Beautiful Mary  
Maribel . . . }  
Marette . . . } See Mary  
Minette . . . } The French form of Mary  
Marie . . . }  
Marigolde . . . Like the flower  
Marilyn . . . Gay; popular  
Marina . . . Sea maiden  
Maris . . . Sea star  
Marla . . . }  
Marlene . . . } See Mary  
Maroia . . . She lives near the sea  
Marsha . . . See Marcia  
Martha . . . Sorrowful  
Martina . . . Belonging to Mars  
Marva . . . Wonderful  
Mary . . . Bitter  
Matilda . . . Courageous in battle  
Maud . . . Gift of the Lord  
Maureen . . . The dark  
Maurilia . . . Woman who sympathises  
Maurita . . . Girl of the dark  
Mavis . . . The song thrush  
Maxentia . . . Girl of great talent  
Maxima . . . The last girl  
Maxine . . . The greatest  
May . . . Maiden  
Mayda . . . A maiden  
Medea . . . Sorceress  
Medora . . . The patient wife  
Meg . . . See Margaret  
Megan . . . The strong  
Mehitabel . . . One of God's favored

Melanie . . . Dark  
Melantha . . . Dark flower  
Melinda . . . Grateful  
Melissa . . . Honey-bee  
Melita . . . Little honey flower  
Melody . . . Song  
Melvina . . . Chief  
Merari . . . Girl of sadness  
Meras . . . Worthy  
Mercedes . . . Merciful  
Meredith . . . Protector of the sea  
Merle . . . A blackbird  
Meryl . . . }  
Meriel . . . } See Muriel  
Merrie . . . Joyous  
Merritt . . . Of merit  
Meta . . . Ambitious  
Mia . . . Mine  
Michaela . . . }  
Michelle . . . } In the image of God  
Mignon . . . Dainty  
Mildred . . . Gentle adviser  
Millie . . . }  
Milly . . . } Honey; sweet  
Millicent . . . }  
Mimi . . . } Resolute opponent  
Minerva . . . } Wise  
Minna . . . } Loving memory  
Mirabel . . . } Of great beauty  
Miriam . . . } Bitter  
Mitzi . . . }  
Molly . . . } See Mary  
Moir . . . } Great  
Mona . . . } Solitary  
Monica . . . } An adviser  
Moria . . . } Chosen by the Lord  
Morna . . . } Tender and gentle  
Mosera . . . } Bound to me  
Moya . . . } See Mary  
Muriel . . . } Bitter sweet

Myra . . . Weeping  
Myrna . . . See Morna  
Myrtle . . . A symbol of beauty



Naarah . . . Girl of our hearts  
Nada . . . }  
Nadine . . . } Hope  
Nancy . . . }  
Nanette . . . } Grace  
Naomi . . . Sweet; pleasant  
Narda . . . The anointed  
Natalie . . . Christmas child  
Neala . . . From a princess  
Neda . . . Sunday's child  
Nelda . . . Of the elder tree  
Nell, Nellie . . . }  
Nelly . . . } See Cornelia, Helen  
Nerine . . . Nymph of the sea  
Nerissa . . . Of the sea  
Netta, Nettie . . . See Antoinette  
Nevada . . . Snowy  
Neysa . . . Pure  
Nicolette . . . Little Nicholas  
Nila . . . Lady of the River Nile  
Nina . . . Grace  
Nola . . . Christmas or Christmas-born  
Noelle . . . }  
Nola . . . } Noble; famous  
Noleta . . . } Unwilling lady  
Nolita . . . } From the olive groves  
Nona . . . } The ninth  
Nora . . . } Light  
Norma . . . } Model  
Nydia . . . } A refuge

JANUARY—Garnet.  
FEBRUARY—Amethyst.  
MARCH—Bloodstone.  
APRIL—Diamond.  
MAY—Emerald.  
JUNE—Agate and pearl.  
JULY—Ruby.  
AUGUST—Onyx and jade.  
SEPTEMBER—Sapphire.  
OCTOBER—Opal.  
NOVEMBER—Topaz.  
DECEMBER—Turquoise.



Obelia . . . Rich  
Octavia . . . The eighth-born  
Odele . . . A melody  
Odella . . . Prosperous  
Odette . . . Home-lover  
Ola . . . Daughter or descendant  
Olga . . . Holy

Not for her . . . Cara invited our parents, too, to her party and they all accepted. They seemed, that night, all of them, to shed twenty years, and the rest of us — I know I did — might have had a niggling of doubt that we had not thought of asking them to take part in our parties, as guests.

We rowed up the river, then tied up the boats and walked through the lanes until we came to the castle ruins and there we picnicked. There was — honestly! — a nightingale, honeysuckle in the hedges, dog-roses . . . We sang and played guitars — we talked and laughed and ate — and on the way home we sang, too, and the old ones sang sweetest of all. (Old ones? My mother was only forty-eight!)

It didn't cost much, that party, because Cara did not have all that much money, but it was a wonderful night. I have described it in detail, because it is a way of letting you see the kind of person she was.

Then she said she would go to London and suggested I go, too. I said I would stay at home. "The trouble with you, Jane," she told me, "is that you enjoy this life."

"We both know the streets of London are not paved with gold," I reminded her. "What you will learn is that neither are they thronged to the hilt with tall, dark, handsome men. In your office," I went on, "the men will probably return on Monday raving about a weekend they spent, not far from here . . . enthusiastic about a girl they met, not far from here . . ."

Continued from page 23

"Johnny, I don't wish to sound difficult—"

"You sound as if you are playing for time," he commented. He was no fool, Johnny. "All right, I'll ask you again, Jane."

The next time my friend Cara came down it was for a dance in aid of one of the town's favorite Causes. She was bringing with her, she wrote me, one Simon, whom she was sure I would like.

We took our dances seriously here in the country. We dressed for them. Johnny's mother — naturally — was on the committee of this particular Cause and we had dinner at their house first, my parents and I.

But the good mood melted as the meal progressed. Looking round the table, I told myself this might be a vision of Things to Come for me; next year Johnny and I might be entertaining like this, the only difference being that with Johnny and me everything, from silver to linen to

looking in the dark, thin way I have always thought the best. "You've added up the points at a fair rate," I might have told myself.

Cara and Simon came on to our house afterwards for coffee. When I went to the kitchen to make a second pot, Johnny's voice floated after me: "It will keep you awake—" I didn't answer, but I found myself shaking with anger, leaning against the kitchen sink, until two arms went round me and I felt the strings of an apron being tied at the back.

"The apron was on the peg," Simon said. "That's a lovely dress." And I felt the silly anger leave me. I also felt I could have leant back and let him put his arms tight round me.

Shortly after this, Johnny and I had a showdown. It started over Cara, but it made plain to me many other things besides Johnny's attitude to Cara.

Her picture appeared in

to use it again, and regretfully I did. "Shut up and listen to me. You don't like Cara because she is—radiant. That is the word. She doesn't try to show off. Nothing like it. She is what she appears to be. Wherever she is, she lights the place up. The world needs people like her as well as people like you. It needs gaiety and warmth."

"Don't be fanciful!" he snapped.

"I have a fanciful nature," I told him. "What a world it would be — what a grey, boring, dismal mess — if we were all of a pattern, and that pattern which passed for the right, the done thing, for convention! Life is frightening enough sometimes, chance enough, without walking through it single file, like prisoners, eyes on the back of the man in front." I said, "Cara is a friend of mine."

And he said: "That is what I can't understand. Because she shows you up, Jane. Beside her, you look mousy . . . You are not like that. When she is around, no one looks at you. For looking at her. I don't like that. Do you expect me to?"

"Please, Jane, agree that I am going to marry you."

I said: "It is what I want more than anything in the world." Then, panicking: "But no . . . Cara brought you here. Cara has been talking about you, non-stop, since you left." My words trailed off before those grey eyes on mine.

"Well, no—" I admitted. "I'm a liar. I have been talking about you non-stop."

"That's what she said," he agreed. Then he said: "Once and for all, Jane, let's get this straight. Then we will never bother with it again. I think Cara is a pearl among women. That suit you? I love her as dozens of people love her. If they don't, there is something wrong with them. But I do not love her as I love you. I didn't mean to marry her, nor did she me. Did she say we planned to marry?"

I shook my head. "But why tell her off?" I asked.

"She never told me you and Johnny were finished. She never told me anything."

"She never wrote to you?" I asked.

He was truthful. "I never asked her to," he said, and that little confession, more than anything, seemed to clinch what he had said previously.

"I should have told her to cable me if it happened," he muttered. "Only I never thought it would happen. I confess I didn't know what you saw in Johnny, but if you

did see something I wasn't going to interfere. I fell in love with you at the dance, Jane."

"We've wasted time," I agreed. "But we can make it up. We are a sensible pair—we can live as though there are forty-eight hours in the day. If Cara can do it, we can."

As if on cue, she appeared. When I saw her I even forgot about Simon. Momentarily. In South America she would have been a riot. She wore, over a slim black skirt, a poncho-like garment of black and white checks. Perched on her auburn hair was a hard round black hat.

"You will steal the show as a bridesmaid," I teased.

"Jane!" she said, horrified. "Not that day. All eyes will be on you. But—" heroically—"I'll come as a guest, if you like, and sit in the pew."

Lovingly I looked at her. I felt loving toward all the world, but particularly toward Cara, who had brought Simon into my life. "Pew or procession," I said, "it will make no difference."

When I was in bed that night, blissfully sleepless, I told myself: "Well, that's one thing you beat Cara to, Jane. You will be married first." I didn't mean it unworthily. More in wonder, really.

I was wrong, of course. The next week, Cara met a man and they fell headlong in love. They were married, then flew off to Australia. I forgave her. But I missed her at the wedding.

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## THE GIRL WHO WENT ONE BETTER

FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



**P**LAIN Jane, eh? I thought. And I thought: Poor Johnny, not for your wife, no.

I knew that, if he had truly loved me, such a thing would never have occurred to him. I was sorry it had to end this way. He would be

Silvia . . . See Sylvia  
 Simone . . . Heard by the Lord  
 Solangia . . . Good shepherdess  
 Solita . . . Standard setter  
 Sondra . . . See Alexandra  
 Sonia . . . } Wisdom  
 Sophia . . . }  
 Stacey . . . See Anastasia  
 Starr . . . Star  
 Stella . . . A star  
 Stephanie . . . Crown  
 Stilla . . . Quiet  
 Sue . . . } Trusting  
 Susan . . . }  
 Suzanne . . . }  
 Sybil . . . The prophetess  
 Sydel . . . The enchantress  
 Sylvia . . . A forest nymph

## U W

Udele . . . Lady of great wealth  
 Ula . . . Sea jewel  
 Ulla . . . } Dearest of all God's  
 . . . } burdens  
 Ulphia . . . Most lovely wife  
 Ulrica . . . Ruler of all  
 Una . . . The one  
 Undine . . . Water  
 Ursa . . . Nymph of the sky  
 Ursula . . . Little bear  
 Utta . . . From the homeland

Wallis . . . Girl from Wall  
 Wanda . . . The wanderer  
 Wendy . . . See Gwendolen  
 Wenona . . . The first born  
 Wilda . . . The untamed; wild one  
 Wilfreda . . . Firm peacemaker  
 Wilhelmina . . . Protector  
 Willa . . . The desired  
 Wilma . . . Reserved  
 Winifred . . . Peacemaker  
 Wynne . . . White; fair

## T V X

Tallulah . . . Vivacious  
 Tamara . . . The palm tree  
 Tania . . . The fairy queen  
 Tara . . . Tower  
 Tatianna . . . Silver-haired  
 Tecna . . . See Christine  
 Templa . . . Sanctuary  
 Teresa . . . Generous giver  
 Tertia . . . The third child  
 Thalia . . . Blooming  
 Thea . . . } Divine  
 Theodora . . . }  
 Thelma . . . Nurse  
 Theola . . . Heaven sent  
 Thera . . . Untamed  
 Theresa . . . See Teresa  
 Thisbe . . . The lost lover  
 Thomasina . . . The twin  
 Tilda, Tille . . . See Matilda  
 Tobey . . . God is good  
 Tonia . . . Beyond praise  
 Tracy . . . See Teresa  
 Trilby . . . A fluffy thing  
 Trina . . . A girl of purity  
 Trista . . . The sorrowful  
 Trixie . . . See Beatrice  
 Trudy . . . See Gertrude

Valda . . . Battle heroine  
 Valeda . . . Wholesome young girl  
 Valentina . . . The vigorous and strong  
 Valerie . . . Valorous  
 Valonia . . . From the far valley  
 Vanessa . . . Butterfly  
 Vania . . . God's gracious gift  
 Veda . . . } Knowledge; understand-  
 . . . } ing  
 Vedette . . . Of the watchtower  
 Vedis . . . Wood or forest spirit  
 Velda . . . Of great wisdom  
 Velma . . . Warm-hearted  
 Vera . . . Truth  
 Verna . . . Spring-born  
 Veronica . . . True image  
 Victoria . . . Conquering  
 Vida . . . Life  
 Vinna . . . Of the wine  
 Viola . . . } A name from the flower  
 Violet . . . }  
 Virginia . . . Innocent  
 Vita . . . Life; vital  
 Vivian . . . Lively  
 Voletta . . . The veiled woman

Xanthe . . . Blonde  
 Xenia . . . Hospitable  
 Xylia . . . Of the wood

## Y

Yasmine . . . See Jasmine  
 Yetta . . . Mistress of the house  
 Yolande . . . Modest; shy  
 Yvette . . . } The archer  
 Yvonne . . . }

## Z

Zabrina . . . Of the nobility  
 Zamora . . . From the hills  
 Zandra . . . Friend of the helper  
 Zebalda . . . Gift of the Lord  
 Zelda . . . See Griselda  
 Zena . . . } Hospitable  
 Zenia . . . }  
 Zenda . . . Womanly  
 Zita . . . Enticing  
 Zoe . . . Life  
 Zora . . . Dawn



• Sometimes a name that is a family name becomes a forename, specially through the practice of preserving the mother's family name by giving it to the first-born son. This may be either the first given name, or the middle name, with a first name that the person later discards. Thus if a Mary Addison marries Henry Jones, they may call their son Addison Jones.

# Boys' names and their meanings

*Some names, such as Lesley, are given to both boys and girls, and others such as Benita can become Benito to suit a boy, so check both lists.*

• Imagination and invention have always been freer with girls' names, but nowadays parents often choose quite unusual names for boys as well. Many old-fashioned names are becoming popular again, but make sure they have no undesirable connotations and are not too strange. A name that is cute or poetic for a baby may be ridiculous for a grown man or embarrass a schoolboy.

## A

Aaron	A tower of strength
Abbot	Father
Abe, Aby	Contractions of Abraham
Abel	Breath
Abelard	Resolute; ambitious
Abner	Of light; bright
Abraham	Father of multitude
Absalom	Father of peace
Achilles	Swift
Adair	From the oaktree ford
Adam	Man
Adar	Fiery
Addison	Descendant of Adam
Adelric	Noble commander
Adin	Sensual
Adley	Fair minded
Adolph	Noble wolf
Adon	The Lord
Adonis	Handsome
Adrian	Bold
Ahern	Horse-lover
Aidan	Home-lover
Ainsley	Of a nearby meadow
Alan	Cheerful; in harmony
Alair	Cheerful
Alaric	Ruler of all
Alastair	Leader of men
Alban	White
Albert	Firm; responsible
Alcott	From the stone cottage
Alden	Old friend

Aldo	Rich
Aldous	Old; wise
Aldred	The adviser
Aldrich	King
Aldwin	Old friend
Aleron	Knight
Alexander	Leader of men
Alexis	Helper
Alfonso	Prepared for battle
Alford	Of the ancient ford
Alfred	Elf counsel
Alger	Spear man
Algernon	Bearded
Alison	Of sacred fame
Allister	Variants of Alexander
Alistair	
Allard	Firm
Almund	German
Alphonse	Ready; willing
Alonzo	
Aloysius	Grace
Alroy	Royal
Alston	From the old manor or village
Alton	From the village
Alva	White
Alvin	Beloved of all
Alvis	A suitor
Amadis	Heavy
Ambert	Shining light
Ambrose	Immortal
Amiel	Of the land
Amory	Loving; lover
Amos	Strong; courageous

Amsden	From Ambrose's valley
Amyas	Devoted to God
Anastatius	One who is reborn
Anatole	Of the East
Andrew	Manly
Angus	Exceptionally strong
Anselm	Divine helmet of God
Anson	The son of Ann
Athelstan	Noble stone
Anthony	Praiseworthy
Archibald	Holy prince; bold
Armand	Public-spirited
Arnold	Strong as an eagle
Arthur	High-minded
Ashley	Ashgrove
Athol	High born
Aubrey	Ruler of the elves
Aubin	Fair; white
Auburn	Fine-appearing; delicate
Audly	Prospering
Audwin	Wealthy friend
August	Exalted; imperial
Augustus	
Aurelius	Golden friend
Austin	Useful
Avan	Proud
Avery	Courageous
Axel	Man of peace
Aylmer	Noble; famous
Aylward	Dear guardian
Aylwin	Prized friend
Azriel	Angel of the Lord

## B

Bailey	Bailiff or steward
Bainbridge	Of the sea
Baird	The minstrel
Baldwin	Bold; noble friend
Balfour	From the meadow
Bancroft	From the bean field
Barclay	From the birch meadow
Barden	From the boar's den
Barlow	From the boar's hill
Barnaby	Son of consolation
Barnard	Grim bear
Barnett	
Barney	Son of consolation
Barry	Good shot
Barron	Of noble blood
Bartholomew	Warlike son
Barton	Farmer
Basil	Royal
Baxter	Baker
Beauford	Fair and strong
Benedict	Blessed
Benjamin	Favorite son
Bernard	Bold as a bear
Bertram	Fair; illustrious
Bertwin	Favorable friend
Berwick	From the barley fields
Bevan	The son of Evan
Beverly	From the beaver meadow
Blair	Plainsman



Bliss	Bliss
Blodgett	Of a dark night
Bolton	Of the farm
Booth	From a market
Boris	Warrior
Bowen	The son or descendant of Owen
Boyce	Dweller in the woodlands
Boyd	Yellow-haired
Boyden	Herald
Boynton	From a river near the farm
Braden	Of the village of sun
Bradford	From the broad ford
Bradley	From the meadow
Brady	Sensitive; quick; variable
Brainard	Fierce raven
Bram	See Abraham
Bramwell	Of Bram's well
Brand	A fighter
Brandon	Flaming
Brendan	From the steep hill
Brett	A native of Brittany
Brian	Strong; sincere
Brice	Ambitious; alert
Brigham	A dweller by the bridge
Brock	Badger
Broderick	Son of Roderick
Bromley	A dweller in the meadow
Bruce	Positive; daring
Bruno	Of dark complexion
Bryce	Quick moving
Budd	Winner
Burgess	A townsman
Burke	From the stronghold or castle
Burton	Of bright fame
Byram	From the ancient byre
Byron	Clear vision

## C

Cadal	Of the military
Cadman	Brave warrior
Cadmar	Brave sailor
Caesar	Born with long hair
Calder	From the river of stones
Caleb	Bold; impetuous
Calvert	Herdsmen

Calvin	Bald
Cameron	Crooked nose
Campbell	Crooked mouth
Carew	From a fortress
Carl	Forceful
Carlisle	From the walled city
Carlos	Colorful; fastidious
Carney	Valiant soldier
Carson	Son of Carr
Carter	The cart-maker
Carver	Sculptor
Cary	From the fortress
Casey	Valorous
Caspar	Proclamation of peace
Catto	Wise
Cavill	Aggressive warrior
Cecil	Blind
Cedric	Chieftain
Chadwick	The protector
Chalmers	King of the household
Chandler	Candlemaker
Channing	A regent; knowing
Chapin	A man of God
Chapmann	A man of the city
Chappell	A man of the chapel
Charles	Manly
Charlton	Of Charles' farm
Chatwin	A friend of the soldier
Chauncey	Official record keeper
Cheney	From the forest of oak trees
Chester	From a fortified town
Chilton	From the farm by the spring
Christian	Christian
Christopher	Christ-bearer
Clarence	Bright; illustrious
Clark	Scholarly; wise
Claude	Lame
Claud	Lame
Clay	Man of clay; mortal
Clayton	Mild; kind
Clement	Cliff
Cleve	Cliff
Clifford	From the ford near the cliff
Clifton	Cliff-dweller
Clive	Strong
Clyde	From the black farm
Colby	Dove
Coleman	Young; strong
Colin	Victory of the people
Colley	Of a dark city
Colton	

Columbus	Curious
Colwin	A friend of the dark
Conan	Quiet; adroit
Conant	High and mighty
Condon	A gift from God
Conrad	Wise counsel
Constantine	Unwavering; firm
Conway	A man of the great plains
Corbin	The raven
Cordell	Binding cord or rope
Corey	Ravine dweller
Cormac	The brave charioteer
Cornelius	Crowned
Corwin	The raven's friend
Courtenay	A place
Courtland	From enclosed land
Craig	Crag-dweller
Crandall	Of the valley of cranes
Crawford	Of the crow's ford
Crescen	Growing
Crispin	Curly haired
Crosby	Near the cross road
Culbert	Scholar
Cullen	Pet
Calver	Dove
Curran	Heroic; resolute
Curt	Short or little
Cuthbert	Famous
Cyril	Lordly
Cyrus	Jolly

## D

Daegal	A son born at daylight
Dale	Dweller in the dale
Dallas	Skilled or spirited
Dalton	From the dale farm
Damon	Conquering
Dana	A Dane
Dane	A Dane
Daniel	A judge
Dante	Enduring
Darcy	Dark
Darius	Ruler
Darrell	Beloved or dear
Darkon	Leader; head of a tribe
Daryl	Dear little one
David	Beloved
Davin	The bright man
Davis	David's son

Dean . . . From the valley  
 Dearborn . . . Beloved baby or child  
 Delbert . . . Noble and bright  
 Delmar . . . Of the sea  
 Dempster . . . A judge  
 Demetrius . . . Lover of the earth  
 . . . From the Danish settle-  
 . . . ment  
 Deaby . . . }  
 Denis . . . } God of revelry  
 Dennis . . . }  
 Derek . . . } The people's ruler  
 Derk . . . }  
 Dermot . . . } Free  
 Desmond . . . } Gracious protector  
 Derwin . . . } Animal lover  
 Devin . . . } A poet  
 Dexter . . . } Right-handed; clever  
 Dibri . . . } Eloquent and forthright  
 Dickson . . . } Of Dick's land  
 Dillon . . . } Faithful and true  
 Dion . . . } Dionysus, god of wine  
 Dirk . . . } See Derek  
 Doane . . . } Dweller of the sand dune  
 Dominic . . . } The Lord's  
 Donald . . . } Proud; a chief  
 Donatus . . . } Generous and helpful  
 Dorian . . . } Golden  
 Douglas . . . } Thoughtful; dark  
 Doyle . . . } Dark stranger  
 Drew . . . } Skilled; honest  
 Driscoll . . . } The speaker or inter-  
 . . . preter  
 Drithelm . . . } A visionary  
 Druce . . . } Wise man; capable and  
 . . . adept  
 Duane . . . } Singing  
 Dubricius . . . } Man of the Crown  
 Dudley . . . } From town of Dudley  
 Duke . . . } Leader

Capricorn . . . Dec. 22-Jan. 20  
 Aquarius . . . Jan. 21-Feb. 19  
 Pisces . . . Feb. 20-Mar. 20  
 Aries . . . Mar. 21-Apr. 20  
 Taurus . . . Apr. 21-May 20  
 Gemini . . . May 21-June 21  
 Cancer . . . June 22-July 22  
 Leo . . . July 23-Aug. 22  
 Virgo . . . Aug. 23-Sep. 22  
 Libra . . . Sep. 23-Oct. 23  
 Scorpio . . . Oct. 24-Nov. 22  
 Sagittarius . . . Nov. 23-Dec. 21

Duncan . . . Brown chief  
 Dunstan . . . Dark stone  
 Dunton . . . Of the farm over the hill  
 Durand . . . Enduring  
 Durward . . . The doorkeeper  
 Durwin . . . Dear friend  
 Duthac . . . Religious leader  
 Dwayne . . . Singing  
 Dwight . . . White; fair

## E

Earl . . . Nobleman or chief  
 Eatin . . . Of the river or riverside  
 Eben . . . Stone  
 Eberhart . . . Mighty as a boar  
 Edan . . . Flame  
 Edbert . . . A generous soul  
 Edgar . . . Wealthy  
 Edlun . . . } From the prosperous  
 . . . village  
 Edmund . . . A protector  
 Edric . . . Rich ruler  
 Edsel . . . Profound; deep thinker  
 Edson . . . The son of Edmund  
 Edward . . . See Edmund  
 Edwin . . . A friend  
 Egan . . . Formidable  
 Egerton . . . Town on top of hill  
 Ehud . . . Lonesome; only son  
 Ekron . . . Revenge is mine  
 Elbert . . . Noble; forthright  
 Eldridge . . . Wise adviser  
 Eleazar . . . Helped by God  
 Eleph . . . Strong as an ox  
 Eleuther . . . Miracle of God  
 Eli . . . The highest  
 Elias . . . The Lord is God  
 Eliot . . . Faithful to God  
 Ellard . . . Nobly brave  
 Ellery . . . Dweller by the alder tree  
 Ellis . . . Faltering  
 Ellison . . . Son of Elias  
 Ellsworth . . . Lover of the earth  
 Elmer . . . Noble; famous  
 Elon . . . Mighty oak; invincible  
 Elstan . . . The little one  
 Elton . . . } From the old farm or  
 . . . village  
 Elvin . . . } Friend of all

Elwin . . . A friend to elves  
 Emanuel . . . God with us  
 Emerson . . . The son of Emory  
 Emery . . . Dutiful  
 Emil . . . Industrious  
 Emlen . . . Son of a busy father  
 Emmett . . . Diligence  
 Emory . . . Work leader  
 . . . From the fountain of  
 . . . youth  
 Endor . . . }  
 Enoch . . . } Devoted  
 Enos . . . } Mortal  
 Ephraim . . . } Abounding in fruitfulness  
 Erasmus . . . } Kindly  
 Eric . . . } Heroic  
 Erland . . . } Noble eagle  
 Ernard . . . } Of a foreign city  
 Ernest . . . } Serious; earnest  
 Errol . . . } A nobleman  
 Eugene . . . } Well-born; noble  
 Eustace . . . } A harvester; healthy  
 Evan . . . } A challenger  
 Ezra . . . } The beginning of joy

## F

Farrell . . . Man of valor  
 Felix . . . Happiness  
 Ferdinand . . . Adventurous; valiant  
 Festus . . . Jubilant; gay  
 Fidel . . . Faithful; true  
 Firman . . . } Traveller from foreign  
 . . . places  
 Fitzgerald . . . } A son of Gerald  
 Flavian . . . } Fair or blond  
 Fleming . . . } The Dutchman  
 Fletcher . . . } Arrow maker  
 Florian . . . } Flowering; blooming  
 Floyd . . . } The grey  
 Forrest . . . } Woodland dweller  
 Foster . . . } Forester; keeper of the  
 . . . preserve  
 Francis . . . } Free  
 Frank . . . } Peaceful  
 Frederick . . . } One born free  
 Freeman . . . } See Frederick  
 Fritz . . . } At the front  
 Fronto . . . } The shining son  
 Fulbert . . . } From a field or farm  
 Fulton . . . } town



# G

Gaal	Angry son
Gabriel	Strength of God
Gale	Lively
Galen	Healer
Galvin	The sparrow
Gardell	Wary guard
Gardiner	Flower lover
Garibaldi	A welcome addition
Garmon	From a thin father
Garner	Protecting warrior
Garnet	Grain, or red jewel
Garrett	Mighty spear
Garrick	Mighty warrior
Garry	Protector
Garvin	Battle friend
Gaspar	See Jasper
Gaston	From Gascony
Gathem	Wine-lover
Gawain	Battle hawk
Gaylord	Prideful; original
Gazo	A powerful leader
Gene	See Eugene
Genesis	Welcome newcomer
Geoffrey	Chivalrous; brave
George	Farmer
Gerald	Affectionate; jolly
Gerard	Brave with the spear
Gerlac	Steadfast
Germain	Bold; outspoken
Gersham	The dear exiled one
Gervase	Spear vassal
Gideon	A deliverer
Gifford	Gift
Gilbert	Bright servant
Giles	Shield-bearer
Gilroy	The King's faithful servant
Glenn	Of the glen or valley
Goddard	A firm nature
Godfrey	Quiet
Godrich	Good seafarer
Goodman	Good man
Goodwin	Good and faithful friend
Gordon	Upright
Gothard	From God's flock
Graham	Stern-faced
Grant	Great
Granville	Of the big town
Grayson	A judge's son
Gregory	Watchful

Gresham	From the grazing land
Griffith	Red-haired
Grimbald	A bold son
Griswold	From the wild grey forest
Grosvenor	Great hunter
Grover	Grove-dweller
Gudwall	A protected son
Gunther	Bold warrior
Gustave	Noble staff
Guthrie	Guide
Guy	A leader
Gwyn	Fair

# H

Hadden	Of the moors
Hadrian	See Adrian
Hadwin	Dear friend in battle
Haines	From the viney cottage
Haland	Of Henry's land
Halden	Half Dane
Hall	From the master's house
Hallyard	From the castle of the king
Halsey	From Hal's island
Ham	Black
Hamford	From the black ford
Hamilton	From lovely mountain
Hamish	See James
Hamlin	See Henry
Hanford	From the ford
Hank	See Henry

Fifty years ago about ten percent of Australian women were named Mary and a third of all men were named either William, John, James, George, or Charles.

Today's top 20 names for boys, according to a recent Australian survey, are Mark, David, Peter, Paul, Michael, Stephen, Anthony, John, Gregory, Andrew, Graham, Garry, Bradley, Christopher, Kenneth, Stuart, Warren, Robert, Matthew, and Craig.

The most popular names for girls are: Jennifer, Julie, Catherine, Leanne, Kerry, Tracey, Christine, Karen, Michelle, Robyn, Susan, Sandra, Debra, Anne, Jane, Elizabeth, Carol, Helen, Suzanne, Jodie.

Hanley	Of the high meadow
Hansel	A gift from the Lord
Harcourt	From an armed court
Harden	Of the lively town
Hardy	From a hardy stock
Harim	Flatnosed
Harlan	From the battle land
Harley	From the hare's or stag's meadow
Harod	The loud terror
Harold	Unafraid; a warrior
Harsho	Tricky
Hartley	See Harley
Hartwell	From the deer's spring
Harvey	Bitter
Hayden	From the hedged hill
Hayes	From the woods
Heath	From the vast wasteland
Hector	Defender
Hedwig	See Ludwig
Helbon	From the fruitful valley
Hen	Favorite
Henry	Home ruler
Herbert	Bright
Herman	Satisfied
Herrod	Heroic conqueror
Herwin	A friend or lover of the battle
Heywood	From the dark green forest
Hilary	Cheerful; merry
Hilliard	War guardian or protector
Hilton	From the house on the hill
Hiram	Nobly born
Holbrook	From the valley brook
Holden	Kind
Hollis	Dweller by the holly trees
Holman	From the river island
Holmes	Son of Holman
Homer	Secure
Horace	Light of the sun
Horatio	Timekeeper
Houston	From a mountain town
Howland	Of the hills
Howard	Aggressive
Hubert	
Hugh	Intellectual
Hugo	
Hume	Lover of his home
Humphrey	Supporter of peace
Hunter	The hunter
Hyam	Life





## I

Ian	See John
Idden	Prosperous man
Ignatius	Fiery and ardent
Ingram	The raven
Inness	From the island
Ira	Descendant
Irvin	White
Irving	Sea friend
Irwin	Friend of the sea
Isaac	Mirthful; glad
Isadore	A good gift
Ivan	See John
Ivar	} Military archer
Ives	

## J

Jabin	He is born of God
Jacob	} The supplanter
James	
Jadda	A man of wisdom
Jair	A man whom God has enlightened
Jamin	Right handed
James	Wise; magician
Jarvis	Sharp as a spear
Jason	Healer
Jasper	Treasure bringer
Jay	Crow or lively
Jed	Beloved of the Lord
Jeffrey	God's peace
Jegar	Witness our love
Jeremiah	} Exalted; placed high above others
Jeremy	
Jerome	} A German
Jermyn	
Jesse	Wealthy
Jethro	Outstanding; excellent
Jodie	Praise of the Lord
Joel	Strong-willed
John	} Given by God
Jonathan	
Johnston	The son of John
Jonah	Peace
Jonas	Dove
Joseph	An addition
Judd	Beloved descendant
Jules	Divinely youthful

Julian	Belonging to Julius
Julius	Soft-haired; downy-bearded
Junius	Born in June
Justin	Just

## K

Kane	Bright; radiant
Karsten	Blessed one
Kay	Exultant; rejoicing
Keegan	High-spirited
Keene	Handsome or keen
Keith	Wood-dweller
Kelby	From a farm
Kelsey	} Dweller by the water
Kelwin	
Kendall	From the bright valley
Kenaz	Hunter
Kendrick	Royal ruler
Kenelm	Brave helmet
Kenley	Of the king's meadow
Kenneth	Handsome; quick
Kent	White or bright
Kenway	Brave soldier
Kenyon	Fair-headed
Kerby	See Kirby
Kermit	Free
Kerr	Dark; mysterious
Kerry	Dark
Kerwin	Dark
Kester	See Christopher
Kevin	Kind; gentle
Kilian	Most innocent
Kim	Chief
Kimball	Royally brave
Kingsley	From the king's meadow
Kirby	From the church village
Kirk	Dweller by the church
Knute	King
Kynan	See Conan

"What's in a name? That which we call a rose, by any other name would smell as sweet."  
Shakespeare, Romeo and Juliet.

## L

Lachlan	Warlike
Laird	Proprietor
Lambert	Rich in land
Lamont	A lawyer
Lance	Spear
Landers	Of the green lawn
Landis	Native
Landon	From the long hill
Lane	From the country road
Lang	Long; tall
Langdon	See Landon
Lars	See Lawrence
Latimer	Latin master or teacher
Launcelot	Warrior
Laurence	} Victorious
Lawrence	
Lawton	Man of refinement
Leander	Lion man; brave
Lec	Physician
Leicester	See Lester
Leighton	From the meadow farm
Leland	Of the lowlands
Lemuel	Dedicated to God
Lenox	Chief
Leo	} Lion-like
Leonard	
Leopold	} From the grey fort
Leslie	
Lester	Meadow camp
Levi	A bond; a promise
Lewis	Famed fighter
Lincoln	From the place by the pool
Lindley	From the linden tree
Lionel	See Leo
Livingston	From a beloved place
Llewellyn	Lighting
Lloyd	Indecisive; grey
Lockwood	Of the deep forest
Lombard	A long beard
Lorimer	Lover of horses
Loring	Coming from Lorrain
Lother	See Luther
Louis	See Lewis
Lowell	Beloved
Lucian, Lucius	Light
Ludlow	Of the lowlands
Ludwig	Renowned warrior
Lucas	} See Lucian
Luke	
Luther	Famed fighter
Lysander	Liberator



## [M]

Mac	The son of
Macnair	Son of the heir
Maddock	Fire
Madison	Mighty in battle
Magnus	Great
Maitland	Of the plains
Malcolm	St. Columba's servant
Mallory	Luckless
Malvin	Chief
Mandell	A designer
Manvell	From the grand house
Marcus	Warlike; a hammer
Mark	Bitter
Marion	
Marlen	
Marlin	Hawk; falcon
Marlon	
Marlow	Of the hill by the water
Marmaduke	Sea leader
Marsden	From the march valley
Marshall	A marshal
Martin	Unyielding
Matthew	Gift of the Lord
Maurice	Dark
Marvin	See Irvin
Mason	Worker in stone
Max	
Maxwell	A leader
Maynard	Mightily brave
Medwin	Strong friend
Meldon	Of the mill on the hill
Mercer	Merchant
Merele	Blackbird
Meredith	Protector from the sea
Merrick	See Emory
Merrill	Fragrant
Merton	From the place by the sea
Meyer	Farmer
Michael	Like to God
Milburn	From the millstream
Miles	A soldier
Millard	A miller
Milton	Mill town
Mitchell	A form of Michael
Monroe	From the red swamp
Montague	Of the precipice

Montgomery	Mountain hunter
Moreland	Man of the moors
Morley	From the moor meadow
Morrell	Of a dark color
Mortimer	Of the peaked mountain
Morgan	Born by the sea
Morris	Moorish; dark
Morton	From the moor village
Morven	From the sea
Moses	Saved from the water
Moulton	Of the mule stable
Muir	Moor
Munro	See Monroe
Murdoch	Prosperous seaman
Murray	Seaman
Mylor	Prince
Myron	Fragrant; bearing incense

## [N]

Nathan	Gift of God
Nathaniel	
Naylor	A sailmaker
Ned	See Edmund
Neil	A champion
Nelson	Son of Neil
Nero	Black; dark
Nestor	Venerable wisdom
Neville	From the new town
Nevin	Nephew
Newbold	Of the new building
Nicholas	Victory of the people
Nigel	Dark
Niles	A form of Nicholas
Noah	Restful
Noble	Renowned; noble
Noel	Christmas
Nolan	See Noble
Noll	See Oliver
Norbert	Sea brightness
Norman	North man
Norton	From the north village
Norvall	From a shepherd's home
Norwin	Man from the north
Norward	The guard at the northern gate

## [O]

Oakley	From the oak tree meadow
Octavius	The eighth born
Odell	Wealthy man
Ogden	From the oak valley
Olaf	Relic or reminder
Olin	
Oliver	Peaceful
Ordway	Spear fighter
Orford	Of the valley of cattle
Orion	Giant
Orlando	See Roland
Ormond	Ship man
Orson	The bear
Ortton	Man of great wealth
Osbert	Divinely bright
Osborn	Divinely strong
Oscar	Leaping warrior
Osgood	Gift of Our Lord
Osmond	He is protected by God
Oswald	Power of God
Otto	Rich
Ottway	Lucky warrior
Owen	High-born

## [P]

Paddy	See Patrick
Page	Servant to the royal court
Paine	Countryman
Palmer	The palmbearer
Park	Of the park
Parnell	See Peter
Parry	Guardian; warder; protector
Pascal	Child of the Passover
Patrick	Noble; patriotic
Paul	Little; small
Paxton	From afar
Pearce, Pierce	See Peter
Pembroke	From the headland
Percival	Guard of the Grail
Peregrine	Wanderer
Perry	The pear tree
Peter	Dependable; a rock
Phelan	Wolf; brave as a wolf
Philbert	A radiant soul

Philip . . . A lover of horses  
Phineas . . . Oracle  
Pollard . . . Man who is unafraid  
Porter . . . Doorkeeper  
Powell . . . Alert  
Prentice . . . An apprentice  
Prescott . . . Of the priest's house  
Preston . . . From the priest's domain  
Prince . . . Prince  
Proctor . . . Leader  
Prosper . . . Always blessed

## Q

Quentin . . . The fifth  
Quincy . . . From the fifth son's place  
Quinn . . . The wise  
Quiller . . . Fledgling

## R

Radburn . . . He lives by the red brook  
Radcliffe . . . From the red cliff  
Radford . . . He lives by the red valley  
Raleigh . . . Of the hunting lodge  
Ralph . . . Guarded by the wolf  
Randolph . . . Of the estate of Ralph  
Ralston . . . For whom we prayed  
Rambert . . . Wise; protection  
Ramon . . . From the ram's island  
Ramsay . . . See Randolph  
Randall . . . Healed by God  
Raphael . . . From the deer hill  
Rawdon . . . Kingly  
Ray . . . Of the flowered fields  
Rayburn . . . Wise protector  
Raymond . . . Red-haired  
Reade . . . Adviser; protector  
Redmond . . . Adviser; protector  
Regan . . . Royal  
Reginald . . . Royal  
Rex . . . Red-haired  
Remus . . . Fair  
Reuben . . . "Behold, a son!"  
Rexford . . . From the king's castle  
Richard . . . Stern but just  
Richmond . . . Mighty protector

Ridgley . . . He lives by the ridge  
Ridley . . . He lives by the red field  
Ripley . . . He lives in the valley  
Robert . . . Winner over all  
Robin . . . Famous  
Roderick . . . Red-headed  
Rodney . . . Tall; straight  
Rodmann . . . Glory of the land  
Roger . . . See Randolph  
Roland . . . Of the town of Romney  
Rolph . . . Worthy of admiration  
Romney . . . Ruddy; red-haired  
Ronald . . . From the deer forest  
Rory . . . Horse  
Roscoe . . . King  
Ross . . . Son of the king  
Roy . . . From the clearing in the forest  
Royce . . . From the flowered valley  
Royden . . . Unconquerable  
Rudolph . . . Of the red ford  
Rufford . . . Red-haired  
Rufus . . . See Robert  
Rupert . . . Red-haired; fox-like  
Russell . . . From the cattle ford  
Rutherford . . . From the cattle ford

## S

Salisbury . . . From the guarded palace  
Salvador . . . Of the Saviour  
Samson . . . Resplendent  
Samuel . . . The Lord heard  
Sanborn . . . Of the sandy beach  
Sanders . . . Son of Alexander  
Sandy . . . By the sandy crossing  
Sanford . . . A military attendant  
Sargent . . . Asked for  
Saul . . . Born on the willow farm  
Saville . . . Man of the woods  
Sawyer . . . From a Saxon town  
Saxon . . . The wanderer  
Scott . . . From a brook by the sea  
Seabrooke . . . Of the field near the sea  
Seadon . . . See James  
Seamus . . . See John  
Sean, Shawn . . . Respected  
Sebastian . . . From the village of victory  
Sedgewick . . . Of the town of Sefton  
Sefton . . . Of the town of Sefton

Selby . . . From the manor farm  
Seldon . . . From the new valley  
Seldyn . . . Palace friend  
Selwyn . . . Bearing arms or weapons  
Serle . . . The appointed  
Seth . . . From the place by the sea  
Seton . . . Defender of the coast  
Seward . . . Victorious on the sea  
Sewell . . . Famed at sea  
Seymour . . . See John  
Shane . . . From the grove  
Shaw . . . From the ledge farm  
Shelby . . . Shield bearer  
Sheldon . . . From the ledge or shelly valley  
Shelley . . . Sheep tender  
Shepard . . . Of the sheep meadow  
Shepley . . . A brave soldier  
Sherard . . . The wild man  
Sheridan . . . A fair-haired son  
Sherlock . . . A shearer or cutter  
Sherman . . . Eminent in friendship  
Sherwin . . . Bright forest  
Sherwood . . . The brother  
Sibley . . . Fisherman  
Siddon . . . From St. Denis, see Denis  
Sidney . . . Of the well by the sea  
Sydney . . . Victorious protection  
Sidwell . . . Of the forest  
Sigmund . . . Obedient  
Silas . . . See Samson  
Simon . . . The illustrious  
Simeon . . . Peaceful  
Simon . . . The dispenser of provisions  
Simpson . . . Stable; dependable  
Sinclair . . . Of the landing ford  
Solomon . . . Of the rocky valley  
Spencer . . . From the stony woods  
Spenser . . . A resident of Stanfield  
Stacey . . . Of the stony crossing  
Stafford . . . Of the stony vale  
Standish . . . Glory of the camp  
Standwood . . . Pride of the camp  
Stanfield . . . From the stone dwelling  
Stanford . . . A friend of nature  
Stanhope . . . Loyal  
Stanislaus . . . Keeper of the estate  
Stanley . . . Of honest value  
Stanton . . . A steward  
Stanwin . . . A steward  
Stephen . . . A steward  
Stewart . . . A steward  
Stirling . . . A steward  
Stuart . . . A steward



Sumner	One who summons and calls
Sutton	From the south town
Swaine	Boy
Sylvanus	Forest dweller
Sylvester	

## T

Tait	Cheerful
Talbot	Herald
Tate	See Tait
Tavis	Son of David
Taylor	Tailor
Tearle	A serious soul
Tellford	From the iron ford
Terence	
Terrence	Soft or tender
Terry	
Terrill	Son of thunder
Terris	Son of Terence
Thatcher	A mender of roofs
Thayer	Of the nation's army
Theodore	Divine gift
Thomas	Twin
Thorley	Of the grounds of Thorr
Thornton	From the thorny place
Thorr	Thunder
Thurlow	Of Thorr's mountain
Tilden	From a fertile valley
Tillford	A tiller of fertile soil
Timothy	Honoring God

Special care must be taken when choosing names for twins. Try, as far as possible, to find pleasant and harmonious names which will go well together and yet at the same time be individual.

If the twins are of the same sex it can be confusing if their names are too similar or their initials the same—many twins have entirely different personalities and later might not like being called Millie and Mollie, for example. If you do choose similar names, try all the variations—Michael and Michelle, for instance, sound better than Michael and Michaela.

Tobias	Distinguished of the Lord
Todd	The fox
Torbert	As renowned as Thorr
Torrance	See Terence
Townsend	From the end of town
Tremain	Of the ruins
Trent	Swift
Trevor	Prudent
Tristan	Sorrowful
Tristram	
Truman	A faithful man
Turner	Worker with the lathe
Tyler	Maker of bricks or tiles
Tyson	Son of the German

## U

Ulric, Ulrich	See Alaric
Upton	From the hill town

## V

Vail	From the valley
Val	Might; power
Valdis	Lively in battle
Valentine	Strong; valorous; healthy
Vance	Son of Vandyke
Varian	Clever; capricious
Vaughn	Small
Vernon	Growing green; flourishing
Victor	Conquering
Vincent	Invincible
Vinson	Son of Vinn
Virgil	Growing; flourishing
Vladimir	Ruler of all

## W

Wade	Wanderer
Wadsworth	From Wade's castle

Walcott	Cottage dweller
Waldemarr	Strong; famous
Walker	Forest walker
Wallace	Stranger
Walter	Of great destiny
Ward	Guardian
Ware	Always careful
Warford	Of the ford by the wall
Waring	The cautious soul
Warner	Guarding warrior
Warren	Protecting friend
Warwick	Protecting ruler
Washington	Town by the sea
Watson	Warrior's son
Wayland	From the land near the highway
Wayne	A waggon-maker
Webster	Weaver
Welby	From the farm by the spring
Weldon	From a hill near the well
Wendell	Wanderer
Wescott	Dwells at west cottage
Wesley	From the west meadow
Whitney	From a white island
Wilbur	Wild boar
Wilfred	Firm peacemaker
William	Protector
Willis	Son of Will
Wilmot	Beloved heart
Wilson	Son of William
Winfield	Friendly field
Winslow	From the friendly hill
Winston	Friendly town
Winthrop	From the friendly village
Woodley	From the wooded meadow
Wright	Craftsman or wood-worker
Wyatt	A guide
Wylie	Beguiling; charming

## Z

Zachary	Whom God remembers
Zeno	Gift of Zeus

